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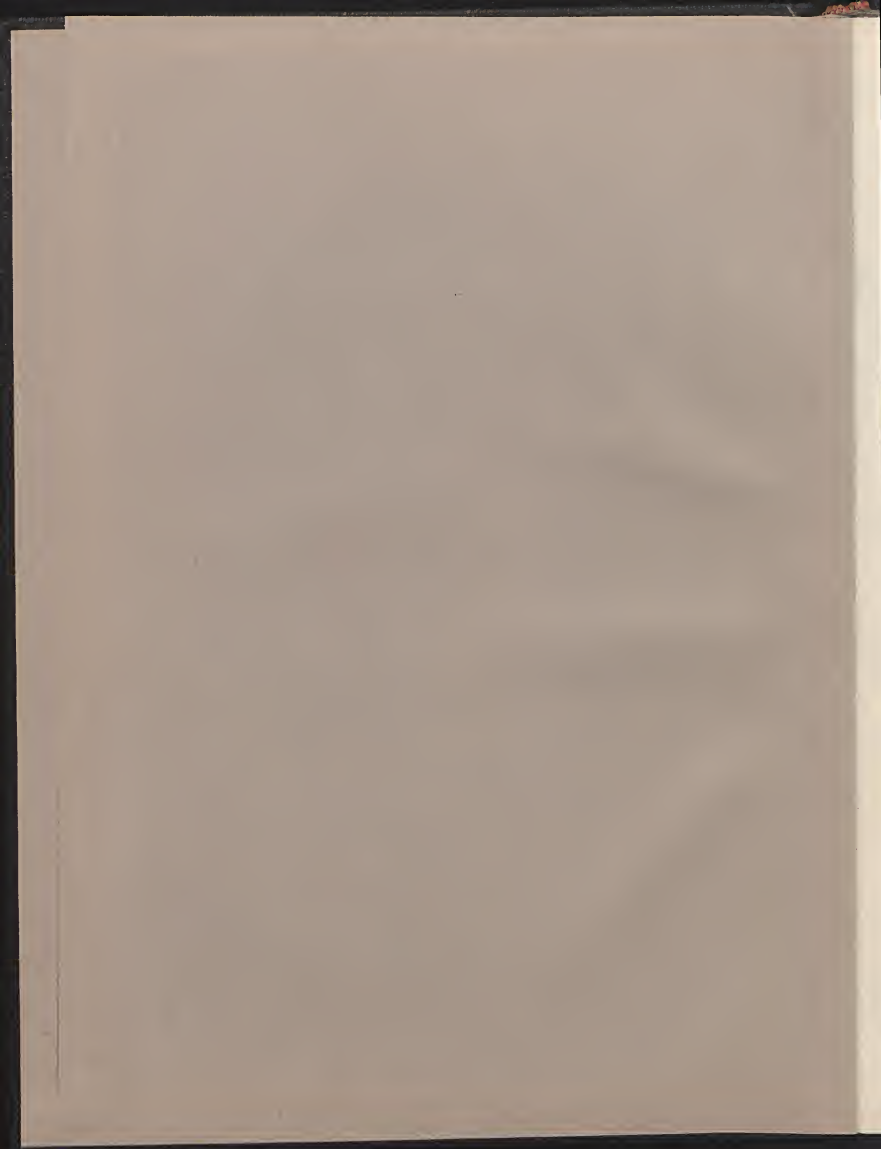


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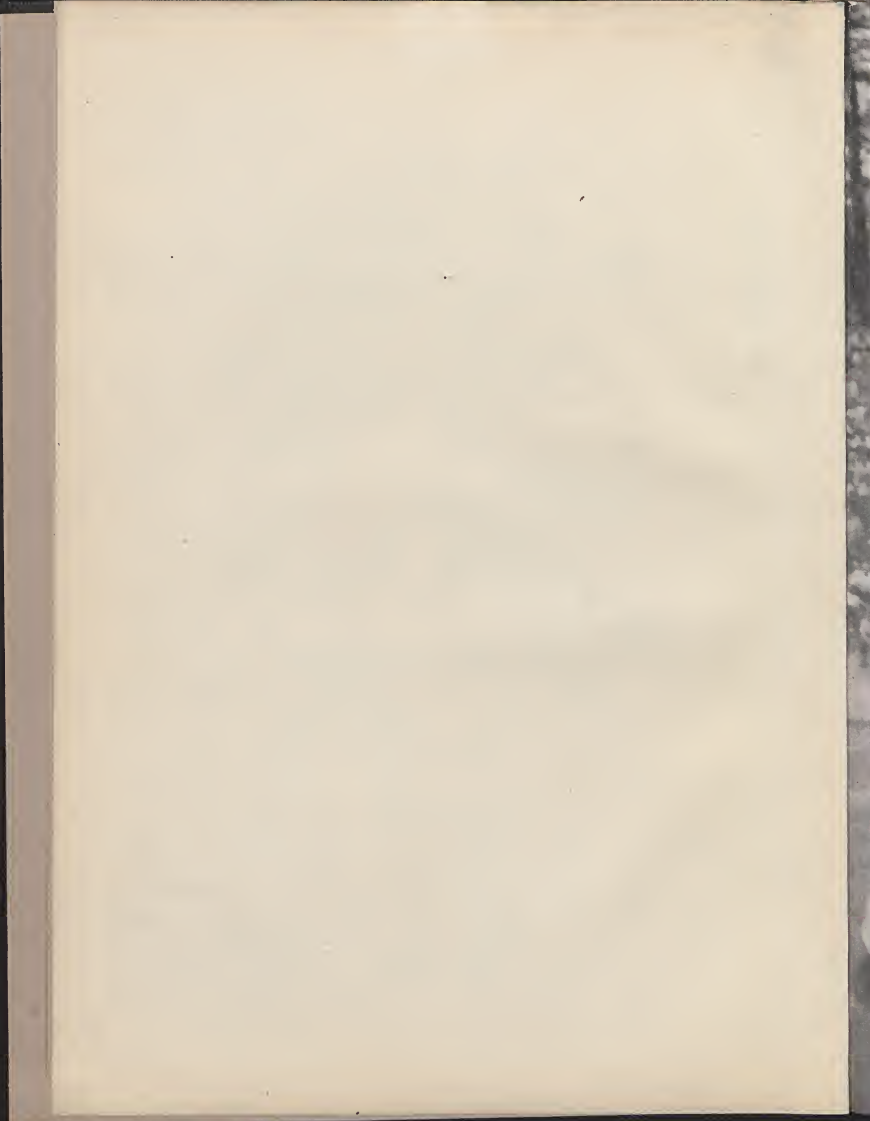
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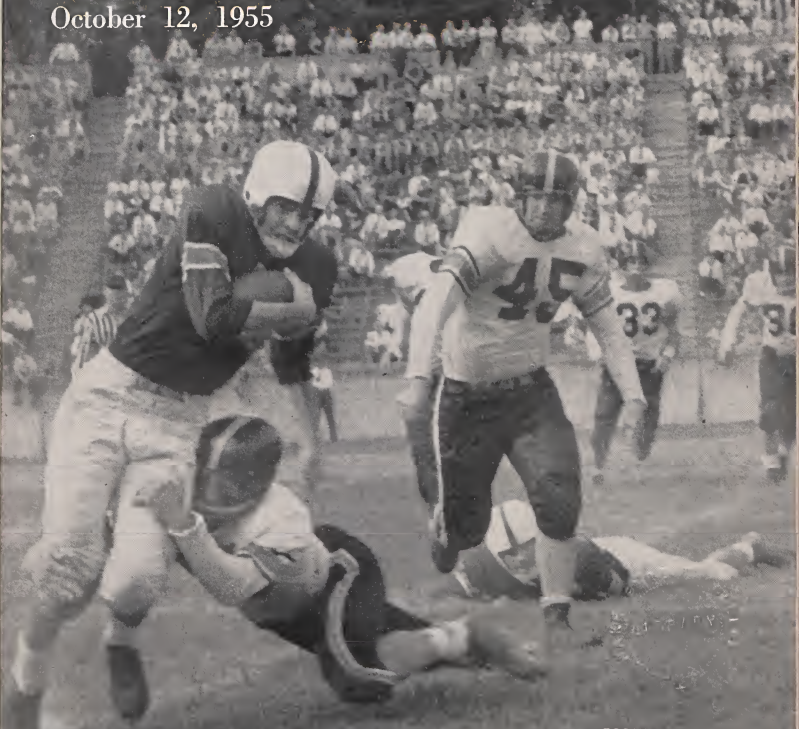






the student

October 12, 1955



FORUM:
BIG TIME ATHLETICS ?

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the student's
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And so the Row begins anothe

Pub Row's green doors opened early this year. Even before classes and registration got underway, pecking typewriters began to beat out plans on yellow paper.

In *The Student* office crowds gathered. A few veterans resumed old positions; lot of newcomers came to expand on their idea of a good college magazine. Some stayed to work.

In the picture at the right, typical freshman Mike Price (see pages 6 and 7) finds himself surrounded by *Student* staff members Shirley Mudge, Dottie Braddock, Lynne Laughrun, L. C. Carlton, and Owen Herring.

A few days ago, as *The Student* staff worked madly to meet deadlines, advisor David Smiley ventured in, seated himself, and began to read the copy for this issue. His muttered comments and wild guffaws stopped student after student as they passed the open door. A hat was circulated through the growing crowd. The onlookers, some amazed and others amused (depending on whether or not they had previously encountered Dr. Smiley) contributed eight cents to the cause.

In this issue *The Student* is beginning "The Student Forum." Each month the magazine will pose a question of inter-



STUDENT STAFFERS AND MICHAEL PRICE, FRESHMAN

est or importance and students, professors, administration officials and others will be asked to give their opinions. The editors invite your comments, criticisms, and suggestions concerning this new series.

Another item which the magazine is introducing this fall is a calendar of events which will be of interest to many students. Concerts, lectures, exhibits, *et cetera*, will be included. The "Calendar" for the following month is on page 13.

"The Only Judge" (page 4) was written by William Pate, 1955 grad. Bill is now at Fort McClellan, Alabama. During his four years at Wake Forest he was a regular on Pub Row, working some for *The Student* and as a staff member of *Old Gold and Black*.

In feature article "The Partition in Palestine" *The Student* goes behind the news in the Middle East. Freshman James Mackie tells how one of the world's "hot spots" looked to him when he visited that area this summer.

Dottie Braddock, who submitted so much copy for this issue that the editors had to give her a title, is a Morganton sophomore. She was a major contributor last year. For this issue she has written the story "Broken Band" and a person-

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Jack Kehoe, *Business Manager*

Lynne Laughrun, *Production Manager*

Dottie Braddock, *Associate Editor*

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Mary Frances McFeeters, *Advisor*

David L. Smiley, *Advisor*

eyear . . .

ality portrait of the late J. G. "Pop" Carroll (page 11).

The poem entitled "Symphony" was submitted unsigned to *The Student* at the end of last year. The editors, thinking it not so bad, brushed off the summer dust and laid it out on page 19, "sans signature."

Lynne Laughrun has been made Production Manager, and she has already begun her job of supervising the typing, errand running, pencil trimming, *et cetera*. Lynne is a sophomore from Forest City. Phoebe Pridgen, Circulation Manager, is responsible for getting this mess to the students as fast as the editors turn it out.

Jerry Matherly, freshman from Greensboro and former editor of the Greensboro High School magazine has joined *The Student* staff. This month Jerry writes about lower division curriculum at Wake Forest on the editorial page.

Student thanks and best wishes for a pleasant freshman year go to Mike Price who posed for this month's picture feature. Mike claims he felt much as the photos imply during his first days here, but a second month at Wake Forest finds him loitering familiarly around the *Student* door.

On the cover four big Wake Forest Deacons move in on a Virginia Tech back as the football season opens at Groves Stadium. Making the tackle is halfback Bill Barnes, while All-American tackle Bob Bartholomew approaches for an assist. In the background are Tommy Whims (33) and Mark Viola (38).

The Deacons won the game easily and after swamping South Carolina the next Saturday were awaiting national ratings. Disaster struck on the third week end, however, when the West Virginia Mountaineers handed Coach Tom Rogers' charges their worst loss since 1945. Losing to Maryland by 28-7 was no disgrace, and now the "Wake County Championship" is at stake in the N. C. State game Saturday.

The photograph is by Irvin Grigg.

the student

October 12, 1955

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAYWOOD SELLERS

THEO

Harold followed Deaton Brent into the back seat of Martin Turner's 1936 Ford. Ramsey Tiernan slid in front beside Martin. Deaton, sitting on a cold, sharp piece of metal, cursed. He and Harold explored seat and floorboard with careful hands. Martin hunched slightly forward, protectively encircled the steering wheel, while in simultaneous movements his right foot pressed heavily on the accelerator and his left jerked from the clutch. A wisp of dirty gray smoke lingered for a moment and shivered in the screams of the Ford's rear wheels before settling into two black treadmarks. Martin's fleshy, stained hands weaved the Ford into Raleigh's night traffic.

"When you gonna clean out this goddamn junk yard?" Deaton's words became guttural under the impact of Martin's shift into high. He tested the seat carefully for grease spots before shifting his weight onto his baby blue pants. Deaton was tall and heavy-framed, but lean, with a sharp, almost rectangular face. The shadow of a beard spotted his chin and the undersides of his jaws. Measured disgust curled impassive features.

"Martin's got enough stuff in this piece of a car to start his own junkyard," he told Harold. Harold said yeah.

A wide, shallow creek cut the edge from Raleigh's northern city limits. From there the highway ran abruptly into a new housing development. Then it blended into street and sidewalk, passed the hospital, passed three blocks east of the business district, and faded into the south beyond several auto-parts warehouses and junk lots. It ran almost

"If I was you I'd quit trying to fool anybody and get out of here while you're still able," Deaton shouted.
"If you want to start something, we can take care of that too."

By WILLIAM PATE

1955 GRADUATE

ONLY JUDGE



exactly north and south furnishing a base pattern for the entire city. The streets either ran north and south or east and west; the city was a heart of squares with tangled outskirts. Martin was driving along the base pattern.

"Where we goin' anyway?" asked Harold.

Ramsey turned across the back of the front seat. "What the hell's the difference? What counts is will we get there?" Everybody laughed.

Streetlamps that crept up on the car, then darted past were all at once still. Harold came up hard against the back of the front seat where Ramsey was clinging. Deaton thrust his thick neck forward and described for Martin a shady pedigree. Martin grinned, waiting until Deaton's oaths subsided.

"Tightened 'em this morning," he said.

"How would you like me to tighten your tail?" asked Deaton.

The stop light turned green again. Martin scratched off.

At the Star Drive-In the quartet found Martin Keester and Tommy, his younger brother, drinking beer in Benny's new Chevrolet. Benny and Tommy hopped into Martin's car. "—Who wants a brew?" grunted Benny, climbing over Harold. A hard-faced curb girl answered Martin's horn and wordlessly waited for them to order. Everybody ordered beer. The curb girl left, stonily ignoring Benny who tried to make time with her.

Harold took his can of beer when it came and wondered what he was going to do with it. He couldn't drink the stuff. When no one was looking he planned to dump it out the window.

He had to be careful. If the rest saw him get rid of it they would laugh and taunt him. He didn't want that; he wanted them to see that he could drink and raise hell as well as they. Tonight he would prove that he could do it. They would know that he was as big as the rest of them. Harold knew the group accepted him because they could trust him not to shoot off his mouth about what they did. But he knew that they did not regard him with the same equality with which they accepted each other. Harold saw himself as Deaton, drinking and making cracks and the rest laughing at them, and him deciding what they should do for the night. He wished he had been born Deaton. Benny and Deaton were talking.

"I waited two hours for your can Saturday," said Deaton, a little peeved as he remembered.

"Me and Ralph was out picking up a couple of hub caps for this car."

"At eleven o'clock at night?"

"We didn't buy these," Benny made a short, dry laugh that thickened in his full mouth, "I got 'em off a Olds eighty-eight right at the side of this house. There was a man sitting in the window when we took 'em off," he added with pride.

"Ralph told me," said Martin, wiping beer foam from his lip, "Benny and Tommy went and got the hub caps while he kept the motor running. In a minute he hears this rattlin' noise like all hell's busted loose and here come Benny and Tommy hauling buggy down the sidewalk—"

"The sons - of - bitches," broke in Benny, "popped off before I could grab 'em and rolled all over the street. This

guy in the window looks out and my brave brother here takes off like his tail is on fire. I had to grab both the hubs myself."

Tommy called his brother a foul word without enmity. —"You shoulda seen 'em. I felt hot breath on the back of my neck and it's Benny hollering for Ralph to open the door and the hub caps flapping everywhere."

"We oughta take you back and make you apologize to the man for making so much damn fuss," laughed Martin.

"Drink your beer," said Ramsey raising his can. "Here's to crime and the draft board." He turned up the can and didn't put it down until it was empty.

"You got your draft notice, Ramsey?" Ramsey was the oldest in the crowd.

"They're sending Ramsey to Pyongyang," said Deaton, "so they can get the war over by Christmas."

"I take my physical Friday," Ramsey answered Harold. "But if I get that 1-A your old dad's gettin' lost in the hills."

"Hell, join the air force," put in Benny. "It beats working."

"Gas is getting low," Martin told the dial on his panel. "Where now?"

"Stop by the open-air market," Benny proposed. "You get wine there for fifty cents a bottle."

"We ain't goin nowhere until we get some gas," said Martin.

"Got your can and hose?"

"In the trunk."

"Well, hell," said Deaton. "Let's go."

Benny said they ought to go to Park View. Martin backed his Ford out of the drive-in parking area, then floorboarded it into the highway leaving a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13



So This Is



1 Michael Price, hereinafter called Michael, discovers himself off at college, i.e., Wake Forest College. After being abandoned at Grand Central (above) he discovers by the stars that it is yet nighttime. When morning breaks, he leaves his magnolia bench and romps the backstreets of town in search of an abode. Mrs. Lide (left) suggests he carry his gear on down to Miss Jo's. He next makes an attempt at registration (below).



2 Michael has secured the necessary study materials from "The Pirate" (left), after which he scurries down to Francis' Grill for a lovely homecooked meal.



FRESHMAN: MICHAEL PRICE

PHOTOGRAPHERS: IRVIN GRIGG, TOMMY BUNN

PRODUCER: L. C. CARLTON

Is College?



3 The day of first classes arrives, and with wild abandon Michael crashes Greek 35 (*above left*). Dr. Earp kindly informs him of where he can go—"Biology is in Johnson 21." Upon approaching Johnson (*above right*), however, the girls explain that he isn't allowed past the front door. On Saturday afternoon he has his first chance to sit in the student section: Needless to say, Michael makes the most of it (*left*). The frats extend to him all the courtesies (*below left*). But after all these tribulations, Michael deduces that college does require a little bit of book work.



OCTOBER FORUM

In recent years much has been said concerning the importance of intercollegiate athletics as a part of the up-to-date university program. Many schools have been "de-emphasizing" their athletics—which often amounts only to the discontinuance of unsuccessful football. Many more, however, have at the same time been building the strongest teams their supporters have ever followed.

In recent years Wake Forest has pursued the policy, announced in February, 1953, by President Tribble, of seeking a "well-balanced, comprehensive, and integrated schedule of school activities." It is known that for this same year two dollars were given in athletic scholarships for every one spent in grants to "other students."

The policy statement is always subject to interpretation. Upon the removal to Winston-Salem the pressure to establish big-time athletics will be increased. The College is now making the most important decisions of its existence, and the choice concerning intercollegiate athletics will be extremely significant. The direct result will be evinced in the strength of the various teams. But more important than that, it will be an excellent gauge by which to measure this school's concept of an up-to-date educational program.

Tom Frank

STUDENT BODY PRESIDENT
FOOTBALL TEAM

Athletics on a competitive intercollegiate basis are healthful for any college. School spirit is better, alumni interest is keener, and public relations are materially aided by a strong program of intercollegiate athletics.

The term "big-time athletics" seems to leave a bad taste in one's mouth today. It generally carries the idea of lower scholastic standings and professional athletes who do nothing along the academic line. The thought of alumni pressure on the administration and on the coaches is also a part of the general conception of "big-time athletics." Lower standards, professional athletes, and alumni pressure are evils which need not be tolerated in order to have competitive intercollegiate teams. If such situations arise they are the fault of the administration and more so—they are the fault of the Board of Trustees.

Athletes should be required to do the same work as other students. Scholarship should be first in college. No special cases should be made for athletes. By the same token, professors should not make the work harder on athletes just because the professor may not be in sympathy with the athletic program. One extreme is just as bad as the other.

I believe that coaches should be given

long term contracts with clauses which would prevent either party from breaking the contract. The pressure to which college coaches are subjected by the alumni is inhuman. This pressure is condoned by any institution which will not stand behind its coaches win, lose, or draw. A firm stand by colleges would eliminate much pressure and return the sport to the men who play it and to the campus.

Dr. D. B. Bryan

DEAN OF THE COLLEGE

I will go all out for a balanced athletic program. I mean by a well balanced program one that permits no discrimination by the policies of admission as between athletics and others, and no discrimination in the application of policies affecting one's progress in meeting college requirements including graduation.

A wholesome physical education program for the entire student body is highly desirable. Every student ought to participate in some type of athletic activity. Wholesome play is well nigh a universal demand for growing youth.

My reasons for taking this position are:

In the first place, a great deal would be learned by those who participate in both intramural and intercollegiate sports.

Big - time for them

Second, it is true that everyone in college who can not participate personally in intercollegiate sports can and does profit through the vicarious influence of others. It gives one a sense of belonging and assuming, at any rate, that he is a part of his total institution's efforts.

In the third place, the alumni of the college, after they have been out a few years, find the athletic activities of the college are a good opening to introduce good conversation among his college mates and his friends in general. The public generally, even those who do not attend college, love to identify themselves with some college and create interest among others for the college of their choice. In this way the college athletic program becomes a matter of good public relations.

Hilda Maulden

CO-HEAD MAJORETTE

This time next year Wake Forest College will be officially located at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and will soon be increasing its enrollment. Classes will be enlarged, there will be more dorm space, and the school as a whole will grow. During this transition period would be the opportune time to introduce more big time athletics at the new school. There are several reasons why this is true.

the athletics new Wake Forest?

First of all, the United States is a sports minded country. All Americans follow football season into basketball and then on to baseball. There is much publicity to be gained for a school if its baseball team has just won the World Collegiate Series or has had an All-American basketball player. One athlete alone can make a great name for a college if he can become famous in the world of sports.

A college that has a name for having outstanding ball teams is definitely one that is full of enthusiastic students who are always pulling for their alma mater. A more healthy school spirit will be enhanced and relationships will be on a friendlier and happier basis. A good first year at Winston could be the beginning of a bright and glorious future for the Deacons.

Some people seem to believe that bringing in more big time athletics would mean lowering the academic standards of the college. This is not necessarily true. It takes brains to be a quarterback, and even more important it takes initiative and intelligence to practice with the team umpteen hours a day, go on all the trips and still make average grades. Most students don't realize what a tough job it is to be an athlete and scholar, too. I feel that our teams should all be commended for the work they have done and encouraged by both fellow students and professors to

try even harder now that the new Wake Forest name is being made.

Lloyd Preslar

OLD GOLD & BLACK SPORTS EDITOR

Educators, reformers and prominent alumni can talk themselves speechless about the intangible features and great men that have made Wake Forest College what it is, but one harsh fact remains:

This college's chief claim to fame lies in its intercollegiate athletic program. I do not mean to infer that the hidden values so often talked about do not exist, and it is not necessarily true that the fame derived from All-Americans and championship teams is worth its price. I am merely stating fact.

A quick look at the record books shows (1) that Wake Forest was among the first schools in the state to sponsor athletic teams on an intercollegiate basis, (2) that throughout most of the last half-century the College has attempted to keep pace with its athletic competitors and (3) that the College has done fairly well in its attempt.

Situation number (2) is not likely to be changed when the College moves to Winston-Salem. At present we find ourselves in a rather unique position. At a school of around 1,500 students we are a member of one of the strongest athletic conferences in the nation. There are eight institutions in the Atlantic Coast

Conference, and of the eight Wake Forest has by far the smallest enrollment.

Membership in the ACC is not simply an inside track to the Orange Bowl. And it is somewhat more complicated than drawing up a basketball schedule pleasing to the conference's main office in Greensboro. One of the prerequisites of the organization is that its members field intercollegiate teams in several sports—not just football, basketball and baseball, but wrestling and swimming as well.

Only two of our intercollegiate teams stand any chance of being self-supporting, and with a 1954 football team that won only two games and a 2,000-capacity gymnasium, it is doubtful that those sports are entirely free from subsidy. Big-time athletics, then, take money—money that could be spent to buy books to make a better library, money that could be spent to pay better salaries to get better professors.

Some may argue that athletics are or will be self-sufficient. Why is it true, then, that so many schools are unwilling to release their athletic budgets? They will tell you also that winning teams are necessary for national recognition. But who has never heard of the University of Chicago, which doesn't field a football team? And how long has it been since Harvard had a nationally ranked eleven?

When Charlie Justice graduated from

the University of North Carolina, sports writers and fans agreed that the "Choo-Choo" had been a million dollars worth of advertising. He had endorsed Carolina just as William Holden has endorsed Camels.

It may well be true that Holden is a connoisseur of fine cigarettes, but I am yet to be convinced that Justice is an authority on universities. And who ever heard of the student who paid his own way to Wake Forest just because we have a strong athletic program?

Prof. F. W. Clonts

PRES., ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

There are two extreme view points about athletics at Wake Forest College. One of these is that athletics are not being adequately supported, and the other is that athletics are receiving excessive support in an over-all education program. Both views are untenable.

The athletic activities of Wake Forest College are being conducted in conformity with a well balanced educational policy. All of those who are connected with shaping the athletic program of the College are strongly supporting a good intercollegiate athletic program in strict keeping with a balanced plan to provide a college education of high standards. This policy has been true for many years.

In the matter of public relations, intercollegiate athletics can be valuable or damaging. Good intercollegiate athletic teams are invaluable because, in the minds of the public, they imply a good college whose standards and accomplishments in other fields are good. The name of such a college becomes widely known and highly respected, and large segments of population become interested in it. Young students are attracted to a college that fields good athletic teams. The alumni feel a sense of pride in such a college; at the same time others recognize and respect its graduates.

On the other hand a poor, weak, unsuccessful intercollegiate program results in damaging public relations. Unless the athletic program of Wake Forest College is strong, it would be far better to discontinue intercollegiate athletics completely.

There is no good reason for assuming that a strong athletic program conflicts with high academic standards or is detrimental to efforts to raise them. It might even be considered that a strong, successful athletic program could be responsible for stimulating the improvement of academic standards.

The question has been raised as to the

proper ratio between athletic and academic scholarship funds. Actually these are two entirely different matters that have very little relationship to each other. A so-called athletic scholarship is a grant-in-aid financed by the College because intercollegiate athletics provide a considerable source of income for the College. Furthermore, interested alumni and friends of the College contribute to the fund for athletic grants-in-aid in the same way that some of them donate funds for purely academic scholarships. If there were no athletic scholarships the funds provided for them would not become available for academic scholarships.

Wake Forest College has succeeded remarkably well in its intercollegiate athletic program on a relatively small budget. Its athletic teams have given a good account of themselves in competition with colleges and universities with vastly larger athletic budgets and much larger enrollments.

Because Wake Forest College is not a mammoth college in the size of its student body does not mean that it cannot be a great one in its spiritual, intellectual, and athletic endeavors, while, at the same time, maintaining a well balanced program for achieving all of these aims.

Dr. J. W. Long

ASSOCIATE PHYS. ED. DIRECTOR

The question of "bigtime" athletics was decided when the Trustees of Wake Forest College accepted the honor of membership in one of the top intercollegiate conferences in the nation. Thus, the question now is how can we best organize, develop, and finance this program so that Wake Forest College will receive the many benefits that are unquestionably inherent in athletics.

Wake Forest College has made a remarkable athletic record and has gained national fame, but we cannot afford to rest on these laurels. From the practical standpoint, there are some problems that will need solution in the near future. In my opinion, it is a healthy matter to analyze rather carefully some of the problems that may arise.

The athletic program will need to be expanded because of the Atlantic Coast Conference's increased number of competitive sports, both mandatory and recommended. An increased number of scholarships will need to be made available in several sports if we are to compete on a par with the other member schools. Additional specialized coaches will be needed for required varsity

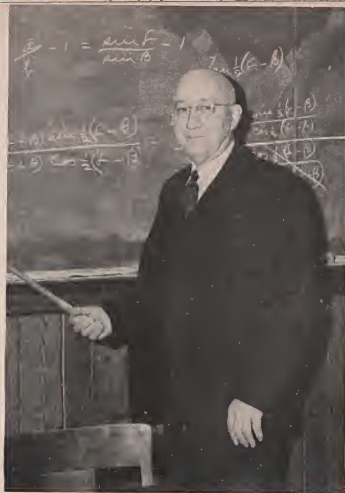
sports competition, such as swimming and tennis, and Atlantic Coast Conference recommended sports, such as gymnastics, wrestling, soccer and lacrosse. There is a possibility that television may lower attendance and gate receipts creating additional financial problems. All of this will add up to greatly increased costs and necessary financial support. How much and where the necessary money will come from may impose a serious problem. There is a bright side too. The adoption of Wake Forest College by increasingly large members of loyal supporters will help to alleviate this financial worry.

There are other closely related considerations, too. For the first time, Wake Forest College has some of the best indoor recreational and physical education facilities in the United States. We should make the much often quoted statement, "recreational activities and intramural sports for all," a reality. Ninety per cent of the students deserve the benefits of active participation, too.

The professional training of future coaches, physical education teachers and recreational leaders has an indirect relationship to "big time" athletics, too. Coaches, recreational supervisors, and physical education teachers have one of the most important roles to play in guiding youth in their most impressionable age and vulnerable growth stages. This phase of the program needs an adequate budget, high scholarship standards, and academic freedom. The same policies that are in effect for all academic departments should be maintained in this department.

There is no doubt in my mind that a broad athletic program will continue to be beneficial to the athletes and advantageous to Wake Forest College. At the same time, an expanded and strengthened physical education, recreational and intramural sports program for all students should be maintained on the level of other Atlantic Coast Conference members, and according to recognized national standards so that all students will receive the benefits of active participation. The professional training of leaders in the field of athletics, health and physical education, and recreation should be increased so that the demand for leaders and coaches trained in a Christian Liberal Arts College such as Wake Forest College can be met. A balanced program, then, is an absolute essential if Wake Forest College is to continue to gain stature as an educational institution.

We Called Him "Pop"



PERSONALITY PORTRAIT BY DOTTIE BRADDOCK

In 1920 a Wake Forest alumnus came back to his alma mater to become associate professor of mathematics. His name—James Grover Carroll. He had to stay at the Colonial Club until he could find a suitable home.

A long year passed; then in September of 1921 Mrs. Carroll came down from New York to join her husband at their first Wake Forest home. This was the residence now resided in by Dr. C. B. Earp. College officials promised them a new place by the next September, but the Carrolls remained in the Earp house for nearly fifteen years before moving.

Today, the Carroll home is on lovely West Sycamore Street, which is lined with elms and flowering dogwood. Dwarf boxwoods lead up to a comfortable white frame house. The front door opens onto a reception hall from which a split-level stairway winds up to the second story. And as lucky a visitor as I may find the charming Mrs. Carroll at home to ask him in.

Mrs. Carroll settled comfortably in a chair and, at my request, told me about her husband, Grover Carroll. Newspapers cannot tell the whole story, although they may print the basic facts:

"He was born in Sampson County on January 15, 1884, and graduated with

honors from Wake Forest after completing only one year of high school."

His scholastic average was over ninety-six. Once during his college days he was surprised to hear an announcement by the chemistry professor in chapel. Grover Carroll, then called John by his classmates, had turned in the only perfect paper on the final exam in chemistry and had received a mark of one hundred.

"After graduation he went to Wingate, North Carolina, and spent ten years there teaching at Wingate High School, now Wingate Junior College."

And there he met Miss Janie Bivens, his future wife. Mrs. Carroll says that her husband was always slow and deliberate by nature and tells a story to illustrate the fact.

Mr. Carroll had come to Wingate with another teacher, a Mr. Tyner, who immediately fell in love with Janie's sister and married her one year later. Grover served as best man and Jane as maid of honor for the wedding. While decorating the century-old church for the occasion, someone predicted that she would marry Grover Carroll. At that time, no thought was further from her mind, but three years later she became Mrs. Grover Carroll. After their mar-

riage Mr. Carroll showed to her a letter which he had written his mother soon after coming to Wingate. It read, "I think I've found the one for me, but I'm going slow."

During their courtship Mrs. Carroll was teaching at Wingate along with some other attractive young ladies. On one particular occasion, Grover came over to see her after calling to say he would be a little late. She had already heard that he was supposed to see another of the teachers that same evening and that he was giving the young lady a photograph of himself for Christmas. When he finally arrived, she lightly teased him about the other teacher and about the photograph, to which he replied, "You don't have to worry, Jane. I'm just giving her a picture, but I'm giving you the life-size original."

"Professor Carroll was popular and useful in his community."

As I sat there talking to Mrs. Carroll, she was called to the front door. Three pink dahlias, a gift of a colored lady, were in her hand when she returned. Grover Carroll had many devoted friends among the colored people as he did among the white. He settled numerous boundary disputes through his favorite hobby—surveying, and his most

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likable trait — a wonderful sense of humor.

"As a licensed surveyor, he taught a class in surveying at the College and spent some of his spare time working as a commercial surveyor."

A student tells of how, during one Christmas vacation, he, Professor Gentry of the math department, and Professor Carroll went out surveying. He and Gentry had just laid the steel tape across the highway for a measurement when a car rounded the curve. Usually a very quiet and easy-going person, Carroll lost his composure and shouted to them to pick up the tape. "It will be in a thousand pieces!" They were not in time; the car was coming too fast. For weeks afterwards, Professor Carroll apologized for having gotten excited. This was the closest he ever came to losing his temper.

When he took the boys out on surveying trips, they rode in what was called his "Red Buggy," a maroon Plymouth. Many times he entered the highway from Wait Circle without slowing down, and each time he was lucky. As they held their breath, he went right on talking. And having done so without accident, he poked the boy next to him with an elbow and teased, "Hey, why didn't you tell me to stop back there? Somebody's liable to have a wreck."

"One of the college's most popular professors and a particular friend of Wake Forest athletes..."

Professor Carroll taught for thirty-five years at Wake Forest. During that time he became most popular with the student body, and registration officials had a hard time holding his classes to a reasonable number. One of his colleagues in the math department says that many signed up for his classes because they thought they would have an easy time. But, he says, Carroll had a way of

getting work out of students without their objecting to it. It was his matchless personality and faith in young people that enabled him to do this.

In class he never mentioned cheating, but at the bottom of astronomy exams were printed these words, "Confucius say: man no cheat when talking about heavenly bodies." Another favorite expression in partial explanation of a mathematical axiom for which there was really no adequate one—"Oh, that's just an old Spanish custom." Professor Carroll was well-regarded by students and fellow associates.

Many students remembered him at the end of the semester with a box of cigars, partly because they hoped for an "A" but mostly just because they liked him. There were never misunderstandings among his colleagues. His associations with them were most pleasant ones.

When Professor Carroll first came to Wake Forest and during many years of his professorship, the athletic department was without both adequate facilities and enough workers. In the 1920's he served as director for Wake Forest athletics. In 1924 the college captured the state football championship. For the rest of his life he remained actively interested in the athletic program. His keen interest led him to spend many hours tutoring athletes so that they might remain in school and be eligible for the teams. Backfield coach "Red" Cochran claims that he was the first athlete that Professor Carroll ever flunked. But "Red" admits that it was his own fault. Professor Carroll had his own method of calling the roll. A student denoted his presence by answering the number of math problems he had completed. "Red," who was going to class only until he had to report to the Army, answered with a conventional, "Here."

In connection with his love for athletics and athletes, Professor Carroll became the faculty advisor to the Monogram Club. It was the president of the 1941 group who gave him the name of "Pop." The young athlete had lost his own father before he had gotten a real chance to know him. He told Professor Carroll, "If I did have a father, I'd like for him to be just like you." He started calling him "Pop" and from that time forward the name stuck. People have asked Mrs. Carroll if she were called "Mom." She says, "No, I didn't know the students as well as Grover, so they call me 'Mrs. Pop.'" It was an appropri-

calendar

- Oct. 12-16 *Ordine*, 8:30 p.m., Carolina Playmakers, Chapel Hill
- Oct. 14-20 *Death of a Salesman*, Raleigh Little Theatre
- Oct. 6-27 Early Works by Modern Masters from Metropolin Museum, Person Hall Art Gallery, Chapel Hill
- Oct. 18-22 North Carolina State Fair, Raleigh
- Oct. 15-31 Exhibition of paintings of Stanislaw Noakowski from Polish Embassy, Asbury Building, Women's campus of Duke University, Durham
- Oct. 25 "Two's A Company," scenes and sketches from the world's greatest literature by Albert Dekker and Edith Atwater, Wake Forest Lecture-Concert Series, College Chapel
- Oct. 31 Robert Merrill, Duke concert series, Page Auditorium, Duke University, Durham
- Oct. 31-Nov. 5 "Ice Capades of 1956," William Neal Reynolds Coliseum, Raleigh
- Nov. 3-4 "The Man Who Came to Dinner," Duke Players, Page Auditorium, Duke University, Durham
- Nov. 3-4 *The Rainmaker*, Wake Forest College Theatre, College Chapel
- Nov. 10 Raleigh Civic Music Series, Memorial Auditorium, Raleigh
- Rudolph Firkusnay, pianist

ate name for a man who would give what he termed "a few tablespoons of encouragement" to those who had become discouraged.

"He served officially in various capacities as a member of the Wake Forest Church."

"Pop" taught Sunday School for many years and gave it up only at the insistence of Dr. Mackie after a heart attack about eight years ago. At that time he was also advised to give up his beloved cigars and his game of golf.

For eight or ten years he and Mr. Earnshaw opposed Dean Bryan and Dr. Folk on the golf links in a friendly rivalry that built up over the years. Today, Dean Bryan remembers few of the games but recalls that when one of the foresome sliced into the woods on his drive, "Pop" would say, "Have faith; it may not be lost. Have faith, have faith."

Mrs. Carroll kidded her husband about his golfing by saying that he could get just as much exercise in the garden as out on the course. He decided to do both but liked to have her talk to him as he worked. One day she was out walking the rows as he hoed when one of Dr. Paschal's daughters went by. She called to them, "I do believe Mr. Carroll

is the most bossed man in the world. You even stand over him while he's hoeing."

He, his wife, and daughter, Margaret, have always been devoted to each other and, as Mrs. Carroll puts it, "We always did everything together."

"Pop" Carroll's life was distinguished by his love for people of all ages. He never appeared discouraged and could usually see humor in an otherwise depressing situation. He has instilled in those around him a determination and a spirit that is typically Wake Forest. He was a man of many names — Grover, John, "Fess," and "Pop" — but of a single purpose, to live loving.

Mrs. Carroll brought out a sizeable box of letters, telegrams, and cards that she has received from friends and former students. She showed me some pictures, magazines, and newspapers. Before she drove me back to campus she wished for me as much married happiness as she has known in her forty years with Mr. Carroll.

"James G. Carroll, 71, died tonight in Mary Elizabeth Hospital in Raleigh of a heart ailment. Professor Carroll suffered a heart attack last Tuesday and had been in critical condition since then. Survivors include his wife, the former Janie

Bivens of Wingate; one daughter, Miss Margaret Carroll of Atlanta, Ga.; one sister, Mrs. M. E. Rice of Aulander; and one brother, Joe Carroll of Rocky Mount."

The newspaper is dated May 17, 1955.

I never talked with "Pop," never had a class under him, but like every student of Wake Forest, I was one of his closest friends.

THE ONLY JUDGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

spray of gravel. The little Ford bounced up on its two right wheels for a moment before settling into the traffic. Tommy swore and told Martin he'd do well to slow down and save his gas. Martin swung west, then north, then west again through the city's checkerboard streets. In Park View the car slowed and the boys peered through its dirty windows. "—There's a Hudson," pointed Benny. Hudsons had big gas tanks. Martin went to the end of the block, U-turned, and came back. He turned off motor and headlights, coasting to a stop beside the Hudson. Benny and Deaton hopped out of the car and lifted the Ford's trunk. They busied themselves in the moon-thrown shadows. Harold heard the swoosh of liquid and the pair were back in the Ford.

"Drive down to the intersection slow and come back," directed Benny.

"Whoee," puffed Deaton when the Ford was silently rolling, lights still out, "Don't nobody light no matches. I swallowed some of that stuff."

"Gas and liquor don't mix," Ramsey said.

When they got back, moonlight was glinting on an uneven ribbon of gasoline twisting to the gutter. Benny and Deaton quickly retrieved the five gallon can and the siphon hose. Out in a lightly populated section of town Ramsey poured the gas in the Ford's tank. Because there was no funnel the gas sloshed over the side and onto the street. Harold, watching him, wiped sweat from his face with his sleeve. The boys made two more trips through Park View, spacing their area of operations in a loose arc so that they were not once within five blocks of a previous stop.

"A tank of gas and a can full—not bad," said Martin, contented.

It was so simple. But it was great—the successful accomplishment of it—the fugitive feeling. Harold imagined himself hard, unemotional, pushing

people around to get what he wanted, being his only law, his only judge. He tilted a bottle of wine, obtained by Ramsey who was old enough to get it, seeing himself empty a pint of whiskey without stopping, right in front of Deaton and Ramsey and the others. He could hardly sip the wine, its warmth and fumes was unpleasant. Martin was beginning to exaggerate drunkenness. He swerved the Ford back and forth across the street's center until Ramsey made him stop and replaced him behind the wheel. Harold held himself in so that he would not seem tight. He was unsuccessful.

Harold leaned out of the right back window, taking in deep breaths of cool air. The car was full of their loud voices for the wine made them feel mild and pleasant; Martin was singing. At a stop-light Harold almost leaned into the face of a girl ready to maneuver her convertible into traffic.

"Wow!" he said in her face. She looked cute and her face had the most innocent look he had ever seen. "Whoee!" he added, collapsing into Tommy's arms when the Ford moved away with the light. The others laughed.

"The bastard's drunk," they said.

Harold made dirty references about the girl. They howled and pushed him around the back seat. He laughed too. He tried to converse with Martin who was lolling and singing in the front seat. But he didn't know anything about cars and Martin was about to pass out. Ramsey turned into the country club hills road.

Harold's head was light. He closed his eyes.

"Turn right," Deaton directed.

Ramsey turned right. The road curved steadily up grade. On either side, leafy, green trees caught the car's headlight and threw it back in multitudes of shiny bits. At the top of the grade Ramsey turned off the car lights and coasted into a dirt road. He stopped. When Harold's eyes had become accustomed to the darkness he could see that the sky was partly cloudy. A large, black cloud blotted the moon. Its edges were a silvery-white glow, which made its center seem even blacker. But enough silvery light diffused through the cloud or crept around its edges to bring out blacker, shapeless objects along the dirt road. Harold felt easy, confident, thinking he might lean out the window himself when the chance came. He saw himself in Deaton's place.

"There's about four cars down there,"

Deaton said. "Pull off real slow." He rolled down his window. "Stop when you get to the first one. Don't waste any time moving on." His instructions were short, business-like.

Ramsey moved slowly into low gear. Steadily the car rolled onto the dirt side road. Martin's hollywood popped softly, but distinctly.

"Take it easy," Deaton's voice was just above a whisper. "They'll hear that damn muffler." The Ford glided to the first car. Deaton stuck his head out the window. He growled deeply.

"Buddy, this car's better not be here when I get back!" There was no sign or sound in the dark car. Deaton did the same with the other three automobiles, and got a gasp from the third. Tommy stifled a giggle. In second gear, the Ford spun left onto another road leading back down the incline. At the bottom of the hill, the six boys watched car lights flash on and heard engines awake.

"Don't you know, man, they's some bastards cussin' right now," Benny choked through his laughter. Deaton roared and the others laughed heavily. Harold was disappointed: they'd just scared them and everybody had left. He couldn't see anything funny in it.

They went back to the dirt road but didn't turn in. It was empty and faintly white in the broken light of a crescent moon behind a broken cloud. The six boys became relaxed and conversational again.

"What we need is something to drink," Tommy suddenly spoke up.

"Another country heard from," Benny snorted at his brother.

"You boys feel like a drink? I got some at my room," offered Ramsey. Ramsey rented a room downtown and has a surveying job with the state, because he had fought with his father over going to college. The others envied his independence, his steady income, and the good times he had on his own. Ten minutes later, the boys piled out of the Ford and into his room. He produced a fifth three-quarters full of whiskey.

"God!" exclaimed Martin, who had been led upstairs. "I'll be dead in the morning." He coughed and spit up some of the whiskey. Harold forced the burning stuff down. They all said it was pretty good.

The boys stumbled noisily down the boarding house stairs and fell back into the Ford. Ramsey hadn't drunk much and before he left he put a handful of mints in his mouth to take away the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

collegiate crackle

IF all the professors in the world joined hands they would reach half-way across the ocean. Most students would be in favor of this arrangement.

LOG SPLINTER PR



"Oh come off it, Finney!"

PRINCETON TIO

giate kles

and the professors
ained and they
cross the ocean.
ident could be
is arrangement.

ENTER PR. 1955



"For our annual citizenship awards we have three outstanding winners."

MOTIVE, NOV. 1953

Science Marches On

Possibly one of the most difficult undergraduate courses given at the College is Organic Chemistry. And one of the more trying parts of Organic deals with synthesis. On an examination, the bewildered student often finds himself faced with a problem such as "Make nitroglycerine from oxygen and the sweat of your brow" or "Synthesize 1,5-dibromo-3-phenyl-2-chloroheptanone from carbon and pretzel salt." Naturally, students of the subject are continually on the lookout for short cuts—catalysts and obscure processes—which will simplify things a great deal on paper. One enterprising pre-med finally figured out a fool-proof method for beating the system. On a recent quiz, with five minutes to go, he was required to "Synthesize triphenyl carbinol from carbon and lime." Coolly, he set up the standard equation: carbon and lime on the left-hand side, an arrow, and the desired product on the right. Then, over the arrow, in large red letters, he printed "SHAZAM!"

nneg on!"

CETON TIGER, MAY 1953

JESTER OF COLUMBIA, NOV. 1954



PROFILE, JAN. 1955

THE ONLY JUDGE

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odor. Martin was put between Ramsey and Deaton. He fell back against the seat, mouth open, eyes closed, drugged by the beer, wine, and whiskey he had consumed. Tommy and Harold were silent, leaning against one another to cushion their insides against the swaying, speeding car. Deaton kept his arm out the window and his face in a stream of night air that flowed around and through his crew cut hair and kept his face free from perspiration. His closely set eyes moved with the roll of his head.

Down a hill and up again, stop and go. The notion passed Harold's mind to ask Ramsey what the hell he was doing, but he couldn't get it out and gave up. He thought: I'm drunk and wondered if you could be really drunk and still know it. He thought of just once getting really drunk, petrified more or less. Then in school Deaton would say, "Old Hal sure had his share Wednesday," and Deaton would pat Old Hal on the back and they'd smile mysteriously to each other while everybody watched and admired. Then Harold thought about going home drunk and his images fled. Anyway he wasn't really drunk.

He watched Ramsey go down the hills and up; he saw him slow down, look up a side road, and drive on; he saw the

solitary automobile in the headlights. He saw it all with a clear mind. When you're drunk you're not supposed to remember anything, he thought. It was the first time he'd ever drunk so much. But he'd never been drunk.

"Hey!" yelled Deaton, "don't be here when we get back!"

"Move on!" shouted Benny.

They waited at an intersection down the road. The night was black now and the road empty. "—Maybe he went out the other way," Benny said. "—Go back and see," said Deaton. When they reached the lone automobile the second time its headlights were on and a fellow about Deaton's age half-leaned, half-sat on his car's fender. He had his hand inside his coat.

"I thought I told you not to be here when I got back," Deaton said menacingly as Ramsey slammed the Ford to a halt. The dust of the road swirled around them.

"I heard you," the fellow said. Harold saw his girl in the other car's front seat. She was obviously nervous.

"Maybe you didn't think we meant what we said," Benny glowered.

"I thought I'd wait and see." The fellow said it evenly, his hand still under his coat. Deaton had opened the door of Martin's car as if he were going to get out.

"What you trying to do?" Ramsey

sneered, "make us think you got something under that coat?"

"That's for you to find out."

"Don't think I can't do it," Deaton growled. He held cautiously to the car door. Harold, who had ducked back against the seat, watched nervously. He wasn't feeling well.

"You can come on and try anytime now."

"We're gonna give you one more chance. If you ain't gone we're gonna personally see to it that you wished you had."

Ramsey scratched off, throwing dust up and around the fellow's car. They went back to the intersection.

"Wait a couple of minutes and go back," Deaton commanded. "We shoulda got out and whipped his — — the first time," he said heatedly.

"He didn't have nothing under that coat. He's just a little crud who thinks he's big."

"I don't know," said Tommy in the darkness. "Bastards like that would just as soon cut you as look at you."

"He ain't goin' to cut nobody," Ramsey said.

"We'll all rush 'im," proposed Benny.

In his mind, Harold could see the gleam of a knife. The thought of a cutting made him slightly sick. When they started down the dirt road again he was wishing he'd never got into this. They found that the fellow still hadn't moved.

Deaton opened his door and faced the boy. "—Didn't you hear me tell you to get outta here, mister?"

The boy got off his fender.

"I tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'm gonna give you the chance to get out of here."

The hand stayed under the coat as the boy moved away from the car as though he was looking for more room in which to operate. He didn't seem much concerned about Deaton's heavier build or the fact that there were others in the car in front of him. It seemed to Harold that he was like the people in the cars they had frightened off earlier: no concern, doing what they did from simple necessity. The fellow said nothing. He spoke only when Deaton spoke, addressing his answers to him alone.

"Buddy, we ain't telling you again."

"I'm not going anywhere," said the boy.

"If I was you I'd quit trying to fool anybody with that hand and get the hell out of here while you're still able. If you

I Like College

I like college. Also high school. Once attended latter. Took English. Had strict teacher. Always criticized me. Especially my sentences. Said were too long. I disagree. Strongly! Expelled. Re-entered on probation. Still criticized. Figured something out. This is it:

If I were planning to ever finish English or high school, like I had always wanted to since I was a small boy in the first grade many years ago before I had had this strict English teacher who told me that my sentences were too long, then I was going to have to shorten my sentences like the teacher had told me to over and over for the whole year even though I didn't think they were too long personally and didn't think I needed to, or else fail or get expelled again for good, because although I felt she wasn't as smart as she thought she was, I realized that she was older than I was and that her opinion, though wrong, was more important in the sight of the principal, who had the final authority, than my right but untolerated opinion, so I couldn't decide whether to submit to her demands to shorten my sentences against my better judgment, and so, faced with this momentous decision between either doing what she said or doing what was the right, the honorable, the noble, the manly thing to do—stand up for what I believed and stick to my original classic style of making my sentences just the right length, I knew that a decision had to be made!

I changed.

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James Mackie, freshman from Wake Forest, tells in the following article his impressions of the present situation in the Middle East.

During the past summer Mackie traveled through Europe and the Holy Land with a tour sponsored by Southeastern Seminary.

His observations of the people living in the midst of the tension-ridden Palestine area are more than merely interesting, for these spasmodic clashes may well erupt any day into a global conflict involving the world's major powers.



The Partition in Palestine

BY JAMES MACKIE AS TOLD TO THE EDITORS

A short, stocky little man, dark, with sparrow legs, climbed aboard the bus and began in rapid, half-broken English, a babble often scarcely intelligible. "Israel . . . beautiful country . . . you are welcome here . . . progressive . . . well-rounded state . . . unfortunate situation . . . bad rumors, prejudices . . . we show you Israel."

That was our greeting when we finally finished with the customs officials — Arabs, then Jews — and crossed the

narrow strip of neutral territory between Jordan and Israel. It was pretty hard to take in, all this change. Yesterday we had been traveling through Arab lands, barren, rocky territory with almost no trees and fewer people. Land cultivation was possible only in scattered spots. And in the villages where we had spent several nights, life was primitive too, most strikingly so in the complete lack of sanitation. In meat markets along the streets we saw whole lambs hung in the

open covered with flies, people dipped drinking water from troughs where the animals drank. There were no sewage systems at all.

And the people themselves had seemed different too. Often we saw bedouin tribes walking along the roads dressed much as people did in Bible times. They carried their homes and belongings on their backs as they traveled with their flocks from one grazing spot to another. None of those people talked much.

They just watched us, and you couldn't help wondering what they thought.

Then we had reached no man's land where huge conical cement blocks, tank traps, were arranged in zig-zag fashion, intertwined with barbed wire to mark the boundary between Arab and Jewish lands. Suddenly we were shaken from our retreat into the land of the past into a new, striking realization of the present situation. Here we stood in the midst of one of the world's hot spots where two countries eyed each other

suspiciously across a narrow strip of neutral land. It gave you a kind of uneasy feeling, Arab guards watching on one side, Jews on the other. Only United Nations vehicles were allowed across the line, so we began the short trek on foot. Arab porters carried our luggage half way. Jewish porters met us and finished transporting the gear.

Then there had been customs again, money changing, and the beginning of the Jewish welcome that had lasted and was lasting on and on "... big modern

country of Israel is so glad to have you ... we show you how country improved ... Jewish people return to promised land ... like Bible say. ..."

So now we were looking at things on the other side of the fence, the other side of the Mandelbaum Gate, to be exact. Here there was certainly little to be compared to the Jordan territory we had just crossed. Here living conditions seemed so much more up-to-date. Towns were numerous and the streets and buildings looked very much like those in America. Land was cultivated everywhere and to the passer-by appeared fertile and productive.

But something strange attracted our attention as we traveled along the Israeli roads. There were frequent deserted villages, old-time settlements with clay houses that were crumbling, falling apart. "What about these ghost towns?" people wondered to each other and finally asked our talkative Jewish guide.

"Arabs' villages ... Arabs fled ... ran away ... Arab leaders say come back to Arab land. They leave." That was his explanation. We wondered. "Jews always persecuted. Now they have home of their own."

I thought about that promised land idea while we rode along through Israel that day. This little country had been declared a Jewish state by the United Nations in 1948 and since that time fighting had been almost continuous. Even now, when there is supposed to be a cease-fire agreement, every day's newspaper lists so many Arabs, so many Jews, killed in night fights.

These people have not always fought over the little state of Israel. Before World War I when there were about 600,000 Arabs and 60,000 Jews living there, there had been little conflict. Then the Zionist movement began, a world-wide appeal to Jewish people to return to their homeland. As Jewish population increased, Arab opposition grew. The Arab people felt that the Jews were shouldering in unfairly where they had lived so long in comparative peace. The tension grew and finally fighting broke out.

That's where the UN came in, called a truce and voted to make Israel a Jewish state. For one night there was celebrating among the Jews, street dancing, singing, gaiety. But the next morning fighting broke out again. Arabs living in the old sections of Jerusalem protested the decision by burning Jewish shops and homes. Ever since, the unrest has remained, with actual fighting going

Symphony

In the heavens damp mists roll,

Huge unplummeted masses of vapor and greyed

Groping, brooding,

Waiting the thunder in the symphony of their Master's Mind.

Omnipotency has gathered Himself together

For the symphony of creation.

Fertile mists part in awe

Before His face.

And tuned potentiality awaits His baton.

But the symphony is not yet. ...

In fiery flashes the brasses object.

"No!" blare they, "to give him free choice

Is to limit Yourself.

Will You be master of self no longer?"

Anxious for the reply, the mists stand still

As the strings blend in throbbing refrain:

"I love him; he shall not be my puppet."

Intensely dark, the vapors begin to roll.

"He will hurt You," the brasses grumble deep.

"Although he crucify Me," sings the first violin

In notes of love, piercing through darkness;

"Yet will he have the power to become great."

A pause fills infinity.

The Master raises His baton

Hushed expectancy creeps over all futurity,

The Symphony begins with brasses, too.

And sunlight turns the mists to gold.

Perspective

In retrospect, a memory haunts;
That of a walk on which were made
A thousand "Giantsteps." Once more
I step by forfeit to the rear
Amidst old playmates' echoed taunts
That had before in childhood weighed
Upon my spirit. Not now. Nor
Do I retort, nor shed a tear.

My childhood's walk had widely stretched
Abroad. Now, but a narrow line
Runs nakedly before my eyes.
A wider scope as years ensue
Constrains each scene or vision etched
Be relative to its confine.
Must then the walk's unstable size
Depend on where I stand to view?

DOTTIE BRADDOCK

on most of the time in one place or another.

The Arabs don't want to give up this rich fertile country where they have lived for thousands of years for the barren rocky stretches that compose Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon. They are determined to stay.

But the Jews say the Arabs have plenty of land, land that can be made productive with up-to-date equipment and methods. All would be well, say the Jewish people, if the Arabs would just peacefully get out.

So the fighting continues all along the border at night. Arabs come into Israel and raid settlements; Jews return the same treatment in Arab villages. Right now this border guerrilla fighting goes on not only between Jews and Arabs, but also between Jews and Egyptians where both claim rights to the Gaza strip.

Israel has progressed in giant strides as the little Jewish man kept reminding us. Jews poured into the land from all

over the world, and many of those who have not gone themselves have sent money. Through the United Jewish Appeal the country has received money enough to set up newcomers with homes and the state with military equipment.

It is not any wonder that these Arab people, seeing money pour in, much of it from Jews in America, seeing the Jewish soldiers use military equipment bought from the United States, have feelings not a little bit doubtful about the U.S.

The Arabs are backward, primitive people. They are poor and unorganized. Giving up their homes in Israel as many have had to do has left them in a state of seemingly hopeless confusion. Because they are so scattered and have so little organization, it is impossible for them to follow any concerted plan of retaliation, so in their scattered tribes they follow their natural inclinations to fight for what they believe to be rightly theirs.

To us as visitors only the outside of

things was visible, and that outside was depressing, almost pathetic. The Jewish guide never let us forget for a moment how Israel was growing, progressing, becoming a fine country, but still we couldn't miss noticing the barbed wire division through the middle of the city of Jerusalem, or the guard who walked up and down beneath our hotel window which bordered on no man's land territory.

A number of times while we were in Jewish cities several of us went to see American movies. Even there we did not get away from what can only be termed Jewish propaganda. Before every picture short films were shown on the growing state of Israel and newsreels carefully showing only acts of Arab aggression.

We seldom had a chance to talk to Arabic people (the Jews talked most too much), but once I did meet an Arab doctor whose story of the Arab evacuation from their villages in Israel was much different from that recounted by the Jewish guide. According to the doctor, the Arab people had been approached by the Jews with a "get out or else" proposition. "We practically left with guns in our backs," he explained. Then he went on to tell how he had practiced medicine for 25 years in Israel, built his home there, but walked through the barbed wire lines with only a thermometer in his pocket, all he was able to salvage of his life.

Actually I only got a glimpse of the situation in the Middle East this summer, but I was there long enough to feel the unrest, the suspicious uneasiness, the tension that pervades both Jewish and Arab states. It does not seem that such a situation can last very long.

Experts on world affairs have figured that should the present truce give way to all out war, Israel would have the edge militarily. Though the Jewish state is tiny—only 1.7 million people in a pocket sized country smaller than the state of New Hampshire—it is ready. Israel could mobilize, within 48 hours, 250,000 men.

The Arab States, on the other hand, though they contain 40 million people in an area larger than the United States, are lacking in a unified command, trained men and arms.

As to what will eventually happen, I dare not venture a guess. During our brief stay we were only able to get a glimpse of an enormous problem, one that directly or indirectly affects not only Jews and Arabs in the Middle East but people all over the world.

BROKEN BAND

Short Story by Dottie Braddock

Once again he found himself staring out the window, looking at nothing in particular, except perhaps the meagerness of life. On the opposite corner, an extremely young boy, almost a child, stooped over his bundle of newspapers, his back to the wind. In his face showed the apathy of his age, a symbol of the time, when the young are old and the old are older. God, that life should hold so little! Three months here had been a lifetime spent regretting war, not that ruin was still before his eyes, but he saw how youth had been robbed of its privilege to be irresponsible. Douglas Bonnell stood looking out at life, laughing to keep from crying at its absurdities. It was March of 1950. Three months ago there had been New York. And now there was Munich.

Behind him lay a room quite bare save for a grand piano bought second-hand in Philly, its bench, a fence of practice bars, and himself. He was alone for the moment and drew his watch from its pocket, carefully noting the time. In only five minutes the room would once more be filled; the bench, the bars, and he would no longer be alone. The piano bench belonged to Karl, the bars to Maria, and he—he belonged to Maria, too. The nothingness of the view still held his attention when the door opened.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Bonnell."

"Hello, Maria."

Her hair flowed onto the black coat like sunshine. But during practice she wore it fastened up with a rubber band.

"Working tonight, Maria?" He asked as she came back into the room, now dressed in a black jersey leotard.

There was a question in her eyes as she went to the practice bars.

"Ah, but yes," she said, lifting a sleek leg to start the warm-up exercises.

"I thought perhaps . . ." he began.

She turned. "Yes?"

" . . . that you will need some extra practice between now and presentation," he finished lamely. He could not let himself forget the problems that would arise should his admiration become so evident, should he ask her to go out with him, even on a student-teacher relationship.

"Yes . . . but I cannot afford any more lessons," she confessed outright.

Maria was also a victim of the meagerness. But she was no longer a stranger to it. After four years, she faced it as the others did, with the same realism, the same joyless determination.

"So?" she asked matter-of-factly above the undertones of "Flex, release, flex, release."

"So, it will be my pleasure," he said.

She looked puzzled. Suddenly he asked himself how one goes about explaining that he was away from New York only on a bet contracted in a bar off Seventeenth Avenue, a bet that urged his getting away from New York friends. He had chosen Germany because he had always wanted to come there; Munich, because it was big enough in which to lose himself and



She belonged to the top of classical b Ther

because it was in the American sector. He had not lost himself; rather, he thought, he was finding himself. To remain idle was of no satisfaction, so he had taken in a few dancing students. These lesson fees amounted to less than the studio rent, but he was able to live quite comfortably off the last few years' fabulous salaries. "Bring us back a star from Munich," they had joked, ". . . if you stay more than a week." It all sounded so irresponsible, but he had already stayed three months, and he had found his star.

"Well, I wouldn't want Munich to see an unpolished performance, would I?" There was a lot of escape in conceit. But was there wounded pride idling in her eyes?

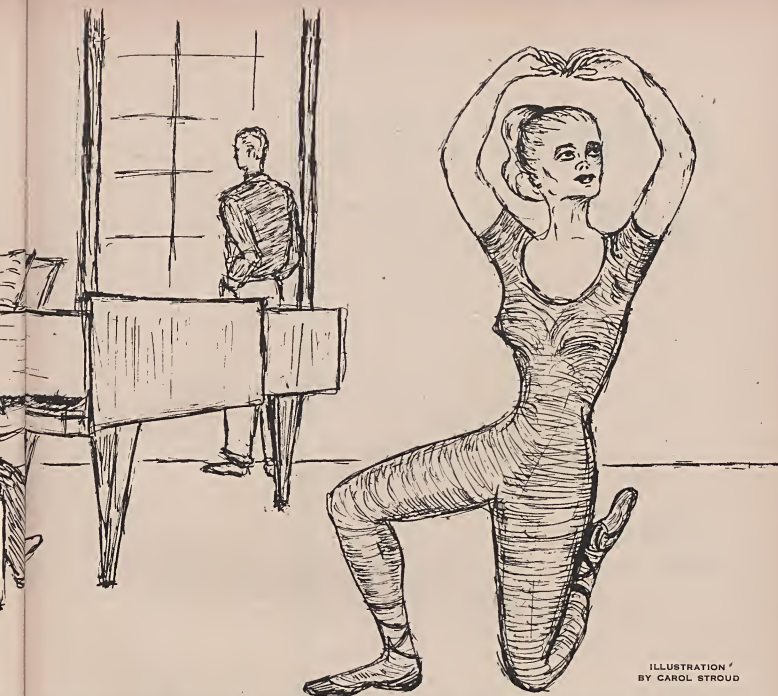


ILLUSTRATION
BY CAROL STROUD

ol b There might be a better chance if she stayed in Europe, but his personal feelings were too strong to leave without her.

She looked away. "It is true."

Maria was still practically a stranger to him after spending six weeks under his direction. She rarely spoke except to answer a question.

"Can you come at night?"

"After we close."

"And that is . . ."

"At midnight," she supplied.

"Too tired then?" he asked, looking at her closely.

"Very tired," she admitted, "but never too tired to dance." She smiled.

"Sure?"

"I am sure."

"On Tuesday and Thursday evenings then—as soon after midnight as you can make it."

She nodded agreement and silently

resumed her work at the bars. As he watched her then, he felt again that challenge he had felt when she had first come to the studio. He had not worked classical ballet routine since the few years immediately following his own dancing school days. It had been down in the Village in his first private studio. And then, he had somehow been caught up in the wave of Broadway, lights, big names in show business, hit shows, and wives, in rapid succession. All of them were lost ideals in his present surroundings. Here was a girl capable of dancing very well. As much as he wanted New York to see her, he felt a reluctance in allowing her to do less than her best. She belonged to the top of classical ballet. There might be a better chance

if she stayed in Europe . . . but his personal feelings were too strong to leave without her.

Maria worked at night in a local beer garden, the sort of place that attracts customers with the "old way;" but the customers were not those who actually remembered the old way. She sang, not well, but with young sweet tones that go nicely with a program of old folk songs and violin accompaniment. He often went there to listen and to glow in her charm. There was an intense quality to her always, but when she danced he was held spellbound. His true emotions were hid behind two lips that maneuvered into sharp, crisp criticism for the ears of his lovely Maria.

For a month after this, he worked

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with Maria at the regular hours and at the early morning sessions. He mercifully put her through the most exacting feats until she moved with the ultimate of grace and precision. Perfection is the key to expressive ballet; there can be no sloppy movements, no matter how slight or unconscious. In these gruelling practices, Maria proved herself to possess poise and confidence. Not once did Douglas feel her determination lag. He criticized her and she took it without flinching, but he reserved his praise for the finished product.

Karl, tired from working all day in a pottery, came each time to play for Maria's rehearsals. Above the well-worn serge jacket and pin striped shirt, Karl's face could hide neither his weariness nor his silent passion for music. When he sat down to play, his face softened a little from its usual rigid lines. His silent rebuff became a diminished seventh; his bitterness ran itself out in an arpeggio. He was not a particularly handsome man, but there was a dark magnetism about his appearance that was rare amidst the fresh look of the young Germans. Karl's sensitivity showed mostly in his hands, used by day to fashion earthenware and by night to practice on the piano. Douglas owned the second-hand grand, but it was Karl's by all other rights. His fingers carressed the ivory keys as they might stroke a kitten's fur. Douglas was thinking about giving it to Karl when he left to go back to the States. Perhaps Karl would marry soon, and he could give it to him as a wedding present. Karl had a great deal of pride and might not accept it otherwise.

Karl's pride did not extend only to himself. Maria had first brought him to the studio as her accompanist. After Douglas listened to him play, he offered Karl the job of playing for his other classes as well. He remembered how Karl had answered.

"Thank you, Mr. Bonnell, but no."

"But I am sure I can pay you as much as you make at the pottery."

"It is not the money."

"But what else?"

Karl stiffened. "Sir, my country needs everyone."

"But surely as an artist, you must know that your music can help your country as much as anything else."

Karl nodded, understanding, and said quietly, "Music, dancing, singing, all these are to be desired, and perhaps later I can think of devoting all of my time to being a pianist."

Douglas never mentioned it to him again.

One night Karl did not come and Maria went through a musicless practice. Only the ticking of the metronome and the sound of her satin shoes on the floor was heard. The night was lovely. Douglas had opened the windows that formed a whole side of the room. The strange sweet smell of rain-soaked streets and buildings drifted in. The highly hung lights with their wide reflectors made numerous spotlights on the floor; and within them Maria moved, her golden hair pulled high upon her head. One, two, three, and four times he relentlessly pushed her through the positions, interrupting, correcting. The fifth time brought the thrill of perfection as Maria executed a graceful fouette and took her salute. She looked up at him, her hands crossed flatly before her, with questioning eyes. He dared to look long into them and, completely forgetting his mask of abruptness, whispered, "Bravo."

All at once she lost her balance and crumpled limply. He found himself just as suddenly beside her, holding her unconscious form and gently wiping perspiration from her pale brow. He pushed back the tiny golden tendrils that curled around her face and tried to loosen her hair. His fingers found the band; it snapped, a loud hollow echo in the empty studio. Her long hair cascaded down upon her shoulders.

The next afternoon found Douglas waiting impatiently in the sunlit studio; and as he waited he remembered the way Maria had opened her eyes and, embarrassed to find herself upon the floor, had struggled to get on her feet. . . .

"I am so sorry," she said.

He helped her up. "When was the last time you ate?" he asked, suspecting the worse. She dropped her eyes and said, "Supper. . . ." He knew she was lying; he smiled with an effort.

"Well, let's get something to eat anyway."

They went into the early morning mist, found a small place open, and sat slowly eating and lightly joking. He walked with her through the streets of sleeping Munich. Their steps on the walks beat out a sort of muted syncopation. He found a comfort in its rhythmic presence. Then he left her on the steps leading up to a large brownstone apartment house. Without actually thinking, he bent slowly to touch her smiling lips

with his own, and hers had answered briefly before saying, "Good-by." . . .

Now he remembered all of this. The memory brought a wonder at its propriety—but no regrets. He waited as the minute hand slipped half an hour past her lesson. From the window he saw Karl enter the building from below. A few minutes later, Karl entered the studio without his usual quiet, "Good afternoon," and silently sat down at the piano. His fingers moved lightly into a hauntingly simple tune. Douglas recognized it as one Maria had sung the first time he had visited the "Rathskeller." Quite suddenly Karl said in the middle of the song, without stopping the melody, "Maria will not be here today."

"Is she sick?"

"No."

"Someone in the family?"

"No."

Douglas felt a growing antagonism toward the calm young German.

"Then why the devil isn't she here?"

Karl did not answer, and somewhat as an apology, the other said, "We have only two weeks left."

"Yes. . . ."

"Will she be here tonight?"

"No."

"Tomorrow?" There was an edge in Douglas' voice.

"I think not."

"Well, dammit! When is she coming back?" Douglas shouted in exasperation coming around behind the piano to face Karl.

"She isn't."

"Isn't what?"

The music halted abruptly: he looked steadily into Douglas' eyes. "Maria is not coming back." He got up as if to leave.

"What in hell do you mean?"

"She's no longer your dance student, Mr. Bonnell."

Douglas sat down upon the bench where Karl had been sitting before. He asked, "Why?"

"I do not know."

"But I wanted to take her back to the States, make her a star!"

"Then it is better that it has happened."

Douglas looked at him in an unspoken question.

"Maria is German, even as I. Her life is here. If she is, as you say, a star here, then I will take her to the United States."

Karl needed not to say another word. It was evident that the one thing he had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

STUDENT reviews

The Genius and The Goddess by Aldous Huxley.

Harper & Brothers, 1955. 168pp. \$2.75

Aldous Huxley has again used the well-known love-triangle plot in his latest novel as a method of expressing his philosophical outlook on certain problems of life. This book, as most of Huxley's, is about intellectual people who talk more than they act. Their conversations are, however, exquisitely related and make delightful and thought provoking reading.

The story is told to the novelist by John Rivers (now an elderly and renowned physicist) one Christmas Eve. He tells of his first love affair. When he was twenty-eight he came to study with a physicist, Henry Maartens, who was extremely immature in everything except his field. Rivers, who had been reared in a strict, pious background, found the Maartens family a pleasant introduction to a richer type of life. He loved them all—Mrs. Maartens and Ruth and Jimmie, the two Maartens children. But the love he bore Mrs. Maartens, which he later described as a sort of religious worship, became more humanistic when she broke under the strain of nursing a dying mother and husband. The triangle was dissolved when Mrs. Maartens was killed in an automobile accident caused by an argument with her adolescent daughter, who was also in love with Rivers.

The story would probably not be especially interesting, however, if it were not for the ironic and profound comments made by the narrator and the characters. As a whole this novel is a restatement of the problem found so often in the Huxley novels—that of the supersession of the ego by the natural self or soul. By taking the characters as symbols, the reader can increase the depth of the fundamental question. But whatever interpretation the reader wishes to employ, he will find the questions raised and unanswered. This quality of insolubility is what gives the novel its greatest appeal.

The novel is short. But instead of detracting, the book's brevity seems to accentuate the author's ideas. *The Genius and the Goddess* is probably destined to be one of Huxley's most important works. —Margaret Herring

Hiroshima Diary by Michihiko Hachiya, M.D.

Translated and edited by Warner Wells
University of North Carolina Press, 1955. 238pp. \$3.50

"August 6, 1945: The hour was early; the morning still, warm, and beautiful. Shimmering leaves, reflecting sunlight from a cloudless sky, made a pleasant contrast with shadows in my garden as I gazed absently through wide-flung doors opening to the south."

The writer of these words, Dr. Michihiko Hachiya, Director of the Hiroshima Communications Hospital, was sprawled on his living room floor, exhausted after having spent the night on duty at his hospital. At that very moment an airplane, the Enola Gay, was flying over the city of Hiroshima. Seconds later a bomb fell which marked the beginning of a new era in man's knowledge of the art of self-destruction, an era of terrifying progress in the technology of nuclear warfare.

Ten years after this cataclysmic event it is easy to generalize about the bombing, thinking of it in terms of tragic but impersonal statistics of making bland banalities concerning its

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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moral implications. War is most horrible, however, in its personal aspects.

With this fact in mind, plus "the appalling knowledge that indulgence in atomic weapons may permanently impair the biological future of the human race," Warner Wells, a North Carolina physician who in 1950 went to Hiroshima as surgical consultant to the Atomic Bomb Commission, sought out Dr. Hachiya, who he had heard had recorded his day-by-day experiences and observations during the bombing, and undertook the translation and editing of this diary. Four years later Dr. Wells has made available to English-speaking people a book which, according to Leland Stowe, is "of unique personal meaning for every living soul on earth."

In his journal Dr. Hachiya gives an intimate and unpretentious, yet startlingly realistic and powerful account of the aftermath of the bombing of Hiroshima. In it we see the sorrows and fears, the strength and quiet courage of the Japanese people as they struggle to rise up out of the ashes of a devastated city and to restore order to their chaotic existence. But of all the characters brought to life in this book none is so endearing to the reader as the author himself.

Here is a man who was first of all a physician. Although critically wounded himself and expected to die, he worked tirelessly, as healer and comforter. Moreover, his scientific curiosity stimulated him to observe the pathological effects of the atomic bomb and to publish a report of his findings.

In addition to being a good physician, he was also a good writer, recording with accuracy and compassion, honesty and humor what he saw and felt. And in his writings he revealed his own sensitive and complex nature.

When it was rumored that San Francisco, San Diego, and Los Angeles had been bombed, he rejoiced with the people and exclaimed, "At last Japan was retaliating! The whole atmosphere in the ward changed, and for the first time since Hiroshima was bombed, everyone became cheerful and bright."

Later, when the Emperor broadcast the Imperial Proclamation of Surrender, he felt despair, then anger. "The one word — surrender — had produced a greater shock than the bombing of our city. The more I thought, the more wretched and miserable I became."

On September 11 he recorded that since the bombing "We had all become desperate and our fight was the fight of

defeat even if we had to fight on stones. Our homes and our precious family possessions were no longer meaningless, but now they were gone."

Yet during these unbelievably difficult times he continued to make his rounds in the hospital. He assured his patients that loss of hair was not necessarily a symptom of radiation sickness, then privately tugged at his own hair to reassure himself. He refrained from telling a girl a funny story because any movement of her badly burned face would be painful.

These were unbelievably difficult times, but in a postscript Dr. Hachiya was able to write: "The harsh winter that followed the autumn was less harsh for their (Atomic Bomb Commission) having come. When I think of the kindness of these people, I think one can overlook thoughts of revenge; and even at this moment, I feel something warm in my heart when I recall those days and those friends. (Written at night, 10 April 1952)."

Here then is a book which convinces us of the nobility of the human spirit. Furthermore, as Dr. Wells asserts, "All of us will be repaid beyond measure if this diary helps to refresh our memories, stimulate our imaginations, and temper our thinking about war, and especially the horror of atomic war. For if we cannot enliven our humanity, we are doomed."

—Polly Binkley

BROKEN BAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

not considered, Maria and Karl together, was the answer to all of this.

Douglas got up and took Karl's hand, "Thank you, Karl." As he left, Douglas saw in his silence, his pride, a strength which he himself could not really know even when the present gray at his temples had spread all over his dark head. It did not come with age. The strength came from a heritage of fierce Germanic pride, Maria and Karl were products of their generation, and for Germany it was a good one. But for America it would be untimely; his own had not yet taken its full responsibility.

The next days had been full ones, with preparation for the recital and for his departure from Munich. Standing at his window, he looked down. The presentation the night before had been termed a success by the critics of Munich, but he felt empty in it. The night was closing in on the city, and

lights pecked out through the darkness, sentinels standing guard until a new dawn. They shone protectively over the people of Munich as they sought to renew themselves for a new tomorrow. Douglas shifted his weight to his hands planted firmly upon the window sill. "Tomorrow," he thought, "it was always there." Tomorrow meant for him a departure from strange things grown familiar. Only tonight remained.

Eleven o'clock found Douglas in the "Rathskellar." He sat in one corner of the large basement room. Wooden supports of the building showed nakedly overhead, and candlelight turned the red of the checkered tablecloths to brown. His view of Maria was unobstructed, as she sat at a small table. Her lovely hair touched lightly on her bare shoulders. Her hands moved in animated conversation with Karl who sat facing her. She had finished her last song before he went over. Making his way through the jungle of ginghamed tables, he caught her eye and smiled waveringly.

"Good evening, Maria, Karl." The latter rose halfway in his chair and extended a friendly hand. "My last night here seemed an appropriate time for a toast to you two." He surprised himself with his glibness. Maria leaned forward and spoke softly.

"We are sorry to see you go, Mr. Bonnell."

He let her words go unanswered. There was nothing to say, for he could not find in them more than impersonal sincerity. "Karl, take care of Maria and bring her over one of these days." He ordered a round of ale for the three of them and proposed with it an unglamorous, but fitting toast. It was a German toast for German people. "If there must be dark spots in your life, may they be no blacker than your beer."

His walk back to the studio was a lonely one. He stopped in a small cafe and bought a bottle of white wine. Later, when it still stood uncorked, he told Munich good-by. He had been away, with four and a half months of time and temperance to his credit. There had been only a swallow of the ale toast to Karl and Maria. He had won the bet, but they could keep their money. New York waited with its noisy silence. Lives and loves, like rubber bands, could be stretched only so far.

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THE ONLY JUDGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

want to start something, we can take care of that, too."

"You started it; you finish it."

"You think we can't?"

The boy didn't speak. " — Well?" asked Deaton. Nobody said anything. Everyone was quiet on the dark road.

" — " said Benny, low so the girl couldn't hear. "He's gonna leave if he knows what's good for him. Let's go."

"I want to see him go," Deaton said heavily.

The fellow's girl called him by name. Mutually, Deaton and the fellow backed away from each other. The girl spoke to the boy in a whisper and Harold couldn't make out what she was saying. The boy shook his head negatively. Ramsey spoke to Deaton.

"If you show your — — — out here again, you'll wish you hadn't," Deaton threw at the fellow and got into Martin's car. Ramsey put the gear in reverse, backed up to the boy, then stamped the gas pedal. The Ford's rear wheels spun in place for an instant, spewing gravel and dust at the boy. Before the fellow could move away the Ford was speeding down the road. Martin's spare parts danced over the back seat. His spare radiator cap left an oil smear on Deaton's light blue pants. Harold and Tommy clung to the right side to keep from sliding in the swaying car.

"Stop the car," Benny said, lifting Martin.

Well out of the country club hills, Ramsey slowed to the side of the road and stopped. Deaton, Ramsey, and Benny helped Martin out. Benny and Ramsey held Martin beside the car while he vomited. Deaton tried to brush away the oil smear on his pants. "Hey Deaton," Harold said to himself, "we should do this again sometime."

Someone bumped into him. It was Martin.

"Har'l," he slobbered, "I feel like hell."

Then Martin was sick again.

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the student

October 12, 1955

Culture and the Curriculum

At the beginning of his essay on the aims of education Alfred North Whitehead states: "Culture is activity of thought and receptiveness to beauty and humane feeling. Scraps of information have nothing to do with it. A merely well-informed man is the most useless bore on God's earth. What we should aim at producing are men and women who possess both culture and expert knowledge." Since it is necessary for a college graduate to possess expert knowledge in one field, and since the background must come first, it becomes the prime concern of lower division courses to give to the student the culture of which Dr. Whitehead speaks. At Wake Forest, however, though the college calls itself a liberal arts institution, the lower division courses are noticeable in their lack of providing sufficient stimulation to produce a cultured person.

Most of the freshmen and sophomore courses at Wake Forest are standardized. Most of them offer nothing, except training in patience, to the intellectually interested student. Part of this is a result of the standardized course in which students of all mental calibers are placed together regardless of their obviously varying interests. A certain amount of drudgery is expected, especially in the cases of languages and sciences, but needless lack of imagination on the professors' parts in giving interesting assignments points to the serious problem of lack of faculty interest. Professors are only human in their desire to escape boredom by, if possible, not teaching any lower division courses or, if compelled to do so, treating it for what it is—a test in endurance. Naturally a professor is going to have considerable interest in his upper-division courses in which all the students are eager to learn. There is, however, a serious need for many professors to gain interest in the lower division by adding to their current courses work of a more challenging nature.

The lower division courses at Wake Forest are designed primarily for the mediocre. There is above all the feeling that the majority must rule—majority, of course, is the Almighty, All-American Average. At present there are no special facilities for the intellectually superior or even for those who have difficulty with their studies. Many students of above the average mentality find their first two years of college boring because of insufficient demand upon their capacities. It is difficult in the current course set-up, because of varying secondary school backgrounds, for every student to obtain the necessary equipment to become as much of a cultured person as it is in his power to become. Homogeneous grouping is necessary if this is to be accomplished. This can be done by placement tests in all subjects and by careful examination of secondary school records.

The advanced student should be allowed to pursue more advanced studies — not by taking upper-division courses but by specially designed courses. A lower-division seminar in which reading of the great works of literature and their relation to the humanistic and scientific aspects of life would be stressed is, perhaps, the most desired way of meeting this course demand. In all courses, especially, in freshman English and history, more advanced reading should be stressed. Unless a student majors in either English, languages or history he will not have an opportunity to study those works which should be studied by every literate person. Machiavelli's *The Prince* and Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment* should not be sacrificed to *Elizabethan Sea Dogs* and readings in a writer's resource book.

At the present time the physics department is to be applauded for its setting up one elementary course for non-science majors and another for those planning careers in science. The French department, too, in its giving of placement tests to all French 3 students, in order to prevent unnecessary holding back, is to be congratulated. The report of the faculty's committee on possible curriculum changes will be eagerly awaited for what it has to say on this serious problem. Wake Forest should above all, despite its current leaning toward a "vocational" curriculum, strive to strengthen its liberal arts department.

—J.D.M.

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the student

November 9, 1956



"Autumn Leaves" fall on a busy campus



"MONEY, MONEY, MONEY. . ."

Now that fall has settled over the campus mixing with evergreen magnolias bright spots of Maple red and yellow, school is well underway, and so are activities on the Row.

With this issue *The Student* welcomes two new business managers to its staff, Dale Holland and Wilbur Early. Dale, a junior from Germantown, has worked several years on the business staff of *The Howler*, and Wilbur, a Wake Forest senior, is a former staff member of *Old Gold and Black*.

The two went to work with a will this issue. In the picture at the left photographer Irvin Grigg has caught them up to their latest money-making gimmick. Typical Freshman Mike Price (from issue one) hawks copies of the October *Student* on White Street in front of Shorty's. The business managers stand watchfully in the background waiting to rake in the cash.

Jack Kehoe, who was elected business manager for this year, dropped out of school soon after the fall term began. Jack is working now in Massachusetts, but he plans to return to North Carolina next fall to enter the Bowman Gray School of Medicine.

Linda Booth is making her first contribution to *The Student* in this issue.

Hers is the lead story entitled "Unpublished Poem." Linda, better known as Bootsie, is a senior from Durham. She has written regularly for *Old Gold and Black* during the last two years. Bootsie, an English major, plans to graduate in January.

Bert Walton, who is also a newcomer to *The Student* staff this month, did the illustration for "Unpublished Poem." Bert is a sophomore from Jacksonville.

The story of the endless chess struggle between Dr. Earp and Dr. Potat is told on page 11 by Alan Tuttle. Alan has been working on the staff all year, but this article is his first major contribution to the magazine. A sophomore from Greensboro, Alan plans to major in physics.

In the collection of material for last month's Forum on big-time athletics, there were, unfortunately, more entries than there was available space. Consequently several of the opinions handed in had to be omitted. The concluding paragraph of one of those entries was so interesting to us that we print it here for your consideration. The student who was writing, after having advocated more and bigger intercollegiate athletics, completed his essay with the following sentence. "Remove the athletic program and Wake Forest would offer about as much to the lives of the college student as a downtown business college."

The student forum for this month deals with the question of our Honor System. We have heard students discussing the pros and cons of the system more than usual this year. *Old Gold and Black* has published two editorials concerning different phases of the Honor System. We wondered if this frequent



MATHERLY

VOLUME 71 the student NUMBER 2

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campus

discussion was indicative of any change in the basic student or faculty attitude toward our honor code. And so we have asked a number of Wake Foresters to express their views on the subject in this month's forum pages.

Jerry Matherly, who joined the staff of *The Student* at the beginning of the year, has contributed for this issue a book review and the short story entitled "Straw People."

Larry Pearce, this year's editor of *The Howler*, is still another new addition to our growing list of *Student* contributors. This time Larry has turned poet. His poem entitled "Afterimage" appears on page 10.

Student congratulations to Miss Mary Frances McFeeters who has recently announced plans to be married in December to Dr. Paul Robinson. Miss McFeeters is one of the advisors for the magazine.

And another congratulations to former *Student* Editor Bill Laughrun and *Student* staff member Margaret Her- ring who were married on November 4.

Here's something (a poem we think) that drifted into the office the other day signed c. c. summings:

a
lone
in a r
oom
as
leep on
a bed
dead

With the arrival of autumn's golden days, blue skies and bright leaves, it is awfully hard for students to stick to books, classrooms and busy schedules.

On the cover a boy and a girl who tired of the tedium decided to get away from it all for awhile. One perfect afternoon photographer Irvin Grigg found them walking on the road north of the stadium.

the student

November 9, 1955

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Review: Vanderbilt's "Love Poems" —19

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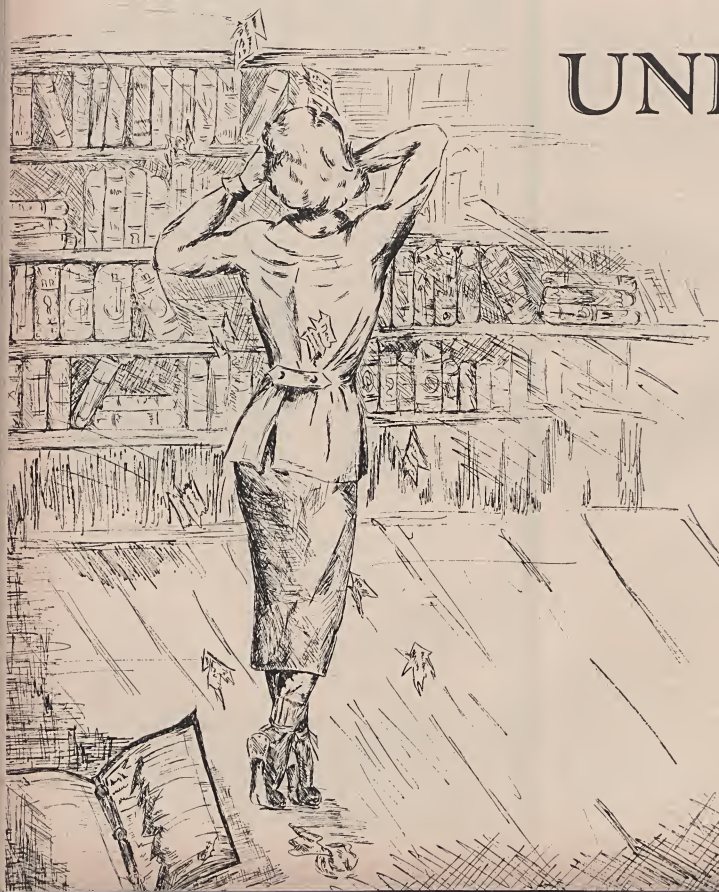
Editorial: Three Deadly Virtues —23

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"Clarice, you've got to stop worryin' about

is that you find

UNPUB



in about what other people think of you. What is important

to find something in life you enjoy doing . . .”

PUBLISHED POEM

by Linda Booth

The first day I had the Reading Club, Clarise walked through the Children's Room of the Library. I was listening to a third grader report on *Peter Pan* when I became aware that the little boy had completely forgotten what he was saying. With his head turned around, he stared at Clarise as if he were seeing someone like her for the first time. I scolded him slightly and tried to draw his attention from her before Clarise could notice him. But already she had seemed to sense that the children were looking at her, and she turned away from them. She slowly walked back up the steps into the hall, picked up the art gum and began to erase some marks from the books on her desk.

Perhaps I had been just as guilty as the little boy when he stared at her, because I too had looked at her as if she were strange. Clarise wasn't really strange looking, but she just wasn't like us. When one first looked at her, he knew she was different. Today her blonde hair was very stringy because it was Thursday, and she didn't go to the beauty shop until Friday. Her complexion and hair were similar in color—her face had a yellow tint. Her eyes were clear blue, but few people noticed the beauty in their color. They more readily recognized that they were crossed.

I think what had attracted the little boy's attention more than anything was her difficulty in walking. Her left leg seemed to be twisted to the inside, causing her left foot to drag when she walked. She needed extra support and had to wear lace-up brown and white

shoes. She never complained, but I know her feet must have been hot in those socks during the summer days.

I walked over to the shelf with the boy to pick out some more books. I glanced at Clarise again in the hall. She was sitting there still erasing in the books. Miss Whitehead was just coming down to the staff room for her usual afternoon nap. She looked at Clarise but didn't bother to speak. Frances Whitehead had worked in the library for years, and she had two interests in life—trying to run the library on a perfectionist scale and tending to her aged mother. She was the type who would go out of her way to help someone she considered important, but had no interest in and even avoided those of a lower class. It didn't seem to bother Clarise that she didn't speak, but rather it appeared that she expected to be ignored by Miss Whitehead.

I was busy the rest of the day. All the children were getting a good start to win their certificates for having reported on twenty-five books. I had wanted to get to know Clarise better that first day, but there was little time for conversations.

In the afternoon she came to the door. "Would any of you like some ice cream from uptown? Miss Whitehead is sending me to get her some orange juice." The others in the library shook their heads.

I answered, "I don't believe so, but thank you anyway."

After I had been at work for a week I learned that she ran errands quite frequently for the staff. Of course it was

on library time, and occasionally they bought her a drink for going.

When she returned, I was fixing the circulation for the next day. She brought some cards in and sat down at the typewriter. I glanced at her and could see that she couldn't type, but she was making an effort to peek at the letters. Even then she had to erase practically every word. After about ten minutes, she had finally succeeded in typing a non-fiction card. Miss Briggs, the head librarian of the Children's Room, came in to bring some new books to be shelved. She saw Clarise sitting there pecking at the typewriter. She came to the table, stopped to figure out what Clarise had been doing, and said hastily, "Clarise, I've told you not to do that. It takes you too long and besides, you're probably not doing it right."

Clarise got up from the chair and answered, "Yes, Ma'm."

I could see that it had hurt her feelings. She had only been trying to do something extra. At the time I thought that Miss Briggs had been too harsh with her.

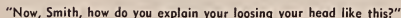
Later I began to see that Miss Briggs was not really harsh, although she was quite frank. She had taught school for years, and I suppose after having scolded fourth graders so many times, it's hard to lose that dominating tone. Miss Briggs came over to me and spoke very softly. "I hate to be so harsh with her, but she just can't understand how she wastes time."

Clarise looked at the clock and saw it was almost time to quit for the day. She went into the staff room and took

I was rather busy all that morning.

"Why, that's very pretty. Does it fit or will it have to be altered?" I asked her.

About three o'clock were weren't too busy, and so I just sat at one of the tables flipping through a magazine. Clarise had finished cleaning up the wet books; as she stood at the door looking around, I could tell she was really worn out. I motioned for her to come over to the table. I started talking to her right away so it would take her mind off what had just happened. But it wasn't that easy. She mentioned it first, and afterwards she seemed to want to tell me all about herself. She resented the way the people treated her at the library, but she just took it in her stride. She began talking. "You're the only person



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TALES THEY TELL

by Shirley Mudge



ILLUSTRATION BY BILL AVERY

Adam and Eve must have enjoyed from time to time sitting back comfortably after a long day's work and reminiscing a bit about the good old days in the Garden. Can't you just imagine Adam after he'd finished supper propped against a tree trunk, a dreamy expression on his face, a twinkle in his eye? Pity he had no pipe to smoke, or maybe he did. But suddenly a smile would light his tired features. He would chuckle a bit and begin, "Eve, remember the day . . ."

And so it has been since the world began. Even professors do it. Today professors who came to school at Wake Forest watch students going to Raleigh, to the movies, to watch television and complaining of boredom if none of these are readily available. And they smile a dreamy smile, a twinkle comes into their eyes, and they remember the good old days.

Dr. Speas, chuckling to himself and removing the familiar curve-stemmed pipe from his mouth, remembered best of all the peanut scrape. Back when the railroad through Wake Forest furnished the center of the town's activity, the boys kept up pretty well with what went on around the depot. One particular time some fellows noticed one day a freight car side-tracked near the railroad station. A little investigation proved that the boxcar was filled with peanuts. Fortunately one plank was missing from the side of the car.

For the next few nights, as soon as it got dark, boys could be seen leaving the dorms with empty pillow cases. When they returned, the pillow cases were filled—with peanuts. "I reckon they stole seventy-five bushels," Dr. Speas chuckled.

But that's not the end of the story. Eventually the station master found out what was going on and he didn't like it at all. So he and some of the boys who didn't get any peanuts started a rumor that this inspector from the peanut company was coming.

Well, everybody got scared, and they didn't know what to do with the peanuts.

Some of the boys tried burning them, but that wasn't working well at all, so Dr. Speas himself came up with a solution—to bury them. All the rest of the day boys were seen taking off in all directions to the woods with suitcases. "Well, the inspector never did come," Dr. Speas explained. "It was all just a rumor, but I reckon those boys got seventy-five bushels o' peanuts."

Wake Forest students had still not allowed things to get dull some years later when Professor Memory came to school. Lots of boys were still carrying guns around and one fellow we know about kept an old Confederate musket.

As this story goes, there were several boys living upstairs in the house on North Main where Dr. Lake lives now. Two of the boys, M. L. Kesler and George Snuggs (not our professor, but his brother), had been carrying on a friendly feud for some time. They aggravated each other every way they could think of, and each new trick would get a little worse than the last.

Then one night Kesler, who was a chemistry major, rigged up an electrical contraption involving a carbide which he attached to the springs of the bed where Snuggs slept. The setup was arranged so that Kesler could pull the switch from somewhere downstairs. So he hid and waited.

Finally Snuggs came home. He climbed the stairs of the quiet, and he thought sleeping, house, pulled off his clothes and climbed into bed. Kesler, still hidden downstairs, pulled the switch. Snuggs hit the ceiling! When he came back down, he grabbed an old Confederate musket which belonged to Kesler, and which just happened to be loaded. He ran to the south window and looked out into the pale moonlight. All was quiet so he waited.

Kesler in the meantime had gotten out of the house and hidden behind an old privet hedge in Dr. Royal's yard. He was waiting too, he had a few minutes, thinking all was clear, Kesler poked his head up over the top of the

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NOVEMBER FORUM

According to the Wake Forest Bulletin, "the Honor System is an expression of the concern of Wake Forest College that its students shall be dominated by ideals of honor and integrity . . . They thereby enjoy the confidence of one another, the Faculty, the Administration and the public."

For many years the Honor System has been observed and cherished by Wake Forest students. In fact it has become a very vital part of the college itself.

Recently there has been much discussion among students and faculty members concerning our Honor System. Some people seem to feel that the system is definitely on the downgrade. Many questions have arisen concerning its basic philosophy, the student's attitude toward the system, the extent to which the honor concept should apply, the part the faculty should play in maintaining the system and many other phases of its usage.

Now that every part of the college is being examined and evaluated in preparation for the move to Winston, the Honor System too will be spotlighted in its turn. It is a good time for students, faculty members and administration to begin an introspective examination in regard to this important aspect of the college's life.

Dr. G. M. Rogers

DEAN, SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

Diogenes was an unmitigated cynic. And it would seem that this ancient lamp bearer has reincarnated himself in the persons of numerous inhabitants of our college community. Were one committed to the principle of the evolutionary nature of spiritual man, he might find it possible to excuse the unseemly delay experienced by Diogenes in finding his honest man when civilization was in its early adolescence. There is no excuse for his modern counterpart.

In the opinion of many, a certain amount of ferreting might have to be employed to find a dishonest Wake Forest student. Countless evidences of his or her fundamental integrity abound at every hand. Of course, it is possible that in order for this statement to completely envelop the truth it might be necessary to delete from our definition of honor some of its broader connotations. For example, is a student who remains for four years at Wake Forest, exhausting his parents' life savings in the process, without completely committing himself to his duties as a student being truly honest?

But an honor system confines itself to the punishment of those citizens of a college community who are guilty of obvious violations of honor, such as

cheating, signing bad checks, *et cetera*. Otherwise the system would not be tenable from an administrative viewpoint. Paradoxically, our Honor System is not being seriously endangered by a lack of fundamental honesty. The real danger lies in a certain immaturity characterized by the "I would not dare tell on my pal for smoking down behind the woodshed" attitude. Among children "tattling" is simply not cricket. Among adults the wanton shielding of those who selfishly disregard the rules of the game is not condoned. The degree to which our Honor System succeeds depends upon the degree to which students are willing to assume their responsibilities as adults.

Dr. H. W. Tribble

PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE

There are many strong arguments in favor of such an honor system as we have. Here are three. (1) It provides for the moral development of the students. We believe in treating students as mature persons. (2) It makes a college education an experience in responsible citizenship. Here we learn to cope with the moral problems that are inherent in community life. (3) It stimulates co-operation between the students on one hand and the faculty, administration, and trustees on the other in maintaining

a wholesome program of Christian education. We regard a college education as a co-operative venture in the pursuit of truth, the apprehension of truth, and the translation of truth into character and conduct.

I believe we have made significant progress in the past five years. It is important that we conserve the gains already made. Yet we know that we have not achieved the best. The kind of constructive self-criticism that is going on now will produce good results.

Notie Vay White

PRESIDENT, WOMAN'S GOVERNMENT

During the orientation period each fall, freshmen and transfer students are thoroughly indoctrinated in the principles of the honor system as stated in Article XIV of the Student Body Constitution. Are students forgetting about the honor system after this orientation period is over? Is there a general feeling of apathy toward the system among students?

Webster defines honor as "integrity, excellence of character, a sense of what is right, just, and true." An honor system is a plan by which every student is put on his honor to display the excellence of character and the integrity within him at all times, in all places where he represents the college.

What's to our

Is something happening to the Honor System?

All students are familiar with the honor pledge which they sign at the end of all written work. However, I have heard students remark that they would not turn in another student for cheating—that they did not want to be squealers. They take the attitude that a person who cheats is cheating himself. This is of course very true, but while he is cheating himself he is cheating others also. For example—if two students are vying for one place in graduate school, all other things being equal, the position will probably go to the student with the better grades. Suppose the student with the higher grades has cheated his way through school, but the student with lower grades has made his marks honestly. Which student is cheated in the end?

An honor system is only as strong as the students who use it. The success of the system is dependent upon the attitude of the individual. The twenty-six students on the two honor councils cannot force the rest of the student body to have honor. They are dependent upon the honesty which I believe is inherent in every mature person. I believe that nothing is happening to the honor system which cannot be solved by emotionally mature young people. Those who will not adhere to the principles of the honor code must be made to feel

very much out of place in the Wake Forest family.

Bill Starling

CHAIRMAN, MEN'S HONOR COUNCIL

Nothing which is made by man or over which man rules is perfect, and the Wake Forest College Honor System is no exception. The problem lies in getting the most effective method of enforcing the constitution of the student body and the regulations of the college. The Honor System is that method.

The basic prerequisite of this system is that each student must be responsible for his actions, as well as the actions of his fellow students. No system is any stronger than the people who uphold it.

The Honor System in most people's minds just refers to cheating, but it goes farther than that; it applies to every phase of college life. Article XIV of the constitution has attempted to designate the most important points of the Honor System, but the writers of this constitution realized the futility of trying to list the Do's and Don'ts of college life; therefore, into the constitution they wrote the section which refers to conduct unbecoming a Wake Forest student to cover all activities of the students, while on and off the campus.

One other method of enforcing the regulations of college is the proctor

system, which in my opinion would cover only one phase of the present Honor System—cheating. A college to be run effectively and to have harmony between students and administration must give students a chance to take responsibility upon themselves. In this process the faculty-student relationship will be improved and the college will graduate students of which it is proud.

Dr. J. E. Parker

ASST. PROFESSOR, ROMANCE LANGUAGES

The most important statement about the honor system, it seems to me, is this: If any college can and should operate on the honor system, that college is Wake Forest. I cannot accept any idea that a Christian liberal arts college cannot operate on an honor system.

I do not observe that anything is happening to the system. I hope that it is operating effectively with the result of strengthening itself and us. The basic philosophy is quite simple: Ladies and gentlemen can and should live in a community, in honor, with moral respect for each other's rights, without police supervision, and with the desire to expel from the community any who are not willing to live accordingly. This last point is essential, for an honor system cannot function with less than one-hundred per cent co-operation. I there-

fore feel that any student who is unwilling to support the honor system completely should choose a college which does not operate on that basis.

The honor concept must apply to all phases of life, in and out of the classroom. This involves all phases of academic work, from preparing term papers as directed to reading parallel as assigned. It also includes returning a lost coat to its owner and not retaining for one's own use a pocketbook found on the campus. It also involves loaning an ID card to anyone else for any purpose.

I cannot conceive of a proctor system at Wake Forest. The forced adoption of such a system would be a complete denial of all our principles and traditions. The faculty plays a small part in the honor system, but an important part: one of encouragement, aid in enforcement where necessary, and removal of temptations where possible. In short, we must make the honor system work. Therefore, the students must consistently and effectively support it. Punishment for infractions must be of serious consequence and must be levied impartially and immediately upon proof of infraction.

Bob Overstreet

1954-55 MANAGER, W F D D

In the not too distant future, Wake Forest College will be moving to its new campus at Winston-Salem. This event will be the culmination of dreams and plans that have been in the hearts of many people for a long time; it will be a great occasion and an important milestone in the college's long and glorious history. The removal program has been a topic of conversation for several years, and has just recently taken the form of

a concrete plan. Many difficulties concerning the move have been solved, but there still remains the problem of being able to move to a new and larger site and still remain a Wake Forest College "family." We would be led to believe that this question has been seriously considered and that an answer had been found to meet the challenge. I seriously question this.

The college authorities are to be commended for their splendid attempt to move those features to the new campus which will make the student feel at home there. The curriculum, the professors, the chapel with its weekly services, the "pub row," and even some transplanted magnolias—such will add to the instillment of the old Wake Forest spirit at Winston. But it is to be noticed that all these features are tangible ones. What of the intangibles? Are we to leave behind those things which are not seen but which play a vital part in the life of the college? One such intangible feature which is facing possible extinction is the honor code. Are we to forget it now that we are moving to a new and larger school? The fact that the school is moving to a new campus and will be growing in size should have no bearing on the honor system. It is true that the student body will become larger and there will perhaps be less personal contact between the individual and the instructor, but the honor code is the one thing that can help carry on the Wake Forest College "family" tradition.

There are those who say that the honor system is not effective any more—that it is a failure—and that it should be abandoned. The same charge is frequently hurled at Christianity, and yet we haven't closed the church doors be-

cause of it. And let it not be thought that Christianity is far removed from the honor code. If we are to believe that our fellow man is good, then we are also to assume that he is honorable. There is no such thing as a righteous man being dishonest; either he is good and honorable, or he is evil and dishonorable. Is Wake Forest College now to forsake its ideas and standards and to assume that its students are men and women who do not have good character and high sense of honor? If so, it will no longer be a Christian institution. If the honor system does not live on, we will have failed in the removal program. We may move all the tangible features we like, but if we leave such intangibles behind, we will leave the old Wake Forest College behind.

Bob Girard

1955 GRADUATE

During the four years that I spent at Wake Forest College there was a noticeable change in the attitude of the students towards the Honor System.

When I first entered Wake Forest, I was impressed by the way in which the student government organizations believed in and supported the Honor System. Slowly, through the years there seemed to be a disintegration of interest in the Honor System. The privilege that the Board of Trustees granted to the students a few years ago is being mis-handled.

Cheating at Wake Forest College exists not only in the classroom, but out of it. Helping others with pledged work and stealing quizzes belong to the category of cheating.

In certain departments of the school there have been instances in the past two years that show either the students enrolled in Wake Forest are not qualified students or that the faculty has held such a loose hand that they have actually aided the students in tearing down the Honor System.

During my last year at Wake Forest College there was only one case of cheating brought before the Council. Could it be possible that in a student body of over 1,300 persons only one student was out of line. (The one case was dismissed.)

Some professors have recently taken it upon themselves to return their classes to the proctor system. This is slowly becoming a necessity for all unless the students fight the evils of cheating as their predecessors did in the late 1940's.

Afterimage

With my eyes closed I cannot see,
But what's the good of fretting?
Still you I see vicariously
—An afterimage on my retina.

You're the cutest, colorflest afterimage,
An eye could e'er retain,
And here's applause to the chemical cause
That makes it to remain.

LARRY PEARCE



Dr. Poteat moves in on Dr. Earp during one of their biweekly chess matches.

Operation "Checkmate"

BY ALAN TUTTLE

Twice a week in Wake Forest a serious and solemn battle takes place, a contest that has been described by one of the participants as a "titanic struggle."

Each Tuesday and Thursday evening a certain professor leaves his house on Wait Avenue promptly at 7:20 p.m. He climbs into his automobile and drives up North Main to a large white house. There he enters by a side door, usually without knocking.

Inside, a white-haired gentleman awaits the expected visitor. Arms and ammunition for the impending conflict stand ready on a table.

"Come in, Morphy," the gentleman inside shouts in a deep booming voice when he hears footsteps outside. Upon occasion he may substitute the name of some other famous chess player.

For three years now Dr. Earp has been following much the same routine, spending an average of two or three nights a week at Dr. Poteat's home playing chess. The contest has become almost ritualistic. On a typical evening Earp arrives at Poteat's home promptly at 7:30 and finds the good gentleman in his study, feet propped on his desk, reading and smoking one of the huge familiar curve-stemmed pipes. The chess board is usually already set up. Mrs. Poteat may be there for a few minutes, but she soon excuses herself. Dr. Poteat doesn't play with an audience, not even his wife, and should she remain a little longer than usual, impatient fingers drumming on the chess board remind her of the time.

When the two are left alone, Dr. Poteat takes a black pawn and a white one, juggles them in his cupped hands,

then holds them out for Dr. Earp to select one. The man holding the white pawn begins the game.

The game proceeds quietly, seriously, usually not interrupted by comments that do not pertain directly to the chess men's situation. Between games conversations may begin on other subjects, but these are soon called to a halt with Dr. Poteat's "Aw, let's play chess."

Occasionally the play will become so quiet and concentrated that there is not a word spoken for long periods of time. One night, when an unusually tight game had lasted long past the usual ten o'clock deadline, Mrs. Poteat came to the head of the stairs. "Hubert, are you still there?" she called. For over an hour, she explained, she had not heard a word or a movement from downstairs

and she thought maybe the two had fallen asleep.

Dr. Poteat began playing chess with an uncle when he was about ten years old, and since then he has played the game as he attempts everything, always acting with the utmost adherence to the principle that in everything a man does, he should do his best. For many years Dr. Poteat played with Dr. Elisha Taylor, whom he remembers as a true master of the game.

Dr. Earp learned to play the game from one of his students. The boy had been in service for a number of years and he had carried a little pocket-sized chess set with him all over the Pacific. With that same small set he taught Dr. Earp the game. This was only a short time before the series between the two professors began.

During the time that Dr. Poteat and Dr. Earp have been opposing each other, they have always played at Dr. Poteat's home. Until last Christmas, the two had played on an ordinary dime-store board. Then someone presented the professor as a gift a handsome wooden board inlaid with squares of walnut and birch.

When the two pros meet, certain things routine to chess recur, of course, some of them classic moves, such as the play whereby one player manages to place a piece so that the opposing king and queen are both vulnerable to the next move. By rules, the opponent must then move the king. This leaves the queen, the most valuable piece, subject to capture by the next move of the first player. This move, called forking the king and queen, is one which Dr. Earp occasionally uses on Dr. Poteat, but Dr. Earp says that he is more frequently a victim of the same trick.

Whenever Dr. Earp manages to set up a situation that Dr. Poteat cannot answer without a costly series of moves, he knows that it is the last time that the trick can be used. He attributes this to his photographic memory of Dr. Poteat for the placement of the men on the board, and his subsequent study of the moves in volumes of chess games of the masters. Dr. Poteat has a collection of chess books, which he uses to continually improve his game and from which he learns the most convenient answers to almost any given situation. There has been an estimate made that within the first sixteen moves of a chess game, there are over a million possible sequences of moves.

Once in a while Dr. Earp will place Dr. Poteat in a position from which the game is impossible to be retrieved, and Dr. Poteat will concede rather than plug to the end. On one such occasion, Dr. Poteat stopped Dr. Earp on the campus the next day and explained that he should have completed the game, since he had found after he had studied the setup a while that one avenue of escape lay still open. When the two met for their next match, he set up the board and showed Dr. Earp the answer to the seeming deadlock.

On one of Dr. Poteat's trips to New York City, he visited the Eden Musee, an amusement center featuring a chess playing Automaton, supposedly a machine devised as a chess and checker playing wizard. Dr. Poteat decided to play the machine, and the attendant showed the marvelous array of rods and levers to him. When the man ahead of him finished beating the machine in a game of checkers, Poteat proceeded to play the Buddha-like monster, who was dressed in a turban and breechcloth. The checker player had won, and didn't have to pay for the game. Dr. Poteat played for about half an hour and had the game well under control when the attendant decided it was lunch time and called the game a draw. Dr. Poteat later learned that the man who was deftly operating the machine was Mr. Kupchik, then the New York State chess champion.

The machine was greater than life-size, and moved the arms, handle and face in a slow, deliberate, almost frightening manner, perhaps designed to confuse the player, and for various moves would lift the ponderous arms slowly and purposefully, picking the piece up and moving it accurately. Mr. Kupchik was viewing the game from within the torso of the creature, and moving the levers.

Dr. Poteat and Dr. Earp are both very interested in chess and they would probably play every night were there not so many other things for college professors to do. Usually Tuesday and Thursday are the nights. However, this past summer, while the Earp family vacationed in Georgia, Dr. Earp visited over the chess board every night, for a few hours of intense combat.

These two veterans of many strategic campaigns return, time after time, to what Dr. Poteat calls "the greatest indoor sport."

collegia crackle

THIRTY days h
April, June and
All the rest have
Except gold moth
She rides a bicyc



"Finally got a date, Joe.
while after Jean, Col. Rut

gate les

RT says hath September
June and no wonder
e re have peanut butter
t grandmother
des a bicycle.

PROFILE, JAN. 1955



PRINCETON TIGER, MAY 1953

te, Mr. Joe? I was worried there for a
Col. Ruth, and Diane flushed you!"



PELICAN, MARCH 1955

Revenge

An aspiring science student dreamed up a serum that would bring inanimate objects to life. He surreptitiously tried it out on the statue of a great general in the Capitol Square. Sure enough, the statue gave a quiver and a moment later the general, creaking a bit in the joints, climbed down from the pedestal. The scientist was overjoyed.

"I have given you life," he exulted. "Now tell me, General, what is the first thing you are going to do with it?"

"That's easy," rasped the general, ripping a gun from his holster. "I'm going to shoot about two million pigeons!"

PELICAN, MARCH 1955

*What do you
like for dinner?*

- TENDER STEAKS
- FRIED CHICKEN
- BARBECUE



*You will always
find what you like at*

DICK FRYE'S RESTAURANT

at

HOLLOWELL'S
*students are
always welcome*

We are anxious to
serve you in any
way we can

HOLLOWELL'S CASH FOOD STORE

Wake Forest

TALES THEY TELL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

hedge. Well, Snuggs saw him, and he let go with that old musket. A stream of fire a foot long shot out. He missed his intended victim, but Kesler spent the night down at Hunter Dorm.

The idea of students packing up a gun to bring to Wake Forest along with their clothes and their toothbrushes seems to have lasted a long time. Professor Memory remembered one fellow in particular, a little guy with bright red hair who came here as a freshman. One night soon after school started he was walking back from the post office. Just as he entered the campus through the arch, two sophomores darted out from behind a magnolia. They were after his hair and he knew it. The little chap stood his ground, drew two forty-fives and dared the sophomores to take another step. They didn't and the freshman, "Pistol Pete" Jenkins, kept his hair, or at least for the moment.

Professor Drake told of a similar incident with the hair-cutters. One freshman had managed to escape the traditional sophomore barbers until time for Christmas holidays. He knew they would never let him go home with all of his hair so he sat up all the night before the holidays began, his gun across his knees and waited. He kept his hair, too.

But professor Drake's favorite story involves a Rat Court. It seems a freshman, not too bright, was summoned with all the proper solemnity to appear in court one night in a certain student's room at a given hour. The charge: matriculating in front of a certain professor's wife.

Well, the unfortunate student was tried in all seriousness. There was a jury, lawyers for the defense and for the prosecution, witnesses for both sides and of course a judge. There was a battle, but the freshman was finally found guilty and suitable punishment decided upon. Several boys had purchased a downtown hardware store an old-fashioned chamber pot. This they had filled with bananas, oranges, apples and such all mixed together. The convicted one had to eat it.

Now in an entirely different vane, Dr. Jack Parker told about activities preceding the Wake Forest-State football game in 1936. Rivalry between the two schools was at its height. During the week before the game, both colleges expected attacks from the other. The battles were usually waged with paint.

The administrations of both schools were bothered about the situation, but they hardly knew what to do. Of course they welcomed any suggested preventive measures, and thus the situation about to be related came about.

The sophomores, who spent a good part of their time thinking up ways to torment the freshmen, hit upon the idea of having the first-year students stand guard over the campus the night before the game. They arranged the class in two shifts and placed guards hidden in bushes at intervals all along the rock wall. Guards were also placed on the Raleigh and Durham highways. The signal should any attack occur would be the ringing of the bell in Wait Hall.

Everything was arranged on the night before the big game. It was raining, but the first-shift guards were in their places. Suddenly around midnight the bell began to ring. People from blocks around flocked to the campus to see what was going on. Sure enough an old jalopy filled with State College boys and red paint had been caught at the corner of the campus near Mrs. Lide's house. The car had not come by either of the two main highways but had, instead, sneaked into town on a dirt road through the "Hurricane."

Well, the State boys were literally kidnapped. They were tied up and carried up to Hunter Dorm where they were each placed in a separate room for the night. And the car, oh what they did to that car. The jalopy was driven to the center of the campus near the old well, and there the boys took the State College red paint, painted the car, poured what was left in the gas tank, put sand in the carburetor and finally finished by painting in white letters something to this effect: "This is the car that tried to paint Wake Forest."

The boys were returned to State College the next morning, and were dumped out on the campus still tied up. The car Wake Forest kept till after the game. Dr. Parker doesn't remember who won.

Miss Mary Paschal who is the only woman on the faculty that attended Wake Forest could not recall any of the girls' escapades or ones that were printable anyway, but she did tell us a little classroom experience she says she will never forget.

Dr. Speas was not accustomed to having girls in his classroom back in those days, and sometimes they presented a bit of a problem. They were so unpredictable. One day Dr. Speas sent a girl to the board to work a physics problem.

a heart in a cycle

the world doesn't end when she smiles
and says I'm sorry
smiles and leaves your heart lying there
naked on the floor
oh that it did
you pick up its unwelcome form
to tuck it back in
though now it's warped and doesn't fit
and rubs raw places
life cycles on

She didn't do any part of it right. Dr. Speas was so upset. He fussed and fumed; he pointed out mistake after mistake finally concluding that nothing was right about it. Then the young lady started to cry. Dr. Speas was at his wits end. He hemmed and hawed, scratched his head and finally came out with some semblance of an apology. "I, uh, didn't mean to make you cry, but I can't help it if you're so dumb!" Where Miss Paschal fitted into the picture we are not quite sure, but she told us the story.

The antics of Dr. Benjamin Slodd came first to the minds of many of the professors we asked about their college days. Professor Aycock tells of being in Dr. Slodd's class one day when suddenly someone knocked on the door. Dr. Slodd ignored the interruption and went right on lecturing. The knock sounded again so a student got up and went to the door. A colored girl was standing outside. She wanted to see Dr. Slodd. The professor turned around. "WELL, what do you want, Dora?" he asked the girl who was the maid at the Slodd home.

Dora was embarrassed. She hesitated a moment then said in a rush of words, "Dr. Slodd, Mrs. Slodd said tell you she wants your wallet."

Dr. Slodd didn't say a word, but he reached into his back pocket and pulled out his billfold. He opened the drawer

in the desk, then slowly, deliberately, he began taking things out of the wallet—first the money (the bills and all the change) then all the cards and little slips of paper. When the wallet was empty, he turned it upside down and shook it several times for good measure. Then he closed it again and turned to the waiting colored girl. "Here, Dora," he said. "Take this to Mrs. Slodd."

Dr. Helm and Dr. Aycock both laughed over the episode of the stove in "Slick" Slodd's classroom. Once in the very bitterest cold of winter when the buildings were still heated by separate stoves in each room, a group of boys decided to put out the fire in the stove in Dr. Slodd's room early in the morning so that by time for English, the room would be too cold for class and they would have to have a cut. To be extra sure of success they raised all the windows to the top so the room got as cold as an iceberg. When the bell rang they filed in and sat down to wait for Dr. Slodd to come and dismiss them.

Somehow, Dr. Helm wants to blame it on some uncanny sixth sense, Slodd had gotten wind of what was going on. And so he appeared in class that day clad in several overcoats, mittens, earmuffs, scarves, and to top it all off, he brought little paper fans for each member of the class. These he passed out solemnly. Then with the simple state-

ment that "a little fresh air never hurt anybody," he proceeded to present the morning's lecture.

So here we have a sample of what life was like when our sedate and scholarly professors roamed the Wake Forest campus. Theirs was not a dull existence by any means, and the stories printed here, so they tell me, are only a very mild sample of the printable ones.

And so reminiscing, which may well have begun with the world's first two people, continues from generation to generation. And we are the next. A few years from now we may stop from time to time, think back to college days, and the dreamy smile, the twinkling eye and the chuckle may be ours.

UNPUBLISHED POEM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

up here that I really feel free to talk to. Somehow I knew that first day that you wouldn't treat me as the others do. No matter how hard I try they just look on me as an errand girl, and sometimes I have the feeling they're afraid of me. I can understand that a little more, because, you see, I have had slight epileptic fits up here at work. I never was dangerous, and they lasted only a few minutes. That's one reason I always felt uncomfortable and even embarrassed around them. I can never be sure that I won't have another one."

As I looked at her, I could see that she was on the verge of tears, and as she talked she had a hard time controlling her excess saliva.

"Clarise, you shouldn't be embarrassed. I think they understand how you feel, even though they might not act like it. I've only known you for two days and you've never given me any reason to be afraid of you."

I tried to comfort her. No one else was in the library at the time, and I felt if she could tell me what she had been keeping inside, she would feel better.

"It isn't just that. I'll probably never feel at ease around them. You see, one time Mrs. Burton—she's the rather old woman that works upstairs—misplaced her pocketbook. Right away they suspected that I had done something with it. They didn't come right out and accuse me, but I knew what they were thinking. She finally found that she had put some books on top of it. You can never feel at ease around people if you know they don't trust you."

I knew the woman she mentioned;

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



STRAW PEOPLE

by Jerry Matherly

In the summer Tony would always get up very early, drink a whole quart of milk and then go, naked, up to the roof. He would lie on his back and look at the patterns that early sunlight made through green leaves. He would think about the book he had always read the night before and, sometimes, he would think about Helen Starnes. He didn't really want to think about her because she used to call him "sissy" for reading a book every night, and now that she was beautiful and sophisticated she would say "hello, you brilliant boy" and then giggle.

She lived next door to him, and often he thought he would like for her to get up early and see him naked. She would be very shocked, and perhaps she wouldn't giggle at him any more. But she never did get up early. She always slept very late in the summer because all of the summer nights she went to parties at the Country Club or at one of the large houses in the neighborhood. She was very rich and popular. He was rich too, he guessed, but it wasn't like being rich like the rest of the kids that lived on the road overlooking the ocean. He never went to any of the parties they gave though he was rich and, he thought, reasonably good-looking. Instead he spent all of his time reading a book each day, swimming by himself in the ocean, and writing poems in what he imagined to be the style of T. S. Eliot

or Ezra Pound or the others whom he read in expensive little copies his mother bought him in New York.

Sometimes he would talk with his family after dinner. But he wasn't like the rest of his family. He didn't play football or go out with girls like his brother Jack. Jack, who was only a year older, seemed very faraway and rather more like a roommate at school than a brother. Tony's father could not understand a boy who would rather read some "damn psychological novel" than go fishing or to the club for a cocktail and bull session about the afternoon's baseball game. Tony's mother doted on him, and between her rounds of bridge luncheons and formal dinner parties she would make attempts at holding "intellectual" conversations with him. After all, at Vassar she had majored in fine arts.

Tony didn't understand his family either; occasionally while sitting on the big rock overlooking the ocean he would dramatically shout to the sea that they were "the hollow men, the stuffed men." But then so was everyone else, especially Helen Starnes. When he would have that funny feeling in the bottom of his stomach by just think about her, he would tell himself that she was shallow, hollow, meaningless; that she could never understand the reason for as e. e. cummings had said "the reason for Yes."

One morning, because he had read Ulysses all night, he had stayed in bed until eleven o'clock. Usually by eleven he had already driven to his special lonely beach, had a swim and begun to read French for one hour. He slipped hurriedly into a pair of swim trunks and ran down stairs to see if Katey the cook had his lunch prepared. There was no one at all downstairs. He knew that his parents had gone to a golf tournament—probably Jack, too; Katey had already gone to the market. He picked up a book from the dining room table and went out onto the terrace next to Helen's house to wait for Katey's return. He sat down on the flagstones and thumbed through the book. It was a book of his mother's on playing better bridge. He put it down, drew up his legs and placed his head on them. He closed his eyes and thought about nothing but how warm the sun was. He almost went to sleep again. Then suddenly she was there. Helen was there, standing over him, smiling down at him. He hastily got up from his awkward position.

"Well, my handsome genius, where have you been all summer long?" She smiled again.

"Uh," he blushed when he realized he was in trunks, "Oh, I've been around. At the beach. And then my reading takes a lot of time, reading a book a day."

"Then you really are still reading a book a day. I think I heard Jack say you

the air and then sank back into the lounge.

She was different. She was bored by the whole silly mess of hum-drum living. He noticed the way her legs were brown and very long. He felt that old pain returning to his stomach.

"Maybe you'd like to go . . . I mean I like to do exciting things too. . . ." He stopped. She was laughing at him.

"Oh, I do believe you are asking me for a date. All the girls said that you just couldn't be dated, and here I am being asked. I don't really know how I rate it; I'm really not too beautiful."

He didn't know whether she was being sarcastic or not. "I wasn't asking you for a 'date'; I only wanted to know whether or not you wanted to go down to the beach with me or not."

She looked hurt. "Then you mean I'm not to be complimented by being your first date? You only wanted to be kind in helping me do something rash?" She sat up on the lounge as if she were getting ready to leave.

She was sincere. She actually wanted to date him. The beautiful Helen Starnes was probably in love with him. It was like Madame Bovary in her desire for something new and exotic. Perhaps, he felt his heart race, some grand tragedy was about to take place. "No, no, I don't mean it like that. I want to date you. This afternoon at the beach, my private beach."

"Oh, I knew you were a wonderful guy. I know what let's do. Let's have a picnic. We can use the lunch I had prepared for that silly old Larry Martens. I'll go get it right now." She ran across the lawn and ran into her kitchen door. She hastily reopened the door and shouted, "I'll only be a minute. I must get my swim suit and make a phone call."

Dazed, he nodded back to her. Somehow he was glad that she hadn't gotten up early in the mornings. He could not understand why he became shocked her. He sat down on the lounge where she had sat. He noticed that there were so many yellow butterflies against the blue sky and, closing his eyes, the sun was so warm. He almost thought of a poem, but then he heard his name shouted from inside the house.

"Tony, Tony!" It was Jack's voice.

"Out here, Jack. On the terrace," he called back.

"Well, Tony, my boy. I certainly can't understand your not being at the beach already. I started to drag you out of bed this morning about ten, but

Katey said that if one day you weren't going down to that beach of yours to read poetry to let you sleep as long as you pleased. Why aren't you down there? You haven't missed a day this summer." He made some strokes with the tennis racket he had brought with him.

"I was up reading too late last night. I'm going to the beach, though, with— with Helen Starnes. I have a date with her. She's gone to get the lunch now. I thought you were going to the golf tournament with Mother and Dad."

Jack dropped the tennis racket. "Damn! What the hell did you say? Going to the beach with Helen Starnes?"

"Yes, I just asked her. You shouldn't be so surprised—she's not like the rest of these people—these hollow people." He almost started to quote "The Hollow Men."

Jack laughed and picked up the tennis racket. "Helen not one of the crowd? I don't know what you're thinking about, Tony, but your having a date with Helen—why that's hilarious. I am just on my way to pick her up to go to play tennis. Larry couldn't go, so I promised him I'd take her instead. You'd better stick with your T. S. Eliot, my boy."

Just then Helen's kitchen door opened. She called, "Tony, come over here and help me bring this stuff to put into your car. It's too heavy for me." Tony started to speak, but Jack shouted, "Hey, Helen, I'll come over. I hope you don't mind my being a substitute tennis partner, but poor old Larry had to go somewhere for his mother."

She looked hesitant for a moment, then called back, "Sorry, Jack, but I'm dating your brother this afternoon—going down to his beach." Tony smiled and ran over to Helen's house. Jack sat down on the lounge and said, "Well, I'll be damned."

Helen ushered him into the kitchen and loaded him with the two picnic baskets and her small bag. He blushed when he thought that the bag contained her bathing suit. Why couldn't he develop in himself that absolute sophistication that was advocated by such persons as, as—well, maybe sophistication wasn't too popular in the current mores of intellectuals. When they came out of the house, Jack was no longer on the terrace.

"Let me get your car out of the garage, Tony. Where are the keys?"

"They're in the car," Tony answered. He wondered where Jack had gone. This



ILLUSTRATION BY HAYWOOD SELLERS

were, but I just couldn't believe it. I just can't understand a handsome guy like you spending your time reading."

He blushed again and noticed she was in tennis shorts. "Going to play tennis?" he asked to change the subject.

"Well, Larry Martens promised to come by after me at ten and he isn't here yet. I don't think I'll go with him anyway. I'm tired of playing tennis with the same dull people."

Maybe she wasn't hollow after all. She sat down nonchalantly on the end of a chaise lounge. She took a cigarette from the sweater she had thrown around her shoulders. She lit it and held it between her long fingers. Somehow he hadn't expected her to smoke. She was more sophisticated than he had thought. He watched the smoke rise above her head and then, he didn't know how he dared, he went over to her and sat down beside her.

"Oh, so you're not anti-social after all? Maybe you'd even go with me to play tennis?"

Embarrassed, Tony hastily got up and stammered, "Uh, I don't know how to play tennis; I've never played, but if you'd like to, to . . ."

"Teach you?" she said laughing. "Well, perhaps sometime, but I just couldn't today; I feel that I want to do something, something absolutely rash." She threw her arms dramatically into

was the first time he had ever had anything Jack wanted and couldn't have. He stood on the side of the driveway and watched Helen as she opened the garage doors and drove the little MG to where he stood. She was perfect for the MG; she was wind-blown, exactly the way someone in an MG should look.

He placed the baskets and the bag in the trunk. As he got in beside her, she said, "Tony, I do hope you didn't think that I would actually go with Jack after I had promised to go with you. I mean Jack is nice, but well, he is so ordinary. He simply has no fascination for someone looking for the exotic."

"Of course, I understand. Jack is nice, all right, but isn't what I would call an intellectual."

"Oh, I'm so glad that I've at last met someone interesting." She gave him a radiant smile and looked as if she would like to kiss him, but instead she tossed her head and backed out of the driveway.

"You turn to your right here," he told her. He was hurt that she hadn't kissed him. He wanted her to kiss him, but he didn't feel it was possible for him to take the initiative and kiss her. Perhaps on the beach.

The little car sped along the road

overlooking the ocean. The yellow butterflies blew about the car in the wind. The ocean sparkled in the midday sun. Tony thought about how different it was today. It was so different from the mornings when he usually drove down. Usually he was too busy thinking about his reading or about something he should write to notice the way the ocean sparkled or the designs made by the yellow butterflies against the blue sky. He lay back in the seat and again thought about nothing except the warmth of the sun. He almost went to sleep. Then Helen started to sing. It was from a musical comedy he had seen last fall. He hummed it with her.

"Oh, so you're not going to sleep after all?" she asked.

"No," he answered, "I couldn't go to sleep on a day like this. I've never seen such a wonderful day."

"Oh, then I have nothing to do with your being happy?" She looked as if she had been hurt, though perhaps she was only teasing.

"But you do. I mean it's because of you that the day is so perfect. I mean I wouldn't notice that the day was so, so, so..." He stopped in a stammer of embarrassment. She was laughing again.

Helen noticed that he looked hurt.

She stopped her laughing. "Tony, don't look so sullen; I wasn't laughing at you. It's just that I know exactly how you feel. I haven't had such a wonderful day this summer." She gave him another smile that made the pain more intense. "Let's sing some more. I love the songs from *Kismet*."

The rest of the way to the beach they sang the songs from *Kismet*. She complimented him on his fine baritone voice. Perhaps he would go into musical comedy. He told her, however, that he must be a writer—that it would be absolutely necessary for him to write in order to live. Strangely, she laughed.

Finally they arrived at the rocks which were Tony's beach. Helen parked the car on the strand.

"I'll go behind this rock and change," she said as she got her bag out of the trunk.

"Okay," he said. His face was burning. He hastily unloaded the baskets and spread out the blanket and a tablecloth to lay the food on.

In a minute she was out from behind the rock. She was in a green bathing suit. "I'll fix the food later. Let's take a swim." She ran toward the ocean. He paused for a moment and then ran after her.

She was up to her knees in the surf. She looked out at the ocean. She raised her arms up to the sky. "I could absolutely worship the ocean. I feel exactly like Aphrodite newly born of the foam."

He waded over to where she stood. "Then if you were Aphrodite, you would soon be making a pilgrimage to Olympus itself," he said. He looked out to the ocean again. "C'est le jour pour les dieux."

"What did you say?" she asked. "Wasn't it something in French? I flunked French last year and know nothing but how it sounds."

"I said, 'it is a day for the gods.'" How could anyone not understand French, he thought.

"Well, I guess gods swim, too," she said, and swam away from him. He swam after her. They finally reached the point where the waves ceased to break. They floated in the hot sun for a long time.

"We'd better go back in now," she said. "I am starving."

When they reached the surf again they stood for a while letting the foam swirl around their legs. He kissed her.

"I've been kissed by Tony Unapproachable. No one will ever believe



"One, two, three, four, five. . . ."

YORK

me," she said. He liked the way she smiled and seemed pleased.

They ate in silence, watching the white clouds race across the horizon. After they ate they lay on the blanket and let the afternoon pass by. He kissed her again and again.

Finally, when the sun was going down, they packed up the car to leave. She went back behind the rock to change clothes. He did not, somehow, feel embarrassed now. He got in the driver's seat and she placed her sweater over his shoulders. "You must be cold in those trunks," she said, almost tenderly, he thought. He didn't remove the sweater, though he knew he should.

On the way back they again sang. He even whistled parts from symphonies. She had never heard any of them. When they reached her house, he placed the sweater back over her shoulders and carried the baskets and the little bag into the kitchen. Her parents had already gone out to dinner and the kitchen was dark. He kissed her again. As he started out the door, she called to him. "Tony, would you do a big favor for me?" she said.

How silly of her to ask. He would do anything.

She saw that he was willing. She said, "Tony, Liz Sutton is having a dance at her house tonight, and I'd like for you to take me. I was supposed to go with Larry, but if he can stand me up for a tennis date I can refuse to go with him to the dance."

She was going to stand up someone for him. He answered, "I'd love to, though I'm not a very good dancer. I'll go and get dressed now."

"Pick me up about eight-fifteen. And don't be silly, of course you are a good dancer."

He raced across her lawn and jumped over the hedge on to his terrace. He noticed as he went into the dining room that the first star had already appeared. There was no light in the dining room; his parents hadn't returned yet. He went up the stairs in bounds.

Jack's door was open and Jack was standing in front of a mirror tying his bow tie. Tony stopped at the door and said, "Are you going to the same dance that I am?"

"I'm going to Liz Sutton's if that's what you mean," Jack said sharply. "but I didn't have the understanding that we were going to the dance, too.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

STUDENT reviews

Love Poems by Gloria Vanderbilt

Illustrated by Ann Bridges

The World Publishing Company, 1955. 64pp.

Gloria Vanderbilt's first volume of poetry, *Love Poems*, is dedicated to "S and the Search." Though the reader is never allowed to know the identity of "S," the Search is the prevailing theme of all of the poems. The first poem in the book sets the mood for this desperate search:

my heart is a wild wave
that searches for the shore
my heart is a bursting seed
that finds no earth in which to grow
my heart is a blind bird
trapped in a dark cave
my heart is a moth
with its wings blown off

Throughout the rest of the book she searches "in a shell for a lost love," "in the nest of a dove" and even "in rabbit holes." She never does, however, find "that final song," love.

I wandered everywhere
but I never found thee

The nature of the search, romantic love, reveals an essentially feminine nature. In most of the poems the feminism is so strong that little universal truth is expressed. The tone of the poems is an almost embarrassingly personal one. Miss Vanderbilt seems to be preoccupied with such delights as snow and "the hopscotch scrawlings on wet city pavements."

Though the purpose of poetry may be to let the reader overhear the poet talking out loud to himself, Miss Vanderbilt's poetry is, for the most part, too nebulous to be comprehensible to the eavesdropper. Her personal feelings are obscured in such passages as:

happiness a wing ding is
to the toes twinkle
and the head a flowerpot
sprouting larkspur blue

Some of the poems, however, definitely have something to say. The following one is perhaps the nearest to the truth. In it we can see not only a situation particular to Miss Vanderbilt, but one common to every person:

FAIRY TALE

There once was a child
living every day
expecting tomorrow
to be different from today

The technique used by the poet is very similar to that of the arch rebel of current poetry, e. e. cummings. Some of the passages could easily be mistaken for those of mr. cummings—sans sentimentality. Throughout the book, no punctuation is used and capital letters are used only sparingly, in the middle of sentences. Miss Vanderbilt places words together for their obvious delight to the ear. She, like cummings, used adverbs as nouns. For instance:

before the moment shattered
into the kaliedoscope of later

Her whole technique is too obviously

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Poetic. In her attempt to be original, she has succeeded only in being grossly imitative. Of course, her technique is well-suited to her subjects.

The reader gets the impression that Miss Vanderbilt is simply trying to show the world that a platinum-spooned millionairess can be artistic. Among her sometime occupations are painting, acting and being the wife of the elderly orchestra conductor, Leopold Stokowski. She seems to have thought that the publication of a volume of poetry was the next step in becoming Truly Artistic.

Some of the poems are delightful, the drawings that illustrate them are entrancing, but the rest of the book could have easily been left in a leather manuscript book on a table in Miss Vanderbilt's drawing room.

—Jerry Matherly

STRAW PEOPLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Don't tell me that Helen is dragging y to this dance."

"Dragging me? What do you mean? She invited me to go with her. She's even standing up Larry Martens for me," Tony said almost triumphantly.

"Damn, can't you see that she's only dating you because no one thought you could be dated. Girls hate to think that there is any one that won't date them. She only dating you on a dare. She's only dating you to show every one that you can be penetrated."

"Not Helen. She's likes me—looking for something new and exciting. She wants someone to share things with. To teach her how to appreciate new ideas."

"Well go ahead and let her make a fool of you. But I know for a fact that she made a bet with Liz that you would be at this dance tonight."

He knew it wasn't true. She had liked it when he kissed her. He walked out of the room without saying another word to Jack. Let Jack think what he would. Jack was so shallow anyway. Jack started to say something, but Tony went across the hall and slammed the door to his room. Tony changed into his evening clothes. He had trouble with the bow tie, but he refused to ask Jack to help him. It was so strange to be going out somewhere with other people. Usually he spent his evenings listening to Shostakovich or Stravinsky. He liked the modernists.

When he came out of his room, Jack had already gone. He went downstairs and started to write a note to leave for

calendar

- Nov. 1-28 "Star Patterns," Morehead Planetarium, Chapel Hill
- Nov. 9 e. e. cummings' lecture, 8:00 p.m., University of North Carolina, Hill Auditorium, Chapel Hill
- Nov. 9-10 *The Rainmaker*, Wake Forest College Theatre, Chapel
- Nov. 9-13 *The Rainmaker*, Carolina Playmakers, Chapel Hill, \$1.50
- Nov. 10 Rudolph Firkusnay, pianist Raleigh Civic Music series, Raleigh
- Nov. 15 "America in Song," by Ray Middleton Wake Forest College Lecture-Concert series, Chapel
- Nov. 29-30 "Star of Bethlehem," Morehead Planetarium, Chapel Hill
- Nov. 29-30 Opening of N. C. Museum of Art, (old Highway Building) Raleigh
- Dec. 1 St. Cecilia Choir (from Rome) Raleigh Civic Music Series, Raleigh
- Dec. 2 Comic operas *Medium* and *Telephone*, Duke University Page Auditorium, Durham
- Dec. 2— *The Solid Gold Cadillac*, Raleigh Little Theater Pogue Street, Raleigh, students \$1.20
- Dec. 6 British Debators, 8:15 p.m., Duke University Debate Council, Page Auditorium, Durham
- Dec. 7-10 *Right You Are*, Duke Players, Durham

his mother. He didn't. Let her worry; he was tired of being her "baby."

He had left the car parked at Helen's house. He again jumped across her hedge and, since there was light on in the living room, he rang the door bell. A maid came to the door. She looked surprised when she saw it was Tony. He suddenly realized he had no flowers. She would understand, though.

She was standing at the top of the stairs. She floated down the stairs in green chiffon. He liked the way the dress looked like ice cream. Almost surrealistic. Somehow, when he looked her spoke, she looked annoyed. When she spoke, however, she gave no sign of annoyance.

"Well aren't you the handsome one? You stay in evening clothes all of the time. So sophisticated."

He smiled. Her talking about his being handsome when she was so beautiful. "Shall we go now or is it too early?"

"Let's do go now. I don't agree with the old theory of being late. It seems so forced, really. I'll be back sometime,

Katey." She laughed. He liked the way she had said "sometime."

They raced down the ocean drive until they came to the Sutton's large white house. A villa on the Riviera, Tony thought. Tony parked the car and they walked across the lawn with Helen holding her dress up. The lawn was wet with dew.

When they entered the front door everyone turned around and stared. Several of the girls even giggled. "She did it," he heard one of them say. The small orchestra on the terrace overlooking the ocean began to play suddenly and, with head held high and a triumphant look on her face, Helen led Tony to the terrace and started to dance with him. Soon everyone else began to dance too. Helen did not speak, but danced with her eyes closed. He had a hollow feeling inside him. Jack couldn't be right. Why was everyone staring? They were such damn idiots. But Helen was enjoying dancing with him. He looked down at her, liked the way her eyelashes were so long. The other people

weren't important, only Helen and he were at the dance, at a villa on the French Riviera. A famous novelist and his mistress were giving a fabulous dance just for the two of them.

When the dance was over, he bent down to kiss her so the stupid people could see that he loved her and that she was like him. She wouldn't let him. She pulled away. "Don't be silly," she said. She left him standing in the middle of the dance floor and went over to some of her "little friends." He heard her say, "Did you see what he tried to do?"

Tony felt as though he were a scarecrow, a stuffed man, standing in a field with a cold wind blowing little pieces of his own being around him in a whirlwind. Jack was right. Damn Jack. Damn her. Damn the whole silly, shallow, hollow, stuffed bunch of them. He walked across the terrace onto the beach.

"Look, he's leaving her. I knew that she couldn't keep him," one of the girls said.

"Tony, Tony, come back here. Who is going to take me home?" Helen ran to the edge of the terrace. Everyone was laughing. Laughing at her or at him, he didn't know.

He began to run. The sky was full of so many stars. The ocean was sparkling with all those stars. He began to shout to the ocean that sparkled with stars that were so many miles away. "They are the hollow men, the stuffed men. They are the hollow men, the stuffed men." He wanted to cry.

UNPUBLISHED POEM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

she was the widow who asked so many questions, I don't suppose she was really nosy, but she just asked the same questions over and over about where I went to school, what I was going to do after college—the questions you get tired of answering.

I looked at Clarise and thought she needed a little understanding. It made me feel good to know that she could confide in me and tell me her troubles. She was 23 years old and up to now her life had been one of misery. I knew that much depended on me and she really needed help.

"Clarise, you've got to stop worrying about what other people think of you. That's not important. But what is important is that you find something in life you enjoy doing. The little peculiar

traits these women have here in the library shouldn't upset you so. You should do something to take your mind off the trivial happenings. Besides, I think you're smart to even want to work. Some handicapped people just sit around the house feeling sorry for themselves, and you're not that way at all."

I hadn't meant to preach a sermon, but when I looked at Clarise, I knew my words had not been wasted.

"I think you understand how I feel. Maybe I am letting these things get the best of me. But I'm glad I talked them over with you because already I feel better. I suppose Miss Briggs, Miss Whitehead and the others just don't realize how they treat me sometimes. But I certainly don't have anything against them."

She looked at her watch. "Goodness, the time has really flown. I didn't realize we had talked so long, but I enjoyed it. It's almost time for me to quit, so I guess I'd better get my things together. Well, good-bye, and I'll see you tomorrow." She got up from the chair and went back into the hall.

I continued to sit at the table a few minutes longer. I had hoped I had helped Clarise. She really was a sweet girl, and I felt sorry for her. I think the other staff members did too, but they just didn't know quite how to treat her.

As the weeks went by, I got to know Clarise better. Sometimes we would walk downtown together. She would bring her lunch; but when she had to go shopping, she'd wait to walk with me. I could tell that she enjoyed being with me, and I began to realize that gradually her attitude was changing. She didn't let little things that happened in the library upset her. Even when the children stared at her she seemed not to mind—she probably still felt something inside, but she seldom let it be known. Several afternoons she would come and sit at my table; sometimes we would talk about her illness or her family, but I tried to carry on a general conversation about books and movies.

I remember very vividly that Satur-

day morning in August when I came to work and saw Clarise pasting some torn pages in a book. She looked more at ease than I had ever seen her. She even seemed to be enjoying her work more. I stopped at her table. "Well, good morning, Clarise. Why are you looking so pleased today?"

Clarise looked up and smiled. "I've got something to show you, but I'd rather wait until you will have plenty of time to talk with me."

I told her we probably wouldn't be too busy that morning.

When I walked back into the staff room I was still thinking about how happy Clarise had looked. I couldn't imagine what had happened, but somehow I felt that it could change her, and I hoped her happiness would be lasting. I was glad that she had wanted to share it with me, whatever it was.

I went into the children's room and began doing the daily routine things. Sometimes when there were just a few children in the library, I could hear Clarise humming out in the hall while she put covers on the books. Finally about 11 o'clock she came in and sat down at my table. She had a little notebook in her hand and she looked embarrassed as she opened it.

"You might think it's silly, and I really shouldn't be so proud of it. You see, I've written a poem. I didn't think it was too good, so I didn't want to show it to anyone. But mother insisted I bring it to the library and show it to you even if I didn't show it to anyone else. Here it is, but don't be afraid to tell me what you think about it."

I took the notebook and read the poem carefully. Clarise looked at me anxiously. The poem was really good. In fact I was surprised that Clarise had the ability to create something that good. I didn't hesitate to tell her my opinion.

"Clarise, you shouldn't have been embarrassed to show this to anyone. I would be proud of myself if I could write something like this. Of course, I'm not an authority on poetry, but I have had several poetry classes in college and

I think your poem is good. This has a good chance of being published in some magazine. Why don't you show it to some of them upstairs? I know they will think it is good."

"Do you really think I should?" Clarise needed encouragement.

"Of course you should. Besides, I'll bet they couldn't write anything that good. You run on upstairs, and I'll come up later as soon as I put a few books away."

Clarise got up from the table, and as she started up the stairs, she turned around and said, "Thank you for reading it."

I could hear Clarise going up the stairs, and her steps didn't seem as heavy as before. When I put up the books and asked one of the librarians to keep the desk for a few minutes, I went up to see what they thought of Clarise's poem. I stopped at the door when I got to the top of the stairs. I could hear Miss Whitehead talking in the midst of other sneers.

"Why Clarise, which book did you copy this from? It's really a lovely poem, but I'd hate for you to be guilty of plagiarism."

About that time another librarian spoke up. "Clarise, why didn't you tell us you were interested in poetry. We might help you write one, if you'd only come to us for help. But it's not exactly fair to pretend you wrote something you didn't."

As I stood there at the door, I was getting madder with each remark they uttered. I knew how Clarise must feel. Just about the time I was going to make an attempt to defend her, Miss Briggs from downstairs sent for me.

When I was able to get back upstairs, I saw Clarise leaving. I called and she stopped to turn around very reluctantly.

"Clarise, where are you going and what did you do with your poem?"

She opened the palm of her hand, and there in small bits was the only copy of the poem she had. She answered softly, "I should have known it was no use. I guess I'm just not talented for anything. I won't waste my time anymore on writing silly poems. Do you want something from downtown? I'm going to Walgreen's for Miss Whitehead's orange juice."

I knew that in a few minutes the tears that she was trying so hard to hold back would come. She turned around and went hobbling down the street slowly letting the bits of paper fall to the sidewalk.

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GRIGG STUDIO

UPSTAIRS, ACROSS FROM HOLDING DRUG STORE

Three Deadly Virtues

There is a tendency in man to channel energies into streams of interest which seem to grow straighter and narrower in direct proportion to the increase or decrease of his enthusiasm. In a college community we find this tendency most obvious in the choice of major and minor curricula and the determination of professional interests. But with some the urge to narrow interests is not confined within the limits of those basic selections. As a result many may be found so obsessed by one all-consuming idea that it completely overshadows the rest of their relationships to life or their honest emotions. Things which are in themselves virtuous become deadly by being so emphasized that they lose part of their golden lustre and acquire a tainted tarnish bitter to the taste of a well-adjusted individual. Three of those virtues which become deadly to a person upon receipt of too much ill-directed attention are congeniality, study, and religion.

Man is instinctively social and therefore seeks companionship for the realization of his many needs and desires; even the recluse has his friends whether animate or inanimate. A spirit of congeniality inspires friendship and an atmosphere of general good-will. Such has been the tradition of Wake Forest, and tradition seeks conformity. But a genuine spirit does not seek pretense; so congeniality is stripped of all its merit when it is not an honest expression. If the traditional "Wake Forest spirit" becomes a burden continually carried around on the surface of one's forced smile, then it is of a deadly rather than a virtuous character. Under such conditions the burden will grow heavier and heavier until that individual is only a shell of an assumed personality with sand inside. Thus we have the danger of overemphasizing the congeniality of campus life to the point where many feel that individualism does not extend that far; that they are expected to smile and speak to each and everyone lest they be tagged as snobs and follow along with every popular opinion although their own sense of values may be at stake.

By considering study as a possible virtue turned sour, we do not discount Pope's immortal words that a little learning is a dangerous thing. However, study can overflow its golden cup without end and still not become the greater whole of education. One's relationship with life can be warped if he allows facts and figures to dominate his thinking and is unable to apply any of what he learns to his everyday life. We have no argument with facts and figures; our quarrel is with the necessity of emphasizing them at the risk of sacrificing a personal understanding of the subject. Professors agree, but still some reduce the student at quiz time to the status of less than a ventriloquist's dummy. Men do many things under pressure that they would not do without it; nonaggressive students required to think for themselves may come through surprisingly well. However, blame cannot be laid on the shoulders of professors; the fault lies within the individual and he must reckon with it himself. Contrary to what a poor student may like to believe, the honor student does not always fall into this educational pitfall, for since he can grasp his studies more quickly, he has more time to spend in becoming a fully educated man. But this does not justify the poorer student's allowing himself to get less than an education, and an education is certainly more than Phi Beta Kappa membership and the memory of long grueling study sessions.

Modern religion and virtue are almost synonymous in some minds and rightly so, for virtues have more or less been developed by religion. But religion may also lose its virtuous appeal on a college campus then it becomes bigoted, biased, and barren in practice. Those who set themselves up as judges for their fellow students are something less than virtuous no matter how pure they consider their personal lives to be. Character is more than creed; virtue more than a list of petty rules of do and do not. In a community where reason must be sought, fanaticism is the worst enemy to Christianity, and narrow-mindedness takes its respective bite from the goodness of virtue.

These three virtues, especially significant to the college student who seeks to keep his life in balance, retain their qualities of worth when one is basically true to himself and does not let his social contacts become clouded with pretense, his dreams dulled by the onesided education of stilted study, his conscience consoled by puritanical zeal.

—D.L.B.

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the student

December 14, 1955

READ String-bean Success

PAGE 15



behind
the student's
door

Here's to Christmas and Basketball

With Christmas just around the corner it is time to shove all the worries to the back of the mind and trust the rest to Saint Nick and Mr. Patterson. Now that Johnny has outgrown the "pair of skates" and Susie her "dollie" they are asking "Dear Old Santa Clause" for term papers on T. S. Eliot and book reports on *Elizabethan Seadogs*, we hear. *The Student* is asking for Writers!

But back to reality and this month's magazine. Page 7 of the December *Student* features the poetry of Charles Richards including in the collection the poem entitled "Conformity" which was recently selected to appear in a national anthology of college poetry. Charles, who is a junior from Bunn, joined *The Student* staff earlier this fall. He is an English major who plans to teach and to write.

The "Forum" for this month deals with the vitally important question of possible desegregation at Wake Forest. The editors of the magazine, as usual,



RICHARDS

tried to see that both sides of the issue were equally presented. However, since a number of the persons who were asked to write for the "Forum" declined for one reason or another, the answers may seem somewhat one-sided. (See the editorial, page 31.)

In connection with the "Forum" subject, *The Student* conducted a poll in order to determine the general feeling toward integration on our campus. (See page 12.)

In December of 1953 the Duke University Religious Council conducted a similar poll and reported 56 per cent in favor of the admission of Negroes to Duke. An editorial in the Duke campus newspaper pointed out, however, that such polls are often not too accurate and also that many people will vote for an issue such as this one in order to "soothe their moral consciences" who would not, if put to the test, be willing to practice what they have advocated. It was also pointed out by the Duke editors that even though the college students might be ready to accept Negroes, the community is not. These same factors might well be considered in examining the results of the Wake Forest poll.

With winter and Christmas comes basketball and more excitement for the



COED STUDENT STAFFERS TALK

athletic fans. The story of one of the Deacon's top performers on the hardwood is told on page 15 of this issue by Bill Connelly. "String-Bean Success" tells of Lefty Davis's rise to fame at Wake Forest. Bill has been working with *Old Gold and Black* this fall, and he was recently made associate editor of the newspaper. He is a sophomore, English major from Morganton.

Yulan Washburn who is a *Student* contributor from way back has made a comeback to the magazine this issue. His review of the book entitled *Gentle Insurrection* appears on page 27. Yulan is a senior from Charlotte. The book which Yulan reviewed was written by Doris Betts, a student at the University of North Carolina. Several of the stories in the collection were first published in *Coraldi*, student magazine at Woman's College in Greensboro.

Jerry Matherly who, earlier this year, has written a short story and a book review for *The Student* is responsible this issue for the sonnet cycle on page 20. In fourteen poems of varying lengths Jerry elaborates on a theme introduced

VOLUME 71 the student NUMBER 3

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etball . . .



ALKER THE SITUATION WITH SANTA

in the first poem, i.e., that love is only a step in progress toward the creation of a soul.

One of the favorite topics of conversation among the male half of our campus population is coeds. Lawyers watch them from their roost over the library, professors cast wary eyes at the ones who sit on the front row in class, and the *Old Gold* staff watches through a half-open window. Everybody, it seems, watches them from somewhere. L. C. Carlton and Photographer Irvin Grigg have captured a number of phases of coed life in pictures. (Pages 8 and 9.)

On the cover Dickie Hemric and Jim Devos, seniors on last year's basketball squad, and Frank McRae look on as Lefty Davis goes up with a Duke player to capture a rebound in the home game with Duke last year.

Davis was second highest point-maker on last year's team, outscored only by All-American Hemric. He is expected to contribute much to the hopes for the success of Coach Murray Greason's current team.

the student

December 14, 1955

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SILVER BELLS FOR ELLA

Short Story by Dottie Braddock

The dress had hung unworn for almost a year in the closet. Pushing the other clothes away on either side, she lifted the hanger from the bar and tucked it under her chin. The mirror on the closed closet door reflected her awkwardness in trying to look out over the hanger while her hands held the dress in place at her waist. She saw only the soft fullness of the gathered skirt as it fell gracefully in front of her slender legs. Carefully hanging the dress back into the closet, she took out a white uniform, dressed quickly and went out.

As she crossed the railroad tracks to the business district of town, she looked for the signal that, whether meaning stop or go, had its own Christmas colors. The standpipe stood out in sharp relief against the darkening sky. The air had the feel of snow and its dampness sent icy fingers feeling through her nylon hose and up her legs. The Christmas decorations on Main Street had been up for several weeks. The rustle of the tinsel foliage as the wind whipped the strands of lights from side to side was a startling noise in the twilight. From down the street came the music of carols through the windows of Powers' Department Store. The stores were staying open until nine and people just beginning the evening's shopping crowded Monteville's narrow streets.

She turned into the alley that ran behind Morrow House. Going in the back entrance she smelled the sage of freshly baked turkey dressing and the spice of fruit cake. Through the glass window of the swinging door she saw the cooks busy at the kitchen tables,

their dark faces glistening above white uniforms. She hung her coat on the number ten hook and studied the assignment sheet.

*Ella Baird . . . Private—8, 9
Main — 14*

It would not be too hard an evening with the private dining rooms; they were taken by reservation and the menus had already been selected. All she would have to do would be to see that they were served on time and get the boys to clear the tables for the next group. Margaret Glover came hurrying into the back room for the waitresses.

"Hey, kid, you'd better hurry up. Old Martin's on the warpath."

"I only have one table in the main room tonight. Won't take but a minute to set it up."

Margaret went over to the assignment sheet, frowned, and went out without another word. Ella looked at Margaret's assignment.

Margaret Glover . . . Main—11, 12, 13. Then she washed her hands and went to check her tables—salt and pepper shakers full, sugar bowls full, ash-trays empty and clean. She walked over to Margaret.

"Need any help?"

"No, kid. Thanks."

Ella thought about the woman working beside her. Margaret was married and had two children. Ella wondered where her husband was; Margaret had never mentioned him. She was a tall woman with blond hair and a good figure. Ella had noticed more than one time how men would look as she walked away

from their tables. The customers began filling up the tables, and Ella lost herself in the supper rush. There were two reservations for Number 8 and three for Number 9. Only the good-natured jokes from regular customers kept her from feeling like an automaton.

She was in the process of asking the Dunns what they would have for dessert when she noticed a tall man come in and stop the hostess. Ella followed the man's gaze to Margaret who was coming up from the back with an order of bread. The hostess nodded to table eleven. He sat down and took a menu.

Her attention was called back to Mr. Dunn who was saying, "We'll all have fruit cake delight, whatever that is."

Ella laughed. "It's fruit cake with whipped cream and cherries and nuts sprinkled on top."

"Fine." The two children grinned excitedly at each other.

As Ella turned away, she looked at the man at eleven again. He was looking beyond the menu at Margaret. His stare met Margaret's glance as she came across the room. Margaret turned pale. Ella went back to get the cake, and when she came back to the Dunns, Margaret was talking to the man. She distributed the desserts. Little Janie whispered something in her mother's ear. Mrs. Dunn smiled.

"Janie says she wants to give you her Christmas present."

"Janie, you just be sure to come back here after your vacation and that'll be my present."

The parents seemed pleased, but Mr.

Dunn pulled a small package from his coat pocket.

"We got you a little present anyway."

"But . . ." Ella blushed.

"No 'buts' about it, Merry Christmas."

She took the gaily wrapped present. "Well, thank you," Ella looked around the table at their shining eyes. She moved between Janie and John, Jr., and gave them both a light hug.

"Merry Christmas to you," she said to all of them. "See you after the holidays."

"Home will feel wonderful after two weeks away, even if it is Miami," said Mrs. Dunn.

"Have a good time."

"Goodbye, now."

Ella felt like a child as she took the package from her uniform pocket to look at it again. Christmas was day after tomorrow. A voice from behind startled her. It was Margaret.

"Say, kid, how about taking my tables for just a moment?"

There was a lull in business.

"Sure, Margaret."

She looked at eleven; the man was looking at the both of them.

"Who's the man at eleven?"

Margaret blushed slightly. "A man I used to know," she said fondly.

Mr. Martin looked over at Ella, and she pretended to be busy straightening one of the tables in front of the leather covered seat that ran the length of the wall. In a moment, the man motioned the hostess over and said something to her. She went over to Mr. Martin; he nodded. The man got up and followed the hostess to one of the small private dining rooms in the back. Ella saw Margaret come out of the back at the same time and pass by the two of them.

The hostess stopped Margaret, and the three of them went into the room. The hostess came out. Ella mentally slapped her own face, and looked around to see if any one was watching her do it. Everyone was eating and talking. The music floated out from the concealed speaker . . .

"I'm dreaming of a white Christmas, just like ones I used to know . . ."

In a few moments Ella walked past the door to the private room, aching to look in. She stopped as she heard the door close. Mr. Martin was still standing in the same place at the cashier's desk. Ella backed up to the side of the door and took out her present in the pretense

of looking at it. She could hear the voices clearly.

"Come on, Margaret. Relax. It's just me. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Of course."

"Well, then."

"Not here. I have a job, Harry."

"You should have thought about that before you started swinging those wicked hips at me," he teased.

"I did not . . ."

"Oh, yes you did."

There was a silence in which the little golden bells painted on the Christmas wrapping started a ring in Ella's ears.

"What time you get off?"

"Eight-thirty."

"I'll pick you up then, and we'll go out."

"Where?"

"Anywhere you say. Got a brand-new fifth that hasn't been opened yet. We can celebrate."

There was a pause and Ella's heart thudded a prayer.

"Fine with me. But I'll have to put the kids to bed early."

Ella dropped the gilded package back into her white pocket. The man whispered something that Ella did not hear; Margaret apparently did not either.

"What?"

The man did not try to whisper again. "I said I'd try not to make a third."

"Third what?"

"Third kid, honey."

Ella felt her face burn. She stepped quickly away from the door as Margaret and the man laughed intimately.

"What a joker you are," Margaret said affectionately.

Ella went back to wash her hands. She transferred the gift to her coat pocket. Margaret came in behind her.

"Saw you come in here, kid, thanks for taking my tables."

Ella dared not look up.

"Oh, it was nothing, Margaret. Nobody came in anyway."

There was an awkward silence for Ella, and she bumped into the door in trying to leave. Her shoulder ached from the blow; hot tears tried to boil over. Choking them back she made her way up to the front. Seven-thirty. The third reservation for number nine would be in soon. She put fresh table cloths on the tables. Red candles stood at intervals on the long table. There was a centerpiece of artificial holly.

At a quarter until eight o'clock, Ella heard a noisy crowd come in the front



"Joe, this is the girl I want you to meet—sometime."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

Poems

By Charles H. Richards

Recurrence

The brazen sun
raided the halls of time
and disrobed night of her darkness.
And night, amid warm blushes,
melted into the dawn of another day.

Night succumbs to day,
yet conquers in falling;
the victories undecided, untrue.
And time, untouched, cool,
views the struggle of enlightenment

The first day,
of evening and morning,
a pace set of unfaltering change;
dark ages, rebirth, successive,
make time a revolving battleground.

That's Christmas

so there we were
one night
one star
and I

the festive world
so fast
and gay
lived high

but we were truth
humble night
divine star
and I in love with the world

Recurrence

Conformity*

The little wave on the sea
Tied to the rushing tide
Held by the rising swell
Seeing not where it will go
Knowing not what it will be
But rising with the rising swell
And rushing with the rushing tide
Must forever and ever be
The little wave on the sea

* This poem has been selected by the National Poetry Association to appear in its "Annual Anthology of College Poetry," 1956 edition.



Shorty and his boys see them from behind forbidden doors.

Coeds

Produced by L. C. Carlton

SOME PEOPLE THINK COEDS ARE DOLLS, SOME THINK THEY ARE
AND PROBABLY OTHERS HAVE STILL DIFFERENT IDEAS. IT ALL



Professors have a choice view in class.

Capt. Nuckles sometimes surprises coeds and their friends in unexpected places.



Other Coeds see the real thing—minus paints, frills, etc. Sessions such as this discuss all the important things: Men, cars, and dates.



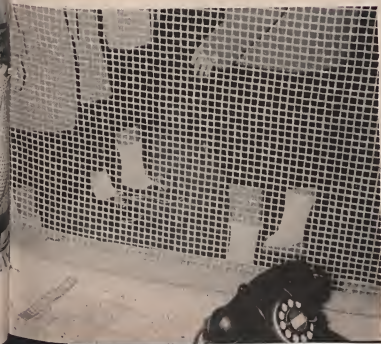
Photographed by Irvin Grigg

ARE QUEENS, SOME THINK THEY ARE PIGS,
IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW.



Postmaster
sees them behind
bars.

O G & B sees coeds, lower half only.



Mrs. Overby sees a lot as she rings her bells.



Dr. Mackie
has a somewhat
different view.

Lawyers watch after the dorms close from their roost over
the library. It seems that they are not disappointed.



DECEMBER FORUM

In the spring of 1954 the Supreme Court of the United States handed down its decision ruling that segregation in public schools is unconstitutional.

On November 17, 1955, the North Carolina Baptist State Convention, following up the declaration of a prior state convention to accept "in spirit" the Supreme Court's desegregation decision, voted to place the actual decision for or against integration in the hands of the trustees of each of the state Baptist institutions.

The convention instructed the various boards of Trustees to study local conditions, then to act "intelligently and courageously" in the light of their findings.

Dr. Tribble made the comment in regard to the resolution that there has not been any time limit set, and he doesn't know whether the trustees will take up the matter soon or not. Whether or not the question is taken up by the Wake Forest College Board of Trustees right away or several years from now the fact remains that sooner or later the college will be faced with the question of integration and decisions will be necessary.

In this month's forum several students and faculty members have outlined their opinions on the desegregation issue.

E. D. Christmas

DIRECTOR, BAPTIST STUDENT UNION

A recent *Charity and Children* contained the following statement: "Temperature in church rises ten degrees during segregation discussion." This indicates the depth of feeling associated with segregation and/or desegregation. Consequently, no one can honestly say he has no ideas about the subject however superficial or penetrating they may be.

The United States Supreme Court stated that equality of opportunity requires the use of the same school facilities; or, stated negatively, the "separate but equal doctrine" is no longer the law of the land. What the court actually did was to bring into sharp focus certain attitudes ingrained in our culture. The question is many-sided and does not yield to a pat answer.

Amidst all the varied opinions, I hold to this proposition—the Christian religion asserts the spiritual equality of everyone, regardless of race, color, or creed. The Son of Man cut across every social, economic, political, and racial barrier in proclaiming God's righteous love for individual men; therefore, it seems to me that a Christian is not on good ground to identify the message of

Jesus Christ with the defense of racial superiority.

Furthermore, there is the tendency to identify Christian tenets with the pillars of our culture, but the Christian religion is a personal relationship between God and individual men rather than a collective enterprise sanctioned and interpreted by a culture. The individual disciple of Jesus Christ belongs to God before he belongs to society. He should not *per se* accept or reject the decision of a judicial body as Christian truth, for the Supreme Court is not the interpreter of Scripture.

The fact that Christianity, as I understand it, asserts the spiritual equality of man does not solve the problem because the application of Christian principles involves human frailty, prejudice, unbridled zeal, culture, and race. Each of these exerts an influence upon our individual and collective attitudes.

Although it is an emotionally charged subject which is complex in nature, each individual is under obligation to appraise his views in the light of the best he knows and contribute his ideas to the collective genius of our time that the beginning of a solution may be made in this generation.

Does the Trend" a

Sarah Riecke

CHARLESTON, S. C., SENIOR

My opinion about segregation is quite out of place in Charleston, South Carolina; I have even been told that I have been brain washed since I have been to Wake Forest. In my opinion, I have taken a very sane look at the problem and have come to the logical conclusion. Realizing full well that all of our children will be affected by this decision of the Supreme Court and the future decision of the trustees of Wake Forest, I can see no justification for racial segregation.

It is a known fact that Wake Forest will be affected by this trend. Already I know of one case where a girl's parents would not let her come to Wake Forest because in some of the classes the professors spoke in favor of integration. If segregation were abolished at Wake Forest, it would mean that many people would have to change their attitudes about Negroes. No longer would the Negro have to go to the back entrance. The Negro would be called "Mr." or "Miss" in class. White students would be sitting by Negroes in class and even in chapel. This would be the supreme sacrifice to some students; they may find it just too much, and probably many

le "Desegregation ' affect Wake Forest?

would-be students will choose another college. Of course wherever a person chooses to go, he will eventually be faced with this problem.

I feel that segregation of whites and Negroes is wrong. If we are going to keep Negroes out of our schools why don't we keep the other races out too? It is pure prejudice against the Negroes that is keeping them out of our schools. I come from a town where they are in the majority by far, and I know for a fact that the white people there feel definitely superior to them. Many people try to quote the Bible to prove their viewpoint; as far as I can find, there is no scripture that says one way or the other. If there were a verse in favor of segregation, it would apply to all races, not just the Negroes.

Dr. E. P. Banks

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR, SOCIOLOGY

The position of Wake Forest College with respect to desegregation is of course different from that of the public schools and state-supported colleges in that Wake Forest College is under no immediate legal necessity of desegregation its student body. The College is an institution of the North Carolina Baptist Con-

vention and it is the responsibility of the Convention, through the College Board of Trustees, to decide basic policies such as the composition of the student body. The composition of the student body at present generally reflects the composition of the member churches of the Convention (although not all students are Baptists). Until the member churches regularly admit Negroes as members the institutions of the Convention will be under no organizational obligation to admit Negro students.

It is to be assumed that the Trustees, in deciding the future composition of the student body, will be guided by such considerations as: the ethical question involved in excluding students strictly on the basis of race; the possible advantage to white students of associating with intelligent individuals of other races; the practical problems of operating a desegregated institution in the midst of Southern society, which is largely segregated; the possible preference of Negro students to attend their own colleges; and the attitudes of alumni, students and the parents of students. The Trustees will be called upon to balance ethical principles against practical realities and to reconcile their

obligation to follow the wishes of North Carolina Baptists with their obligation to furnish Christian leadership. It will not be an easy decision and the Trustees deserve the clear-headed support of students, alumni and faculty in making it.

Prof. J. L. Memory

PROFESSOR OF EDUCATION

The poem which follows bears directly on the matter of integration of the races at Wake Forest College. It was written by a former editor of *The Student*. John Charles McNeill, North Carolina poet-laureate and author of *Lyrics From Cottonland* and *Songs, Merry and Sad*. He was loved and admired by members of all races, and that affection was reciprocated.

THE WHITE SOUTH

Badgered by precepts, prayers and jeers,
By petulant friend and foe that sneers,
She stands defiant through the years.

Guarding the future's open gate,
Alone, unchampioned, passionate,
Unreasoning and as fixed as fate.

To hostile creed and subtle song,

The roted rules of right and wrong,
That fall so lightly from the tongue,

She shouts one final argument,
On which her soul of souls is spent,
Deeper than plausible intent.

That, with more zeal than wisdom knows,
More courage than the hate of foes
Or love of native land bestows,

Taking no thought for ill or good
With the blind heart of motherhood,
She fights the battle for her blood.

The voice of many a buried age,
Poet and warrior, priest and sage,
Who hoarded close her heritage,

And poured into her pulsing veins,
Rich with their slow millennial gains,
The life that crowned itself and reigns;

The cry of children yet to be,
Whose doom she writes for time to see
In the stern script, Heredity;

O, louder than the roaring mart,
More sweet than any speech of art,
The past and future in her heart!

And never, never will her face
Proclaim creation's prime disgrace,
A mongrel, prideless, hopeless race;

But while her seed shall yet endure,
Clear-eyed, their tread shall still be sure,
Their blood be proud and brave and pure!

Don Craver

PRES., INTER-FRATERNITY COUNCIL

Certainly Wake Forest College is greatly affected by the so-called desegregation trend. Probably integration is not a practical movement; however, there appear no ethical or Christian bases for fighting or opposing it.

As a Christian institution, Wake Forest should be a leader in the integration movement. Jesus hailed all men brothers despite their race or color. If a college or any other institution is to march under the name of Christ, it must follow the doctrines He taught. Segregation seems almost in defiance of His teaching.

Also, as an educational institution, Wake Forest should clear the way in the desegregation movement. Surely, one would expect the unlearned to vehemently oppose any radical change such as this one. Educated groups, however, should be able to meet the changes calmly and sensibly. This does not imply that they must welcome such changes. It simply means that they should accept them. One of Wake Forest's professors remarked, "There exists no color line in the arts." Among the educated, a man should be accepted for what sort of person he is, not what race he belongs to.

Many students who would read with

pleasure the poetry of James Weldon Johnson, who would applaud the excellent voice of Harry Bellafonte, or who would cheer to victory a basketball player such as Si Green would object to sitting beside one of their race in a classroom.

Wake Forest or any other college can fight integration and postpone it for a few years, or it can accept it as a just movement and prevent a long struggle. Integration is here, and it will come to Wake Forest.

David Hughes

NEWMAN, GA., SOPHOMORE

There are two fairly obvious points of view concerning this perpetually pressing problem. It can be viewed either from the generally ignored practical standpoint or the overworked moral position.

Any answer to the question "What practical good could be accomplished by admitting Negroes to Wake Forest?" would be a very interesting proclamation if nothing else. Indeed, I doubt that any such reply could be justified without interspersing fuzzy moralization with a few selected practical facets of the problem. Viewed impassionately, would Wake Forest benefit from allowing Negroes to enroll here? Would the Negro be any better off by frequenting our hallowed halls? I think not, unless it be from some benefit it would have to the Negro's ego or our moral conscience.

This brings us to the moral aspect. It is impossible to argue against integration from a purely moral viewpoint. The utter stupidity of the thing is this: The same people who intelligently insist that other national problems, such as alcoholism, can be cured only by education and individual action, not governmental prohibition, persist in trying to legislate intolerance out of existence. Apparently the only reason to lower the racial barrier at this particular time is the governmental regulated moral one.

As far as this solving the intolerance problem is concerned, it makes as much sense as the case of the bale of cotton in the middle of the flower garden. The bale catches on fire, and the zealous firemen drench it with tons of water and so ruin the garden, yet do not put out the fire. You see, moisture causes spontaneous combustion in cotton bales.

By the same token it is doubtful that fostering integration in these pressured times would be worth while, and we might easily harm the college by doing so.

STUDENT POLL

In November the Baptist State Convention placed the question of desegregation at Wake Forest in the hands of our Trustees. On November 28 THE STUDENT conducted a poll in order to determine student opinion on the issue. Here are the results of that poll:

1. Would you object to complete racial integration on our campus?
Yes: 68 per cent No: 28 per cent No opinion: 4 per cent
2. If complete integration is not achieved, would you object to non-segregation in the classroom?
Yes: 50 per cent No: 45 per cent No opinion: 5 per cent
3. At the present, the school seems to have no policy on the admission of Negroes. Do you think it would be wise for a policy on this matter to be announced soon?
Yes: 63 per cent No: 25 per cent No opinion: 7 per cent

The results of this poll should be considered in the light of several significant facts: Only 906 or an approximate 62 per cent of the student body expressed their opinion. The poll was conducted with no verbal explanation, so it is possible that students, in some cases, may have misunderstood the questions. For these reasons only the major trends may be considered significant.



ELIZABETH YORK

I. N. COGNITO ON PROFS

by Charles H. Richards

I. N. Cognito has been in college for four months and during that time has absorbed much interesting material. One of his favorite subjects is the college professor. His amazing insight has enabled him to perceive the true character of this personality. Observation and intense interest have enabled Cognito to compile a body of significant facts concerning this subject. His ideas are presented here without censorship.

Cognito says that professors are the supreme examples of infallibility, the paragons of perfection for the struggling student. He is the exemplar of the academician and is an absolute necessity for the existence of an institution of higher learning. The relationship of the professor to the student is interesting. He is feared, detested, and loved by the

students and is often the victim of their meager attempts at jokes. Students respect their professors as they respect their fathers, pastors, and probation officers. They fear them because they hold in their grade books the power of promotion and suspension, detest them because they not only inspire but also require outside study, and love them because they can smile at mistakes and lift falling egos.

A professor creates examinations to occupy students while he is out of town; the purpose of the examination is to present to the students that material which the professor forgot to mention on class. A professor is the only person with the audacity to come to class nine and one-half minutes late and then complain about tardiness. He is also the

only person who can shaft his class on a test and then blandly express his concern that everybody makes good grades. He will become disturbed if his students don't take part in class discussion, disgusted if they disagree, and delighted when they provide proof for his hypotheses.

Professors come in all ages (except prehistoric), shapes, and sizes, with black hair, brown hair, red hair, white hair, and no hair. They are interested in football, alumni, All-American basketball players and coeds. (Incidentally, as a sign of their loyalty they all smoke Camels.) Their favorite pastimes are bull sessions during which they collaborate in an effort to give all tests on the same day. They worry about academic freedom, homes on new campuses, the

old college spirit, and their favorite TV hero. Most of them have been to high school, college, and can read. However, few of them are blessed with the talent of producing a legible handwriting, especially when important information is being put on the board. Their purpose in life is to teach but they also inspire, advise, preach, and demand. They can be found in libraries, at home, in football stadiums, in gymnasiums, walking but usually riding across campus, and occasionally in class.

Members of the professor profession have devoted their lives to the saintly endeavor of educating others, and in so doing have pitifully neglected their own intellectual development. But they have

the determination of a lover, the curiosity of a child, the persistency of a wife, the energy of an athlete and the mind of—of a professor. They are the Chosen Ones to guard the vast stores of knowledge and are determined that everyone gets his share, whether he wants it or not. Their eccentric habits include talking too loud, talking to themselves, talking too long, and talking. Another trait concerning their verbal exercises is their use of only eight syllable words. Professors have faith in students, trustees, textbooks, and the registrar; they love their wives (the few who can manage to marry), laughing, eating, and giving "F's."

A professor's field of instruction is unlimited; history, religion, English, philosophy, and marriage are subjects treated by every professor.⁴ Some add mathematics, business, logic, art appreciation, physics, and "how to win friends and influence people" to make their courses lighter. They think positively, deny belief contrary to their own, and declare that the most deadly of all sins is failure to pay attention to the lecture. They also write books and perform any number of other functions which no other respected profession would stoop to. Needless to say, they are never confronted with any subject in which they didn't either major or minor, and they have written at least one thesis on every historical personality of worthy note.

In short, a professor is one who professes to know, talks as if he knew, likes to be known, but doesn't know if he knows or not. He is the autocrat of the classroom, the dictator of his notes, and the creator of many an intellectual mind. He contributes much to the church, community, and confusion. He is the lamp unto mental feet and the light for scholarly paths; the giver of grades and the hope of another quality point or two.

I. N. Cognito has expressed a desire to organize the NAACP, the National Association for the Advancement of College Professors. He feels that we owe to the professor our devotion, detriment, and despair. He points out that the professor has a thorough understanding of the student's youth, which he possessed once, and that he is eternally ready to sympathize with the student's ignorance, of which he is also an unwilling sharer.

Cognito offers several ways in which the student can indicate his appreciation for the sacrifice, blood, sweat, and tears of the professor. The student should be careful always to give a "hearty" laugh for every joke told in class and at close of each period to go by and tell the professor a new one. Coeds should offer to carry the professor's books and male students should make at least one of their cars available to the professor at all times. These actions, with Christmas cards, birthday cards, and sympathy cards, will be evidence to the professor that someone really cares, and soon his deflated ego will be inflated once more. He may even lose his inferiority complex and find a respectable job and eventually become a success.

Gift

My soul

I wrapped in heavy dull brown paper

Yes, I gave it back

In the same paper I got it in

The paper that wrapped the clean fresh fluffly

Sheets and pillowcases for a warm soft wedded bed.

My soul

I sent out early by first-class mail

A fragile package

Sent into the frantic Christmas crush

To ache with the heavy clanging begging

Bells that drone an angel's song into a dissonance.

My soul

You snatched quickly from its opened box

God knows, it was you

Who baked it in a raging, fiery heat

And hacked my soul to tender light dark chunks

Its bones picked clean and thrown out to battle with the dust.

DOTTIE BRADDOCK



String-bean Success

BY BILL CONNELLY

Lowell Davis and his wife, Betty, in their Wake Forest home look over a scrapbook of Lefty's athletic career.

Nobody was impressed when a skinny freshman named Lowell Davis reported for basketball practice at Gore Gym three years ago. Of all Coach Murray Greason's yearlings the fragile-looking lad from Illinois appeared to be the least promising.

People smiled in disbelief when they heard that the 150-pounder with the matchstick legs was not only a basketball prospect, but also professed to be a baseball pitcher. It was almost inconceivable that Davis, with his slight build, could compete among the giants of college athletics.

Fans still don't quite believe it, but the same Lefty Davis, who wasn't offered a scholarship at any other school, is today an All-Atlantic Coast Conference performer in basketball and baseball and one of the nation's top competitors in both sports.

The twenty-year-old senior from Johnston City, Illinois, could be a three-

letter man if he could only find the time. Last spring Davis dressed for one track meet to give Coach Harold Barrow's newly-organized squad a boost, and coaches claim that he could be tops in the conference in the high jump and pole vault if he could work with the track team.

Davis pays no attention to talk of his lack of physical attributes. "It's just something I've always accepted," he explains. "To tell the truth, I've never noticed it."

The modest, unassuming Davis, who was married last March to Betty Pierce of Wake Forest, is majoring in physical education and hopes to land a coaching job in either North Carolina or Illinois after graduation. He is a cadet officer in the College ROTC regiment.

During his high school years at Johnston City, Lefty starred as a T-formation quarterback in football, played forward

in basketball, pitched for the baseball team and was on the track team. Despite his outstanding high school record, Davis was named to no all-star teams and when he started looking around for a college scholarship no school seemed to be interested. The quiet young man had decided to enroll at Southern Illinois University without a scholarship, but his high school coach, Wendell Starrick, was determined to interest some school in the slender southpaw. Two years before, Starrick had sent Jack Williams, one of his prize pupils, to Wake Forest College and now he contacted Coach Murray Greason again, giving Davis his highest recommendation. Greason, more than satisfied with the performances of the talented Williams, arranged an athletic grant for Davis. The veteran Deacon mentor admits that he was unimpressed when he first saw Davis. "With his physical build, I didn't think

Lefty would be very outstanding," he confesses.

The 1952 basketball season, Davis' freshman year, saw the Deacons scrap their way to the Southern Conference championship behind the one-two punch of Dick Hemic and Williams. Lefty saw action in fifteen of thirty games that year, playing as a reserve on the varsity. In the spring he managed to pitch one victory for the baseball squad over North Carolina State.

The outlook for Wake Forest basketball wasn't too bright at the beginning of Lefty's sophomore season. Jack Williams had been called into the service and the Deacons' chances of repeating as conference champions seemed very slim. Davis, who had played behind Williams in high school and again during his freshman year here, welcomed the chance to fill his home-town friend's shoes. He moved into a starting position with apparent ease and performed like a veteran as the Deacons came within a hair's breadth of capturing the championship again. The cagers lost to North Carolina State by a slight margin in the conference tournament. After averaging seventeen points per game on the hardwood that year, Lefty posted a record of four wins and three losses during basketball season.

It was last year that Davis really came into his own. The stringbean forward's unorthodox jump shots paid off for an average of 19.3 points per game as the Deacs wound up fourth in an air-tight ACC race. His greatest moments of glory came in the spring, however, when he chalked up ten mound victories against only one defeat to pace Wake Forest to

the conference crown and then to the National Championship of College Baseball.

Lefty lost out in a battle with the books during the spring semester and had to make up work in summer school. It appeared that he would miss the College World Series at Omaha completely, but coaches arranged for the star hurler to fly to Nebraska for the first game of the series. Davis hopped off a plane at Omaha, pitched his mates to a 10 to 1 win, and rushed back to Wake Forest for summer school classes.

Lefty has performed feats of endurance that would test the strength of harder physical specimens. On one occasion last year, he journeyed to Raleigh to compete in a track meet. After taking part in several events there, Davis returned to Wake Forest, dressed in baseball togs, and reported to Gore Field, where he pitched the last inning of a game against North Carolina State.

Strangely enough, Lefty throws baseballs and basketballs with his left hand, but he writes, eats, and bats right-handed. Although he finds little time for anything other than sports and studies, Davis' talents are not confined to athletics. He also plays the piano.

Fans and sportswriters expect this to be Lefty's top year, but otherwise the Hemic-less Deacons are still a question mark at this point in the season. The Atlantic Coast Conference, is developing a reputation as one of the toughest basketball circuits in the nation and this year's race promises to be fast and furious, but Davis contends that the Deacs won't be left in the dust. "We'll hold our own," he says.

Commenting on the prospects for Wake's national champion baseballers next spring, Davis makes the understatement of the year. "We only lost Tommy Cole so we should have a right fair team," he says with a smile.

During his years here Lowell Davis has earned the respect and admiration of Deacon opponents throughout the nation, and is certain to be remembered as one of Wake Forest's all-time greats. Coach Greason has only the highest praise for his young star. "Lefty is a fine boy and he has a heart as big as his body," the Deac bossman says.

When his college days are over, Davis will likely have professional offers awaiting him. Some observers say that Lefty couldn't make it in the pro ranks, but don't bet on it. Lowell Davis has proven them wrong before.

collegiate crack



"She loathes me... the lo

the student plans to vacation and pass exams during January, but come February we'll be back at it again. Our staff will be needing some replacements for Spring. So drop by our Pub Row office to be recruited.

—The Editors

The excited voice of a young resident came over the phone trying to break into my window!"

"Listen, lady, this ain't no ment, it's the fire station."

"I know," she replied, "the second floor and they n

giate kles



WAMPUS, SEPT. 1955

ne... he loathes me not..."

help

a young women's dorm
phone: "Two boys are
my room through the

ain't the police depart-
re st-

ed, "but my room is on
and they need a ladder."

YALE RECORD, NOV. 1955

Justice

A millionaire banker sought admission to the Pearly Gates one fine day and applied for a ticket at the box office.

"Who are you?" asked St. Peter.

"I am a Wall Street broker."

"What do you want?"

"I want to get in."

"What have you done that would entitle you to admission?"

"Well, I saw a decrepit woman on Broadway the other day, and I gave her two cents."

"Gabriel, is that on the record?"

"Yes, it is, St. Peter."

"What else have you done?"

"Well, once I crossed the Brooklyn Bridge and met a newsboy half frozen to death. I gave him a penny."

"Gabriel, is that on the record?"

"Yes, it is, St. Peter."

"What else have you done?"

"Well . . . that's all I can think of."

"What do you think we ought to do with this guy, Gabriel?"

"Give him back his three cents and tell him to go to hell."

YALE RECORD, OCT. 1955



PELICAN, NOV. 1955

"Did you ever think about what a mess we'd be in if we ever won?"

December 14, 1955

Dear Student:

The year 1955 is about gone, 1956 is drawing near. Just what does 1956 have in store for you?

Of course that is impossible for us to answer. Did you ever stop to think that the future of this country depends on you? Since this is true we see no reason why you, Mr. Average Student, should not face 1956 with confidence, determination, and above all--faith in yourself. Many people have the ambition to succeed: they may have a special interest in the job to be done, yet they are not successful. Why? They can master a particular job to be done yet they are not able to master themselves. Determine through faith, courage and energy to make 1956 a good year for you.

Sincerely,
College Book Store
"on the campus"

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SILVER BELLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

singing "Silent Night" in jazz rhythm. She looked up to recognize an old high school gang. Their heads were covered with snow flakes. And then she saw Jerry Dunham come in behind the others. The hostess started toward her. This was number nine.

Ella counted them as they walked past her. Ten in all. Jerry spoke as he passed.

"Hi, Ella. How are you?"

Ella's heart quickened.

"Fine," she answered. She walked self-consciously to the kitchen for she could feel Jerry's eyes following her.

"Ten in number nine," she said to the chief cook. She looked toward the front entrance and saw another couple coming in. It was Sally Montes and Joe Stills. "Better make it twelve."

Sally Montes. Monteville had been named for her great-great-grandfather. Five years ago Ella and Sally had been in school together, but Sally's parents had sent her off to private school in her junior year of high school. Now she was a sophomore at an exclusive college in Virginia with summers in Europe. Ella felt the pang of sad memories, of Sally's remarks that had cut to the bone.

Sally had liked Jerry back in those days, but he had refused to date her any. Ella and Jerry had been in the same English class and teased each other constantly. And once Jerry had asked her for a date to the drive-in movie. Ella had asked him to meet her at the steps that led up to her and her mother's rooms above a garage, but he had insisted on coming up the stairs. As he had knocked on the door, one of the women living down the hall had yelled out, "Quit, you little bastard!" There had been the harsh sound of hand on flesh and the tearful whimpering of a child afraid to cry loudly.

Ella had remembered that one instant through the five years. Jerry had seemed embarrassed, but he had not mentioned it. Sally and her crowd had made Ella ashamed of her mother's working as a cleaning woman at the hospital and of where she lived. Ella had avoided Jerry from that time on, and he had gone off to private school the next year. Fleeting glimpses of him were all she had had in five years, but still her heart pounded when she saw him. For five years she had daydreamed about his taking her

calendar

- Dec. 1-21 North Carolina Artists' Exhibition and Competition
College Union, State College, Raleigh
- Dec. 1-31 "Star of Bethlehem"
Morehead Planetarium, Chapel Hill
- Dec. 12-16 *Blood Wedding*, Carolina Playmakers, Chapel Hill
- Dec. 19-21 Carrousel Basketball Tournament
Coliseum, Charlotte
- Dec. 29-31 Dixie Classic Basketball Tournament
William Neal Reynolds Coliseum, Raleigh
- Jan. 23 "Mozart Piano Festival," Civic Music Series
Memorial Auditorium, Raleigh
- Feb. 13 Nathan Milstein, violinist, Civic Music Series
Memorial Auditorium, Raleigh

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away from it all; now she was his waitress, his and everybody's.

She went back up the hall with set-ups on a serving cart. As she knocked on the door, the merry voices suddenly ceased. Ella opened the door and pushed the cart through. Making an effort to smile, she placed the bowls of ice and the bottles of ginger ale on the table, but she was one couple short. Sally and Joe looked at her questioningly. Ella felt the blood rise in her cheeks.

"I'll be right back with another one. I forgot. . ."

Sally laughed with her finishing school accent and, turning to Jerry down at the end of the table, said, "Jerry hasn't forgotten anything; at least, not you, Ella."

Jerry colored slightly. "Joe, you'd better not let her have anything else to drink."

Joe made a signal of agreement and winked at Sally. She laughed again nervously. Jerry got up and held the door open for Ella to push the cart back out. He went through the door with her. "Don't pay any attention to Sally. She's just a little high."

He smiled engagingly, and Ella could smell the bourbon on his breath. She smiled back faintly.

"I understand, Jerry."

Mr. Martin was watching the two of them.

"How about going out tonight after I dump my date?"

Ella looked at Jerry, the same Jerry Dunham. There was the same black wavy hair, the same twinkling eyes, and

the bright smile, all just five years older. But it had been five years.

"I'll be at the bottom of the steps at ten o'clock."

Ella winced; he had remembered. Mr. Martin was coming over. She heard his voice as she went back to the kitchen.

"Everything all right, Mr. Dunham?"

"Fine, just fine," came the reply.

They left at eight-thirty—Margaret was getting ready to leave. Ella followed her back to the coat room.

"See you tomorrow, kid."

"Sure, Margaret."

"Kid," she stopped. Ella said nothing. "I want to tell you something," Ella nodded.

"Remember that man at eleven tonight that transferred to a private dining room?"

Ella nodded again.

"He's my husband."

Ella looked up sharply.

"He left me five years ago and now he's back, for how long I don't know. He left me with two tiny kids, but I guess I still love him." The tears came up in her eyes.

Ella felt ashamed all deep down inside, but she put her hand on Margaret's shoulder.

"I'm glad. See you tomorrow."

As Margaret went out the back way into the chilly night, Ella remembered how Jerry had held up ten fingers as he had left. Mr. Martin came back just as she was starting out.

"Ella, I noticed you while you were

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

Melianada

Sonnet Cycle by Jerry Matherly

I

Love is a brief transitional step that
Must be made in the dim forest before
The grey fog envelopes the heart in
Its tightening web;
Love does not endure for its own eternity,
But only for the eons that constitute
The making of a soul;
Love is purity in its pagan true self,
Awaiting the call of the first lark
Of spring's day.
Love and love and love knows not the end of the day
The day that ends its space and heralds the
Greater unknown unnamed truth that
Shall come when the new sun
Rises on the day that is not a day,
But a new period for a new salvation—
A salvation at last complete in the beginning
And not capable of passing through
Dark vales of fathomless emotions.

II

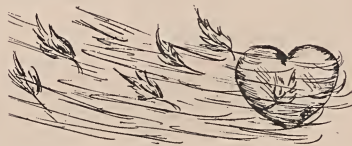
Now in the spring it rains the first dew
Upon his throat
The caressing waters awaken a hidden cave,
Lit in the past only in the past in brief moments
By blue lights.
But now the winds and rains beat against its walls
And it thunders forth into rebirth.
Birth before, rebirth now and again in the ages
That lie ahead.
A rebirth so torrential, so volcanic that
It shakes the black bats from the cavities
And causes the waters to swell and
Flow, flow, flow, washing upon an alien shore.

III

The careless winds arise in the early morning
And roused the sleeper from his bed.
They blow the sunlight, green leaves,
Bird's song, earth's smell into the bed
Chamber, causing ruffled heads to be raised
From pillows to come to the window to sit.
The careless winds do not pause sound.
They are silent and in their silence



They penetrate to caress the very soul
And to soothe, yet not soothe, the restless heart.
As the sun climbs higher to bring a new day
The careless winds hastily collect the rays
Of light, green leaves, bird's song, and
Earth's smell to flee until the hot afternoon.
Left behind is only the gentle whirlwind
Around the soul.



IV

Stirring, pulsating, moving, swarming, leaping
To a new summit that must be reached before
Its pinnacle topples off into the river below.
Rare ecstasy in the jungles that lie at the
Mountain's base.
Pagan or what is called pagan to be lifted
And exalted.
To worship strange dieties so foreign to the
Peaceful valleys beyond the mountain with
The tormented river.
The heart is unbound, unleashed in its craving
For the new ecstasy that must be found
Before the sun sets in the east
Before the moon rises over the calming
Green-ocean.
So passes the afternoon in the August of love.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERT WALTON

V

When in the summer the sidewalks remain hot
Even after the sun has set and the cricket
Begins to sing in its hidden place,
The moon rises to cause the mystic night-blooming
Flowers to sparkle with liquid rays of light.
The walker in a garden does not behold these sights
But is content to see only his own reflection and thoughts.
The stars appear, but clouded to the observer by
A sweet white fog that illumines the way he must
Walk through the dew and the flowers
To reach that final song.

VI

Before the calmness of the opening of a hundred flowers
There is music in twilight—
A ringing that can be heard as if
Some magnificent cathedral has summoned forth
Its toller and beckoned to honor the virgin
With music that will be heard in the celestial kingdom.
Then as the stars begin to appear from their hiding places,
The music ceases and a silence reigns,
And the magic that is in the garden begins to take place.
The flowers first stretch their petals
Out as delicate tongues seeking dew drops
The water of life
And with thirst quenched they extend
All of their tongues—the anatomy of their being
And allow their very souls sweet centers
To be purified
In the light of the moon.
They remain thus throughout the entirety of the night,
But when the first pale fire appears on the hearth of the east,
They return to their silken cocoons
To protect their souls from the heat of a harsh sun.

VII

At the end of the day she came and
Breathed the scent of roses newly covered with dew;
She sat in the garden where they had sat
And watched clouds race across the star-filled sky;
Suddenly the sadness of all the years overcame her,
For there must be dust upon the roses.

VIII

He reached the end of the path
To be able to climb the small hill
And watched the moon rise over the ocean;
The ocean pounded the rocks beyond the small hill;
Across the white strand
The garden by the sea was silent.
Not even the cricket sound could be heard,
Only the splash of the water against white rocks,
He looked out to the eastern horizon
And beheld the fire that was the moon
Arise from its liquid cave;
He turned to leave,
But as his head turned he saw her sitting beneath the tree;
He stood silent.
He looked again to the moon,
To the ocean splashing against the white rocks.
He reached down and quietly plucked a flower
And held it in his hand noticing its gradual turning
To pink from red near the center;
Then he threw the flower against the strand
To be bathed by the ocean and carried away to
Some shore;
He ran as silently as he came,
His feet soundless on the soft moss and petal carpet.
In his mind he could only see the girl under the tree;
His lips shaped her name—Melianada;
He left through the gate
Leaving Melianada looking after the strange boy.



IX

Again, again incessant pounding in his head the name—
The name of the girl in the garden by the sea;
Melianada, Melianada, Melianada.
He whispered the name,
He spoke the name,
He shouted the name.
And people wondered.

They had not seen the moon rise from a cave;
 They had not been caressed by the careless winds;
 They had not seen the mystic night flowers;
 They had not been enveloped in white summer fog.
 They did not love Melianada.
 Melianada, Melianada?
 Who was she?
 She was the love who like no other dared sit in a garden
 by the sea
 And watch the stars and breathe the flowers.
 She is not for this world—she is not
 For the world of raging buildings, heaving earth,
 Roaring machines, endless fears, merciless hate
 Never beginning love.
 She does not belong.
 You must not see her again;
 You shall be awakened in the morning,
 And a girl will be beneath your window;
 So the people spoke.
 But they spoke to deaf ears, to mute tongue.



X

The window was open where she sat
 Combing her long black hair;
 Again there was silence in the garden,
 Except far away the muted sound of an ocean song;
 She allowed no lights in the house,
 For the stars and pale moon are light enough
 For the misbegotten.
 He will soon come, she thought
 Reaching out to touch a rose;
 He will come, for he has come every evening
 To watch the stars come and then disappear,
 To pluck flowers for me, to kiss my lips,
 Unkissed so long.
 In a little while he came bounding
 Over the knolls and green bushes;
 He sang to her and then they danced
 Beneath the shadowy cypresses,
 They kissed; they departed amidst
 Shadows other than their own dancing ones.

XI

A sudden storm came in the hours
 Before noon and caused the ditches
 In the yard to overflow and trees
 To drip their silent tears and steaming fog

To rise in secret places between wet bushes.
 The beholder of the rain in summer's morning
 Becomes weary and hard oppressed by the steaming heat.
 He cannot see that when the floating gray clouds have passed;
 The sun shall have a new radiance.
 He only sees rain and rain and rain.
 So the boy awoke to find that rain covered the path
 Leading to the garden;
 He could not go today—or any other day,
 Because the ruts made by that rain
 Would make the path impenetrable
 For a million years.

XII

The day after the rain they told him
 That Melianada had gone away.
 He did not cry;
 He was incapable of salt tears.
 He stood on the porch and traced
 With his eyes the path closed;
 He traced the muddy designs in the newly conceived,
 But newly blackening.

XIII

At last summer's day ended.
 September and a melancholy of browning autumn
 Would come when the new fire was kindled on the east
 hearth.
 In dimming twilight he wrote,
 Then lay down on his couch
 To await the night that would be the eternal night
 Without flickering candles of stars to light any way.



XIV

Melianada has gone away.
 He is glad; Melianada is glad.
 Only the hunchbacks are unhappy
 For only they can understand the different;
 He loved Melianada,
 But she has gone away,
 Because they will not allow anything different.



CAROL STROUD

ONLY HISTORY *AND A LONGER RECESS*

Short Story by Arlivia Henson

My knees played the tune of "Yankee-Doodle" as I sat there looking out into the sea of shining noses and neatly combed hair that adorned the new gingham dresses and clean tee shirts and overalls. I was surrounded by clean blackboards with erasers and chalk neatly in the tray. The floors reeked with the smell of oil. The windows and shades were opened evenly along the row of six or seven.

Slowly my mind fell back to the awful realization that the huge desk pushed up in the right corner of the room penned me in and I couldn't escape. It's a good thing they put us up at the front of the room, I thought. Then it occurred to me that I couldn't sit there silent any longer. I had to get up and say something to those 38 pupils staring me in the face. My knees turned to water as I thought of myself attempting to take the position of teacher when I had so recently been one of them.

I could still hear the words of my education professor, "Smile and be friendly.

They won't bite you the first day, or maybe for the first week, and if you're lucky, they never will, for they will be as scared as you are. Try to feel their situation and thus put them at ease by letting them know that you are not an old hen with whom they can't get along. Yet don't let them feel they can get by with anything, and, by all means, don't let them know you're afraid."

A faint mumble issued forth from the back of the room. The members of that part of the room seemed to be restless. Their faces seemed strained. Try as I might, I could not locate the disturber.

Steadying myself, I got up to begin my first class of ninth grade English. Somehow as I began to talk and try to put them at ease, the sea of faces gradually became individuals whom I wanted to know better and already had a warm feeling towards. These were my pupils whom I could possibly help in some small way.

As I continued to talk, I began to try to analyze some of the students. There

was the typical red-headed, freckled-face boy sitting about halfway to the back. He had a broad sympathetic smile spread across his shining face. I need not worry about his co-operation. On his right was the well-built football player sprawled in his seat with a look of defiance and misdemeanor in his brown eyes. He would give me no trouble except the task of always trying to get him to study. Nearby sat the queen, smiling coyly across to the football player, her long dark eyelashes fluttering and her small hands folded meekly under her chin.

It took little effort to find the boy with the highest I.Q., for he sat up close to my desk on the front aisle. His legs were neatly crossed at the knees, and his hands folded on his lap. He looked at me through thick-lensed horn-rims with the "cutes" smile spread all over his face. The intellectual girl sat right beside him in her new plaid gingham. She looked at me with something of a

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questioning expression as, "What do you have to offer?"

There was one other student whom I had not yet been able to discover, the smart aleck, the disturber of the entire class. Probably later on I'd be wishing I'd never found him. But just then my eyes fell on him seated in the very back of the room. He sat there whispering through his teeth to his buddy in front of him the entire time I talked. His glance was anything but direct, but he seemed to take in the entire room with his sneaky side glance from his lowered head. His smile curled down at the corners of his wide mouth and his thick brown eyebrows seemed to arch automatically. The other students fell easily into the categories between these specific ones. Yes, I thought, all the students that professor told us to expect were here, and I could expect a challenge from each one of them.

I breathed a sigh of relief as the first class neared an end and I thought, "If only every day can be as good as today." But I knew that I need not live in such a fool's paradise, for there would never be again even a single day just like this one. I made an assignment for the next class period. Each child was to write me a letter telling me about himself, his home life, his hobbies and interests, and his future plans if he had any. I told them that the letters would be kept in strictest confidence and urged them to be honest, frank, and confidential with me. Then I had each pupil stand up and introduce himself, tell me his age, and give his major interest in school. Down the aisle each student stood and gave the desired information.

Dolly Paterson, age 14, math; Tom Maske, age 15, math and basketball. We got down to Benny Jones, nicknamed "Specks," age 14, history and baseball. As Benny sat down with a shy grin, I wondered just how many freckles he did have. Then we got on down to none other than Mr. Smart Aleck. I nearly fainted as I saw him lift his leg out into the aisle and stand up stiffly, introducing himself as Ted Porter, age 15, history. I could hardly keep from staring as he once again took his seat, maneuvering his leg to a sitting position. I was so engrossed that I barely heard the next student who sat right under my nose. Quarterback of 1958's first string squad introduced himself as Bill O'Brien, age 15, football. Our intellectual girl was Rose Marie Jameson, age 14, English and math. I thought I would burst out

laughing in spite of all when Mr. I.Q. stood up and said, "I am John Thomas Castor, Jr., 14 years old and I prefer English and chemistry to all the other subjects that I have thus far dealt with in intellectual combat." He then sat down, once again crossing his legs and folding his hands neatly on his lap. Our queen was Vivian Ann Davis, age 14, music.

So we had our class, a rather homogeneous group in interest and age. I only hoped they had been honest in preferring English, but little doubted that any were except those who did not prefer it. The buzzer rang and class was dismissed. Of course John Castor, Jr., came up to my desk with many unnecessary questions about the assignment. But I was little concerned, for I was too busy watching the brown-haired boy in the back of the room get up and move out of the room with an unsteady walk as he pulled his stiff wooden leg behind him.

Thus my first day ended a success and I regretted a little that it should have ended so soon. I made out my reports and after school and later, while walking with other members of the teaching staff who were discussing relief that the day had finally ended and disgust for the called teachers' meeting for the following morning, I secretly found myself eager for the next day to begin.

The following night, clad in pajamas, a glass of milk in one hand and a cold ham sandwich in the other, I settled down in a big easy chair to get better acquainted with my students. I could hardly keep myself from thumbing through the papers to find Ted Porter's. I was interested in finding out if there was a single clue that would affirm my analysis of him on class. However, I decided to be fair and let his paper wait its turn.

The other papers were pretty much what I had expected. Our future football player wanted to finish school and go to Carolina to play football there. Someday he would like to be a coach. He was the oldest child in a family of three children. His father was a car dealer and his mother a housewife.

John Thomas Castor, Jr., wanted to be a scientist. He planned to go to Duke after graduation from high school. He was an only child of a local merchant. His mother used to be a school teacher, but she was now at home to run the house. John's hobby and interest lay in his chemical experiments which he carried on at home.

Meeting

I have met you somewhere,
In a far and unknown place,
Before the beginning of all of this,
Before the awakening of man;
In some mystic vale of ancient times
We have talked and decided,
And now we meet again on the dead
Streets of the new Babylon;
We must not speak to each other;
We must not let them know that we know
That once again a mighty Empire must fall,
And be resurrected a million years hence
On the quiet streets of the third Babylon.

JERRY MATHERLY

Vivian Ann Davis was an only child of a bookkeeper uptown. Her mother worked in one of the local stores. Vivian planned to go somewhere to study music and dancing and she hoped someday to become an actress. Her interest lay in dramatics and music.

Rose Marie Jameson preferred writing as a hobby and hoped some day to be able to go to college and study English literature. Her father was dead and she and her mother ran one of the local florist shops. There were no other children in the family.

I was quite surprised when I came across Benny Jones' paper. Benny liked history and wanted to study history and sociology at Carolina. He then planned to go to graduate school for his Master's degree and hoped someday to be a college professor. His hobby was baseball. Benny was the middle child of a family of five children. His father was superintendent of one of the local mills and also owned a large farm where Benny spent his summers and acquired his freckles.

I had gone through all the papers. Where was Ted's? Getting up, I searched the floor area around my chair. Perhaps I had dropped Ted's paper, but search as I might, I could not find it anywhere. I was disappointed to say the least, for I had looked forward to hearing from Ted, to possibly finding some clue to better understanding him.

I went to bed, but I could not help but wonder why it was that Ted had

not desired to talk with me. I wondered what he concealed and what he thought. He was interested in history, so he had said on class. What specifically did he like about history? All these questions and many more raced through my mind as I lay there staring at the light from the street lamp playing across the ceiling. I finally drifted off into an uneasy sleep only to be awakened a few minutes later by the sound of the alarm. I was numb with fatigue from fighting an unknown battle all night long.

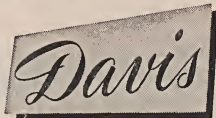
As I entered the classroom, that next morning, I stopped by Ted's desk and asked him to please come by to see me after school. I do not remember what I said on class that day. I kept watching Ted who apparently was not interested in the least in what I had to say.

He kept occupied with something on his desk all period long. When class was over, he moved out of the room with the others.

I had more reports to do than usual that afternoon, so I kept busy as I waited for my delinquent pupil to show up. After I had waited twenty minutes, I was beginning to get impatient. When I had waited for one hour, I decided that he had deliberately failed to come by to see me or to give an excuse after class why he could not come by to talk with me. Getting my things together, I went by the office and asked Mr. Pope, our principal, if I might enter the files to do some research on some of my students in order that I might get to know them better. There I found Ted Porter's file and, taking it out with a few others, got permission to take them home.

Ted was not an "A" student by any means, however, he had straight A's on every history course he had taken. He had an I.Q. of 90 and his educational age or achievement last year showed that he had accomplished only the work of a sixth grader by the end of the eighth grade period. The personal reports on him included such adjectives as insulting, lazy, unco-operative, and unreasonable. There was one very favorable report however, submitted by Mr. Parsons, teacher of history. He found Ted much the opposite from all the others who knew or rather taught Ted. He found Ted better than average in discussion of history on class. He could answer anything one could ask him about this subject. His choice of words was not always good, but his knowledge of the subject would astound you. This indeed seemed odd to me. I also found two cards filed for misbehavior in a major offense. The third such report would result in expulsion from school.

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Yet in his entire file, I could not find any record where a single one of his teachers had been interested enough in his case to go and visit his home and report the results found there. From his record sheets, I found that Ted lived two miles out of town on rural route No. 2. His father was Ralph Porter who was a tenant farmer on the farm owned by Thomas Benjamin Jones, who, I found, was Benny's father.

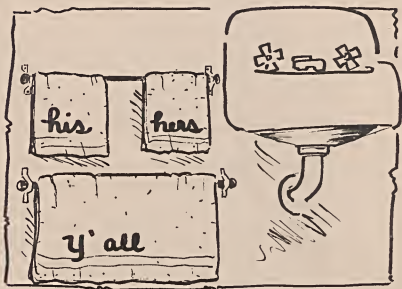
I decided to go right then to visit Ted's home. Inquiring, I found out where route No. 2 was and after several tries found the right house. It was a small white frame building. As I drove up, children of all ages poured forth from the small house and surrounding yard. There must have been six or seven in all. Most of them were dirty and one small boy raced about with nothing but his birthday suit on. I got out and asked the oldest, who was a girl about nine years old, if her mother was at home. She said yes and immediately yelled to her mother to come to the yard.

Mrs. Porter was a short woman, slightly on the stout side, dressed rather sloppily in men's clothes which were not too clean. Her brown hair hung in strings about her face and she squinted her small eyes while staring at me.

"Mrs. Porter," I said, "I'm Ellen Green, Ted's English teacher."

She looked at me hazily and said, "Glad to meet you. This is the first time any of them teachers is took enough time to come out chere to visit. Won't you come in?"

Thanking her, I entered the house while children scattered after being reassured that my visit did not concern them. Mrs. Porter led me to a small room that had the feeling of being overcrowded. The entire house reeked with



SELLERS

the smell of tobacco and yet looking around, I could not see any anywhere. There was a dirty fireplace with a high mantel and a big yellow cat sleeping on a sack on the hearth. A cot was pushed up close in front of a small window and straight chairs sat in obviously awkward places. A high chest of drawers was set almost squarely in front of a half-opened door. I was asked to sit down in a well-worn rocking chair, the best in the room.

"Is Ted at home?" I asked Mrs. Porter.

"No, as soon as he got home from school today, Paw took him to the back pasture to help fix the fence. The cows got out today and got in the corn. Old fence ain't much good no how. Paw just don't seem to get time to put up the new one what Mr. Jones brought though. We is so busy with our tobacco this time of year. Got it all packed away in the

house and we got to get it tied up before the markets all close. Paw keeps us all a-working on it until we is done." She sat there musing in her straight chair looking much older than the 33 which Ted's record sheet showed as her age.

"I hope Ted ain't in no trouble, Miss Green," she said.

"No, he isn't in any trouble," I replied.

"You know he don't get along with most of them folks down to the school. He don't play like most boys since he lost his leg in that hayting accident about three years ago. He uses most of his spare time, what little bit he do have, reading that old history book you all give 'em down at the school."

"Well, you see, that's sort of what I wanted to talk to you about, Mrs. Porter. I gave Ted an assignment to do day before yesterday and he failed to get it in or to give me any excuse why he didn't get it in."

"Paw don't give much time for nobody to call their own. He feels that the young'uns ought to do their lessons at the school house. He don't understand about them outside lessons. I reckon Ted feels he just soon not get the lesson as have Paw on to him. I guess I ain't been seeing that they gets time for them lessons since we been so busy with this tobacco."

"I understand your situation, Mrs. Porter, but if Ted is to stay in school he must get up his lessons. It would not have taken him long to do the assignment for me and if he couldn't get

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it, he should have come by to see me and told me so."

"I reckon so. Ted tries so hard to help here at home as best he can with that leg till we don't never think of him being complaining of. I'll try to see to it that he comes by to see you right away. Course it will have to be in the day sometime, cause he has to catch the bus home right after school. If he misses that he has to walk home then likely as not he don't walk no more for a week because of that leg."

"Thank you, Mrs. Porter, for understanding my point, and I do understand about Ted's failure to get the assignment. I felt sure he must have had a reason and I only wanted to know what the reason was. If you have him come by to see me a moment after class tomorrow, I'm sure we can work something out."

With our conversation thus ending, we walked out to the car and Mrs. Porter assured me that Ted would come by the next day to see me and to get everything straight and she did hope I wouldn't be too hard on him considering his leg and all. I promised her that I would be just as understanding as possible. She managed to smile as she said, "Thank you, Miss Green, thank you for helping my boy."

The next day as the buzzer rang for recess, I was surprised to look up and see Ted carefully walking into my room and skillfully maneuvering his stiff wooden leg.

"Hello, Ted," I greeted him almost with delight.

"Maw said you wanted to see me about something," he said hastily.

"Yes, I was wondering about the paper that you didn't hand in day before yesterday. Did you not know what I wanted or did you not have the time to do it or just what was the trouble?"

"I ain't got time to do no written homework," he casually replied. "It's all I can do to find time to read my history lesson. It ain't helping me none to be fooling away this entire recess period in here neither."

"Listen, Ted, although history is an important subject, you need to have a broader education and so need other subjects too."

"I got them other subjects, but I don't like a dang one of them. They just interfere with my history study. They ain't no good. I no more than get set down good when the bell rings

STUDENT reviews

Drought and other N. C. Yarns

by Edith Hutchins Smith
John F. Blair, 1955. 153pp. \$2.75

It will take a loyal North Carolina Tar Heel to really appreciate the yarns that Mrs. Smith has brought to the reader's attention. This small book of eleven short tales is sprinkled throughout with characteristics found among tobacco-raising, white lightning-drinking farmers, and mule-owning North Carolina mountaineers.

The author has used practically the same setting for all of the yarns. At times she seems to have exaggerated just a little in the way the characters talk, but she has made each character stand out as an individual and as a person you would expect to find in the back country of North Carolina.

Some of the yarns are mediocre, while others will leave a definite mood with the reader. The title story "drought," is about the best of the selections. In addition to the typical dialogue used in this yarn, there is a feeling of admiration for the hard working woman behind the man trying to make a go of it on a worn-out piece of land.

Mrs. Smith has done a superb job in portraying these North Carolina folk, but at times her description is so brief that the reader finds himself confused about what has taken place and about who is telling the story.

On the whole, this collection is interesting and entertaining, but few would enjoy reading it at one setting.

Having been reared in Winston-Salem, the author is well qualified to write of North Carolinians. Mrs. Smith thinks of herself as a native North Carolinian and a spiritual Mexican. She says, "I find the people of both places startlingly alike in their love of the land, their innate honesty and a sense of humor that makes them equally delightful."

—Linda Boothe

Gentle Insurrection

by Doris Betts
G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1954. 274pp. \$3.50

The *Gentle Insurrection* is a collection of 12 short stories written by a student at the University of North Carolina. The theme of the book is "the difficulty of communication between human beings," and scenes for the working out of this theme are set in the small-town South.

This collection of stories received the \$2,000 award in the first Putnam-University of North Carolina Prize contest, and even a cursory reading of the twelve stories illustrates the reason for the high honor. The book lacks nothing in insight and maturity, and its presentation of life in the South is arrestingly true to life. All through the collection the style runs smoothly. The theme of the book is presented very clearly and very well from the different aspects and levels of life, husband and wife, colored woman and white woman, son and father, etc.

The material of Mrs. Betts is not unique; in fact, it is commonplace and very familiar. The situations and experiences are ones that most of us have faced and all of us will probably face again. The scenes are taken, not from world-shaking events but from events common to everyone. The book deals with decay in old age in one story, and with plain platitudinous death without a garnish of shells or intrigue in another. Another story deals with the frantic, last-minute search of an old man for something other than futility in life. Still another presents the implacable face of a wife as she looks up

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at her questioning husband. Through all the scenes human creatures are trying to communicate with one another. They often fail.

A short paragraph from the first story in the book, "The Sympathetic Visitor," will illustrate the theme. Miss Ward was searching for a Negro employee, Nettie Sue. The girl's brother had gone berserk the day before and killed his mother and himself. Miss Ward felt concern for the girl and wished to express her sympathy, but she ran up against a blank wall (or imagined she did) with the colored people when she even asked where Nettie Sue lived.

"The road, unpaved, crunched under her car wheels as if to slow her down, and it seemed to Miss Ward that window shades moved in the houses she passed and quiet eyes observed her and measured her, and perhaps signals were passed along from cramped back yards—She just went by my place. They were all hiding Nettie Sue, banding together in a warm living wall of brown flesh, and even their children were in on it. 'No'm,' they had all been told to say. 'No'm we don't know where she lives.'"

The dominant mood of the 12 stories is a wistful sadness. But flashes of humor periodically burst through and stand out. In "Mr. Shawn and Father Scott" an aspirin-eating Catholic Father is questioned by Mr. Shawn closely concerning a sermon. Mr. Shawn is the town character who, besides wearing a faded old wig and carrying around a bottle of pennies, takes down every word of Father Scott's sermons in shorthand.

"And listen to this," said Mr. Shawn. "We are faced with new and challenging questions which demand answers as vital as themselves."

"Well, don't you think that's true?" said Father Scott. He cleared his throat and said little louder. "Isn't that true, Mr. Shawn?"

"But what are the vital answers you talk about?" said Mr. Shawn.

"Father Scott thought, I am going to stutter. If I answer him now I am going to stutter. I wish I had an aspirin. I must think of Mr. Shawn's immortal soul. . . ."

Mrs. Betts' book is a good book, a substantial book. It does not demand reading to understand our age and our society as so many books demand nowadays, but it repays reading. Whether the book will create a universal furor is impossible to say, of course. But the book, perhaps because of the amazing

familiarity of the scenes and the excellent way Mrs. Betts captures our life, has a definite appeal for Southerners and especially North Carolinians.

—Yulan Washburn

ONLY HISTORY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

and I got to close my history book just to go to some fool class. I don't care nothing about them other classes, and I don't see how come I got to go to them anyhow, much less do outside lessons. Mr. Parsons don't expect us to do much. He don't assign many pages to read. He don't even assign enough for Benny Jones and me. We is always already read what he assigns anyhow."

"Do you and Benny Jones do your assignments together?"

"Well, we always sees which one can read the most and then he usually manages to get out to the farm and we discuss what all we is read. Course most of the time Benny reads the most cause he has more time, so I tell him. But he tries to tell me that it's because he is smarter than me and I reckon he is. He always says that he's just a-fooling though when he kids me about being dumb. Benny is a good boy. He's about the only friend I got. Not many of the boys is very friendly with me since I can't play like them, but Benny, he always finds time to be my friend. We both loves our history and we study it together. Benny tries to help me with my other lessons, but Paw, he don't give me much time for them outside lessons. So I just tries to keep up with my history and I figures if I can do that, I'll get by, I has got by so far."

"But Benny did his English assignment," I retorted. "Why didn't you do yours?"

"Cause you didn't want to know nothing that there's anything to write about. There ain't nothing about my home life what anybody would want to read about and there shore ain't nothing about me that anybody wants to know about. I ain't got no interest except history and I done told you that on class. The only future plans I got is to hope that someday they will give us longer recesses and dinner times so as I'll have more time to read my history book while I still has it. That shore ain't nothing to write about."

"Nevertheless you should have handed in something or come by to let me know you would not be able to hand it in.



For evening at Christmastime . . .

Thalhimer's

Barbara Ledbetter, class of 1957, wearing an aqua taffeta evening dress, featuring a princess waistline and a round, off-the-shoulder neckline trimmed in braided taffeta.

The full skirt is caught with a pert bow giving a bustle effect.
The mink stole is also from Thalhimer's Second Floor Collection.

What would Mr. Parsons say if you didn't hand in your history paper?"

"Oh, he'd understand that something was wrong cause I ain't never not handed one in to him."

It almost seemed hopeless to talk to Ted. I could see why some of his teachers had felt that he was insulting, lazy, unco-operative and unreasonable. He was, to say the least, little concerned with anything except history. The buzzer rang for recess to end, and Ted said he'd have to go to class, which apparently seemed to him a necessary evil. He moved slowly out of the room and I wondered just where he was moving. His only interest was history and his only hope and desire in life was to have more time to study history while he still had a book. What could you do with or for a person like that? I continued to wonder as Ted made one more unsteady movement and was out of sight.

SILVER BELLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

working tonight." She felt her heart in her throat.

"Just wanted to tell you that I think you have been doing a good job during this Christmas rush."

He smiled lopsidedly. Ella smiled back.

"Thank you."

"Good night."

"Good night, Mr. Martin."

She slipped on her coat and started for home. Jerry would not come, and if he did, there would be no one there. Her mother was already at the hospital for the night shift. Ella's father had been one who had not come back. Her hand felt for the gift and closed about it protectively. She walked up the alley; a light snow had fallen. The sky was clear now; an icy moon warmed the wet pavement.

The stores were still open and the music was still drifting down the street. . . .

"Silent night, holy night; all is calm, all is bright."



"My mother knitted it."

She stopped at a public phone booth, dialed a number, and waited before slipping the coin in the slot. A familiar voice came over the wire.

"Harold, I just wanted to tell you that I'll be ready at a quarter 'til ten."

"See you then, Sweetheart."

She hung up and went on home. A light had been left burning in her room. She took a dress from the closet. Harold would be here, and she would never have to be waiting for him to come back. Taking off the white uniform, she asked herself why she had spent five years finding out that she was not on the wrong side of the tracks; it was just the other side.

The old dream of crossing over in a single night was an idle one. Perhaps

Harold and she could work across together if they wanted to. She slipped the black dress over her head. Its crepe smoothness flowed over her slender figure. She pulled it down lovingly over her hips. She reached in her coat pocket to get her lipstick and felt the present. Impulsively she took it out and shook it gently. It rattled slightly. She wondered. When she opened it, she found two little silver bells lying upon a bed of cotton. They tinkled as she lifted them out and clipped them to her earlobes. She carefully folded the bright golden paper and put it inside the little box.

In the mirror, the silver earrings shone above the black crepe. They sang a merry song into the silence of the room.

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A Necessity for Education

The right to form one's own opinions and the right to express those opinions freely is, or should be, one of every American citizen's most treasured possessions. And one of the primary aims of a good college should be to encourage the use of this right of individual thought and expression.

When the editors of *The Student* began work on the "Forum" for this month, they were surprised in several instances when persons approached seemed reluctant to express their ideas on the question of the possible effects of integration at Wake Forest. Until recently the question of desegregation has been discussed primarily in relation to public schools. Then it seemed that almost everyone had an opinion which he would gladly express and defend with vigor whenever the question arose.

Then the State Baptist Convention met, considered the segregation issue in relation to its own institutions, and wisely decided to place the policy making on this question in the hands of the various trustees. The decision of the convention, especially in view of the fact that it voted last year to accept "in spirit" the Supreme Court's ruling, brought the problem of segregation home to us and left it lying on our doorstep.

And so *The Student* thought it appropriate at this time to encourage everyone, students, faculty and administration, the people who make Wake Forest and who are concerned about its future, to think seriously and intelligently about this problem which must be met and dealt with in the not too distant future.

For the first time since *The Student* began the "Forum" series in October, the people who were asked to write glanced at the subject in question and shook their heads. The problem was not that these persons had not thought through the question or that they had not formed an opinion, but that they seemed afraid to say what they thought. One professor shook his head and said that it was "not my job" to talk about things like this. He was being paid to teach his subject, he explained. A student refused to write because he said he was supposed to finish school in January and he didn't want to do anything that might keep him from graduating. Another professor handed in his forum entry favoring segregation. Several days later, after the magazine had gone to press, he contacted *The Student* editors and insisted that it would be necessary to withdraw what he had submitted. He was afraid something he had said "may cause some embarrassment to those concerned." Still another professor insisted that the students had no business dealing with such a subject.

That's where the magazine editors disagree. When a question as important as the issue of desegregation arises, it is going to be talked about and argued about even by students. Wherever crowds gather there will be debaters on both sides of the question, some loud and many of the loudest echoing the ideas of other persons, ideas they have accepted without question.

The idea behind *The Student* forum is to promote thought, the weighing of point for point and the forming of intelligent opinions on a question of very vital importance to Wake Forest. One man said it was not a problem for the faculty, a member of the administration felt that he could not comment, then another person insisted that the students should stay out of the discussion.

Why, we ask, should a decision such as this, the effects of which will be felt more directly by faculty, administration and students than by any other persons, be left up to 36 Trustees so completely that students should even be discouraged from discussing the matter? The fact that some people had rather not write anything for *The Student* magazine "Forum" is understandable, but that they should be afraid of expressing their ideas or that they should discourage others from doing so implies a bad situation.

It is then our right as American citizens, and especially in this case as Wake Foresters, to think through this controversial issue and to speak the results of our thoughts. The right of free expression carries with it not only the obligation to think intelligently but also the necessity of daring to stand behind what we conclude to be the truth.



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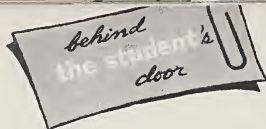
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filter cigarette!



the student

February 22, 1956





But spring's just around the

Following the hectic weeks of examinations and registration the month of February sometimes seems to be mild and calm. But the activity on Pub Row has not been dampened by the wet dreariness of a Wake Forest winter nor by the arrival of a new semester and its work.

With the new semester the scene behind *The Student's* door has changed. Shirley Mudge, who last semester was an editor of the magazine, and Haywood Sellers, a major art contributor, have completed their studies at Wake Forest and their valuable work on *The Student* is being badly missed. Shirley is now working with *The Virginian-Pilot* newspaper of Norfolk, and Haywood is doing graduate work at Duke University.

Also with the new semester members of the staff have received promotions and new faces are occasionally seen behind *The Student's* door. Dottie Braddock, who completed last semester

as Associate Editor, has been promoted to Managing Editor, and Bert Walton has been appointed Art Editor. New contributors appear in this issue, John Roberts and Ann Laurine Clark, but *The Student* is still looking for talent. Energetic writers or artists are invited to drop by the office on Pub Row anytime.



WALTON

John Durham, a former editor of *The Student* now doing graduate work in English at Duke University, paid his old campus a visit a few weeks ago, and the editors were successful in getting him to contribute a short story for this issue. His story, "Sorrowtown," is set in the depression period and becomes a realistic and penetrating account of those times. Earlier this year a story by William Pate, another recent graduate, was published. It seems the effect of creative writing on Pub Row is lasting. *The Student* indeed appreciates the benefits of this effect.

The other short story in this issue is by Charles Richards, who appeared for the first time in the December issue. "Uncle Sid Died" (page 18) is set in a rural background and presents in many places thoughts much deeper than the surface narrative. Charles also re-



STAFFER BRADDOCK TALLYS UP

views the newly created magazine, *Wisdom*. In addition to this, the review column contains a review by John Roberts of a new publication by W. E. Debnam, outstanding Raleigh newscaster. A previous book by Debnam, *Weep No More My Lady*, attracted much attention and this one, dealing with the segregation problem, may well do the same.

VOLUME 71

the student

NUMBER 4

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Mary Frances Robinson and David L. Smiley, *Advisors*

The veteran's viewpoint of college life and its problems is discussed in an essay on page 23 by Ann Laurine Clark. Ann is a Junior who plans to teach Spanish after graduate school.

Featured this month, on page 9, is an article on a collection of German books owned by the College Library. It is written by Yulan Washburn, a longtime *Student* contributor, who has been recently added to the editorial staff.

Next month, *The Student* will present a feature on the political interests of the college student. In connection with that article, the results of a recent poll taken by *The Student* on this subject will be published. Dottie Braddock is

the corner

shown in the picture as she performs the frustrating task of counting and computing the results. This poll, and another on segregation published in an earlier issue, are part of an effort of *The Student* to compile and analyze student opinion on subjects which are of interest and importance.

An interesting statement from Sam Ragan's *News and Observer* column recently appeared on the office bulletin board. It is worth consideration at least: "We are all for winning football games but we'd like to see just as many scholarships for poets as for punters and passers." Another interesting, but completely unrelated, observation is freshman Charles Melton's "Justification of Prolonged Reclination":

Because the early bird gets the worm
I sleep late on my cot;
I'm scared to get up early
'Cause the early worm gets got.

The editors feel that "The Student Forum" has become, during the past semester, one of the most outstanding features of the magazine and that such discussions of important topics have been valuable. Reader's comments and opinions on this series are, of course, welcome and will be considered in conducting future Forums. This month several students and faculty members express their views on the topic, "Is our student social program adequate?" The editors believe that in this Forum the subject has been considered with outstanding thoroughness.

On the cover this month is a scene from the Inter-Fraternity Council's annual Mid-Winter Dance held last Saturday night in the Memorial Auditorium in Raleigh. Members of the nine social fraternities, their guests, and a few "others" danced to the music of Tex Beneke's orchestra. The photograph is by Irvin Grigg.

the student

February 22, 1956

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SORROWTOWN

Story by John E. Durham

1955 GRADUATE

My father was a mountain man from the region in Stokes County around a long, humpbacked mountain called Sorrowtown. The country is wild and lonely with miles of dense forest still unsettled, the vast stretches of trees broken only by red gullies. In that country, at widely separated clearings, lost on the ends of narrow dirt roads, the mountain farmers live. They are a raw-boned suspicious tribe, full of the ignorance of isolation; many of them still live in mud-chinked houses of hewn logs.

Of such a kind was by grandfather. His house consisted of two separate one-room buildings joined by a porch. The walls of the front room were papered in dark green, the paper held in place by nails driven through pieces of thin metal the size of a fifty cent piece, the kitchen with old newspapers. My father slept in a loft over the front room. The loft had no ceiling but the tin roof which covered the house; on a rainy day it sounded as if someone were driving nails into the roof. The rafters were covered with the tiny, igloo-shaped houses of mud in which the wasp-like dirt daubers store the insects they kill.

My grandfather was a pale, bent man with a face as wild and cruel as that of an eagle, his nose turned down at the end like a beak. He had a great shock of white hair with a bald band about two inches wide across the top of his head. The baldness was the result of scar tissue formed after he was nearly killed by a singletree in a fight in his youth. He had my father plowing ten hours a day before he was twelve; something of the loneliness of the hills got into the boy's eyes as he forced the mule along the rocky slopes of the fields.

The older man drank the clear corn whiskey that the mountain people make themselves; he was often drunk at night and would beat the boy with a wide leather belt until he could hardly get up to plow the next day. In the front

room of the house stood an ornate scarred old organ. It had a thick mirror in the center and foot pedals. No one in the family could play it. My grandfather had bought it at an auction sale when he was drunk; afterwards, when he was drinking, he frequently sat before it and pumped the pedals with his horny bare feet as he beat the keys with his hands. The organ made sounds like a wounded thing; the scene filled the boy with terror as he listened to the agonized sound and watched his father rock back and forth on the stool, the firelight gleaming on the scar which ran over his head, and the mad eyes peering at themselves in the mirror. Sometimes on Sundays when my grandfather was gone, the boy would go to the organ and play softly, picking out little tunes with his hands with a soft smile of peace on his lips.

After the tobacco had been primed and cured in the barns, the boy and his father carried the packed leaves to Winston-Salem by wagon to sell the harvest in the great markets there in the fall. Often my grandfather would drink away more than a third of the money received. Once the boy waited for him three days while he was on a drinking bout; the boy had no money for food and had to beg for it from the other men who had driven in with their wagons.

He ran away from home twice; both times my grandfather came after him and brought him home behind the mule with a rope tied around his neck. The old man's hawk, pale white face never showed expression; but frequently as he felt the mule drop dung under him, he would give the rope a jerk to make the boy fall on his face in the dung on the road. The rope made marks that never went away, for even in his old age he had that thin brown ring at his neck like a half-invisible collar. The third time that the boy left, he was just turned sixteen. A company which had

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

ILLUSTRATION BY BERT WALTON



FEBRUARY FORUM

The college of today is both a social and an educational institution, and in establishing school policies the social situation must be considered as well as the educational program.

The removal of Wake Forest to Winston-Salem will present changes in available social facilities both on and off campus. These changes in facilities may necessitate changes in our present regulations and on-campus social code. The need for changes and improvements may also be indicated by the evaluation of our social program being made by the committees now studying every part of the college.

In this month's forum the present social program at Wake Forest, its adequacy and possible improvements, are discussed by several students and faculty members.

The division of the student body into fraternity men, independents, and co-eds and the needs of these different groups must be considered in maintaining an adequate social program. There are several organizations concerned with this and other social problems. These groups, and indeed each student, must examine every phase of the Wake Forest social program in an effort to maintain in it a program that will meet the needs of our student body.

Don Craver

PRES., INTER-FRATERNITY COUNCIL

If a social program on any campus is to be adequate, it must meet the needs of all the students. That is, it must offer opportunities for social development to *each* student.

Some find the answer to their social needs in fraternities and sororities, while others do not. It seems that Wake Forest has a very satisfactory ratio of fraternity men to non-fraternity men. Any campus with the many "independents" has a shaky fraternity system, and the full value of fraternities cannot be realized. If the percentage of fraternity men is too large, however, the independents are often ostracized from numerous activities that really should include them. It would seem at the present that Wake Forest definitely does not need any additional fraternities. There is considerable room for the present fraternities to expand their membership without becoming dominators of the social life on the campus.

Wake Forest students are somewhat limited by restrictions on the part of college officials. Such a rule as one that prohibits dancing on the campus is completely anachronistic and, I believe, detrimental to the students' social development. Certainly, a lack of facili-

ties has hampered the administration in providing some of the social opportunities that they might have. An adequate student center as well as a movie theatre on the campus would prove most beneficial. To be sure, these factors will be remedied when the move to Winston-Salem is made.

Of course, no one is optimistic enough to expect the North Carolina Baptists to acquiesce to dancing on the campus. However, if all present plans are efficacious, there is no doubt that the student-social program in Winston-Salem will be adequate.

Miss Lois Johnson

DEAN OF WOMEN

Although no complaint is heard more frequently than the one that there is little to *do* in Wake Forest, I believe our social program is more adequate than it is sometimes given credit for being. I am sure, however, that everyone would agree that there is plenty of room for improvement.

There are so many organizations and activities on the campus that every student should be able to find an opportunity for social experience and recreation, but there is no doubt that our program is not reaching all stu-

dents. Fraternities make a real and valuable contribution to social life, but their activities are limited as to the number of students participating, and too many of their social affairs are held off campus. With the increased facilities for social and recreational life which the new campus will offer, I hope that more fraternity as well as all-college functions will be held on campus. In order to make this possible, however, it will be necessary for the trustees to consider the question of using college facilities for all social functions.

I should like to see the Student Government Association take the responsibility of sponsoring more social life on the campus. Student Government might take the lead in the organization of special interest clubs—chess, bridge, camera, etc.—which would bring together congenial groups for social life, and the facilities of the new gymnasium at Reynolda should make such groups much more active than has been possible here.

Another desideratum is more social contact between faculty and students. I know that students have not always taken advantage here of opportunities to visit in faculty homes, but I hope we shall see more of that sort of thing in the future. And, especially as concerns women students, I hope to see

Is our social p

student program adequate?

the dormitories become much more the centers of social activity. Of course the fact that there are no dining rooms in our residence halls will limit the kind of social affairs that can be given there; but as new dormitories are built, perhaps they can become more and more the background for social life. And in the meantime, it is to be hoped that we shall see many more all-campus affairs as well as smaller parties using to the limit the facilities for recreation in the gymnasium, in Reynolda Hall and in the dormitories in Winston-Salem.

Barbara Barr

CHM., B.S.U. SOCIAL COMMITTEE

As I see it, the student social program at present is not adequate. This is not to say, however, that there are too few activities of this kind. The real problem, I feel, lies in the nature of the social events and in the apparent lack of interest and enthusiasm on the part of the students toward them.

The varied interests of a group of students on any college campus naturally lead them to associate with smaller groups having similar interests. From the small-group standpoint, I would say that perhaps the social functions are

adequate. However, unified social activity embracing the entire student body is not adequate. For instance, the tendency on week ends is "to scatter." To improve the situation, there could be planned campus-wide events which could possibly become traditional. In order to carry out such a plan I would suggest a social planning board which would be comprised of representatives from the various campus organizations. Such a board might effectively be sponsored by the Student Government.

On the other hand, all of the parties, dances, or social events in the world would be to no avail if the students did not participate. The present set-up would be far more effective if students took advantage of those things already offered. Signs, posters, and announcements all serve a purpose, but they cannot produce a sense of pride in the college and its functions or a feeling of unity even where interests may vary or a spirit and enthusiasm which makes every student feel a part of something worthwhile. This is the core of a problem that affects more than the adequacy of social activity. What can be done? The answer lies with each individual student.

Dr. E. G. Wilson

CHM., FACULTY FRATERNITY COMM.

Obviously, facilities on this campus are not adequate for an extensive student social program. It is not likely that in the few months remaining to us here they will be improved.

In Winston-Salem the situation will be different. There ample facilities will exist for games and sports, parties, and other forms of recreation. Lounges in Reynolda Hall and the dormitories will make casual conversation convenient and more pleasant.

Whether the spaces provided for their social life will be used intelligently will depend primarily on the students themselves. It is they who will have to plan activities, encourage others to participate in them, and carry them out successfully. "Entertaining" students is not the College's business, and no student should expect to wait passively for someone else, least of all someone in the administration, to amuse him in his leisure moments.

In the past there have been complaints that Wake Forest social life has been dominated unduly by the fraternities. If such a charge is valid, the fault lies not so much with the fraternity men as with the other students. Any group of students on the campus can sponsor

social affairs like those held by the fraternities. When a fraternity schedules a dance, it must rent a hall, hire a band, make other necessary preparations, and then pay the bills—without assistance other than advisory from the administration or the faculty. A non-fraternity group could, if it chose, do the same.

More leadership in organized activities might well be given by committees from the student government. Through careful planning Wake Forest has had a good intramural athletic program. Perhaps through similar planning a good campus-wide social program in certain areas might be inaugurated, although numerous difficulties would lie in the way.

A recent Wake Forest graduate whose opinion I respect remarked to me not long ago that the very fact that our college has had so few recreational facilities may have been an important factor in developing the character and the personality of our students. Lacking space and equipment, frequently lacking guidance, they have had to be inventive and self-reliant in order to have any social life at all. We might well consider whether a highly-organized social program might not have its drawbacks as well as its merits. Certainly, if it meant any loss of individualism or independence on the part of our students, it would exact a cost too great to pay.

Marietta Perry

CHM., W.G.A. SOCIAL STANDARDS COMM.

There are some inadequacies in our social program that cannot be ignored. The Social Standards Committee of the Woman's Government is always faced with the foremost problem of where to have a social function. The logical place, the Community House, must be engaged weeks in advance and then is quite expensive. With the added facilities in Winston-Salem next year, this inadequacy should be eliminated.

Here at Wake Forest, the fraternities tend to dominate the social program. This is due to their better organization. The IFC, composed of representatives from the various groups, plan their social events very efficiently, but should the independent man be excluded merely because he does not belong to a fraternity?

The Student Government can do much to meet the problems of our social program. Many student committees have already been set up in conjunction with faculty committees to work in all phases of campus life. With the move to Winston-Salem and the admission of many new students, now more than ever co-operation between the students and faculty in the planning of our social program must be continued.

Dr. J. W. Nowell

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY

In discussing the topic "Is our student social program adequate?" I presume that the word "social" is used in the sense of individuals associating with one another in pleasurable activity. It seems best to me to divide social activity into two categories for the present consideration. The first category includes those activities which should be encouraged through general campus organization and should be open to all students who desire to participate. The second includes activities which are best encouraged through relatively small groups of students—fraternities, sororities, clubs, dormitory groups—and would be open to those who belong to the sponsoring group.

Most of the activities in the first category involve little expense, provided certain facilities are already available. Student game nights, record concerts, bridge tournaments, and the like need only someone who takes the responsibility for organizing and publicizing them. For these no admission fee, or a nominal one, need be charged.

Dances, dinners, and picnics fall more naturally into the second category of activity. To my way of thinking these are best arranged through necessary cost. If the fraternities presently dominate in this field of social activity, it is through the default of other students and not because the fraternities have deliberately set out to dominate. Their high degree of organization simply makes it easier to plan and pay for such social activity.

I believe that our physical facilities in Winston-Salem will permit distinct expansion and improvement of the social activities in the first category. Whether this actually occurs will depend chiefly on the degree to which the students

themselves express their interest in such an expansion. The opportunity for more dinners given by student organizations will be improved and will probably be utilized. I do not think that the present social regulations are unduly restrictive. In fact, they require little except good behavior and faculty chaperones.

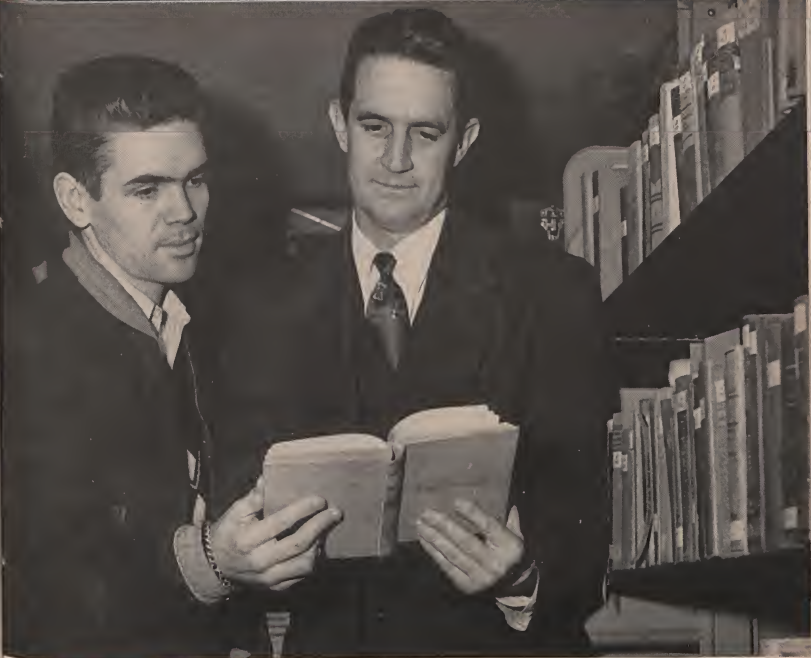
The ban of the Baptist State Convention against on-campus dances increases the cost of sponsoring a dance, but it does not necessarily prevent any organization from having one at an approved off-campus site.

Larry Pearce

SALEMBURG, N. C., INDEPENDENT

The question, "Is our social program adequate?" can easily be answered according to one's own personal prejudices, but the solution to the problem, "What needs to be done, and how?" is more difficult. As an independent I feel that the present social provisions are not meeting the needs of the students. The fraternity man, as well as the independent, would profit by a more rounded program. There is great need for an organization on the campus to provide and regulate social functions.

There are various organizations, such as honorary and professional fraternities and literary societies, which provide social contact for those of common academic or vocational interests. There is the program offered by the BSU which is of great benefit to those students who are attracted to it. There are also the social fraternities, which have provided through IFC a very adequate social life. But the fact remains that there is no common meeting ground, no all-campus social organization. Either the college should undertake to provide this, or the students themselves through the Student Government should do so. The students, working with the faculty, could surely make satisfactory arrangements to alleviate the present social inadequacy. There are always problems in providing social activities for a large group, and these will probably be increased by the conditions on the new campus. New conditions and facilities will demand modification of present social regulations. In view of this demand, as is true in all changes that involve many people, care must be taken that all innovations be for the better.



The author and Dr. James C. O'Flaherty look over the special collection of books featured in this article.

Fly-Leaf Mystery

by Yuland Washburn

A great many books in the college library tell a story. But some of the most interesting stories are found not on the printed pages, but on the blank fly leaves and inside covers, where scribbled notes or quaint book plates tell stories of real people, many of whom still live today. The details are always sketchy, but with a few added facts, fascinating and intriguing tales often unravel.

One such interesting story, which probably never will be completely told, lies behind the opening blank pages of over one hundred fifty books in the German collection of the library. Just inside the cover of each book is a stamp reading, *Alfred Rosenberg Spindel* (a German patriotic organization that distributed books to German soldiers during the Second World War), and the dates, 1939-1941. Closely juxtaposed is

another stamp of several years later reading, "Received by the American Chemical Corps." Behind these two stamps is an interesting story that is only partially told, and whose answer, if there is one, lies in the future for some enterprising German student.

The story, as far as Wake Forest is concerned, began with a letter sent to Dr. Thurman D. Kitchin in 1945 by a former Wake Forest chemistry professor

who was then a lieutenant colonel in the Army Chemical Corps.

HEADQUARTERS
AIR SERVICE COMMAND
U. S. STRATEGIC AIR FORCES IN EUROPE
Office of the Chemical Officer

10 February 1945

Dear Dr. Kitchin:

I am sending three plywood boxes containing about 150 books printed in German. These books have been cleared by Intelligence at Supreme Headquarters and have been released by the Headquarters Commandant to me. These books are being sent to you with the idea that they may be of some use to the library and to the Modern Languages Department for both practical reading and of general interest. There is one thing about them that would probably be of value even if they were no good as reading material; they are books from the circulating Library of the Headquarters of von Rundstedt and Rommel. I don't know who is teaching German at Wake Forest right now, but after looking the books over they may decide that some of them are worth keeping. . . .

All of us hope we will be home soon.
Best regards.

Sincerely,
Robert N. Isbell

Thus Wake Forest College acquired three boxes of books in German. For some time, the books were stored and little was done concerning the books. Then Dr. James C. O'Flaherty, the present professor of German, became interested in the books and the possible story which lay behind them. Almost ten years to the day from the time that Colonel Isbell sent his letter, Dr. O'Flaherty wrote to him.

February 12, 1955

Dear Colonel Isbell:

I wonder if you would do us the favor of making a statement about the circumstances under which the collection of German books which you turned over to Wake Forest College just after the War were obtained.

I understand the books in question constituted a sort of recreational field library for the soldiers of Rommel's *Afrika Korps*. Were they used, to your knowledge, in Rommel's own staff headquarters? Also, is the collection here merely a part of a larger collection?

Although some volumes have been

taken out of the collection and put into the general library, I think it best to keep these books together as an interesting reflection of the reading interests of the German soldiers in World War II. Already some of my students are interested in doing some research on the collection from that standpoint. After all, it would be nice to have such a library captured from, say, Hannibal's or Napoleon's armies!

Sincerely,
James C. O'Flaherty

Dr. O'Flaherty received a prompt reply from Colonel Isbell.

Dear Dr. O'Flaherty:

You are correct in assuming that the books were used by some of the soldiers of Rommel's *Afrika Korps*. At that time the books were taken, however, "The Desert Fox" had been a subordinate officer in the West European German Army Headquarters located at St. Germain, France, about ten miles outside of Paris.

The books were in cabinets in my office at St. Germain. I claimed them as captured material, had them cleared through SHAEF Intelligence in Paris and then shipped to Wake Forest College.

I do not know if the books were ever in Africa. Undoubtedly, there is a much more interesting history about them than the relatively small portion I have given here.

Respectfully yours,
Colonel Robert N. Isbell

Dr. O'Flaherty agreed with Colonel Isbell's statement about the interesting story behind the books and wrote to him again in an attempt to get more detailed information that might be used in tracing down the man or men who had chosen and used the books. Colonel Isbell obliged quickly by sending a map showing the location of his old headquarters and a detailed description. Thus within a few days after Dr. O'Flaherty began his search, he had enough information to write the German Commission for Military Affairs in Bonn. He requested information from General Hans Speidel. In the middle of March, Dr. O'Flaherty received the final letter in the series concerning the books. The information in the letter brought his search to a halt, and the

story of the books now rests with the letter. One of General Speidel's aides wrote:

Dear Sir:

General Speidel asked me to transmit to you his appreciation of your letter dated February 25, 1955. In this letter you requested the names of officers having occupied the rooms in which books of the Wehrmacht were found in Paris in February 1945 on which you want to make a study.

Unfortunately, there is no possibility whatsoever to find out which officers or units made use of those rooms. . . .

Yours very truly,
H. P. Winterhagen

Winterhagen's letter explained that many officers utilized the offices over the years and that it was impossible to determine what kind of men utilized the books. Speidel's office, evidently fearing that the books are chiefly propaganda issued to the soldiers, pointedly disparaged Dr. O'Flaherty's plan of using the collection as an example of the reading habits and educational status of German officers.

However, the collection of books, which was evidently chosen from a larger collection by some person or persons, is a good collection of books. The propaganda books are in a distinct minority. One of the propaganda books, about the military politics of the Rhine Valley, even though propagandistic, is not the kind of book the man-on-the-street would read. There are also some popular books, but for the most part, the books in the collection show excellent taste and judgment. There is a translation of Kipling's *The Light That Failed*, besides books by Stendhal, Robert Louis Stevenson, Bernard Shaw, and others. "It is really a very respectable collection," Dr. O'Flaherty says, and he believes it reflects the taste of the average German officer.

At any rate, Dr. O'Flaherty's contention must rest unproved for now. But if he is right, and if death has not taken the person who selected the books, an interesting experience is awaiting the person who has initiative enough and fortune enough to track down that German officer who left his offices so hurriedly over ten years ago. Until the man is found, the approximately 150 books remain among the many intriguing "fly page" mystery books in the library.

I. N. COGNITO ON STUDENTS

In the December issue of "The Student" some ideas of I. N. Cognito concerning professors were published. This moderate success in the literary realm convinced the modest Freshman that more of his works should be released to the masses of the Intelligentsia. Along with many other pages of copy submitted to various publications on this campus, a Dissertation on Students by Cognito drifted into The Student office. The ideas presented here are published for their literary value and do not necessarily reflect the views or opinions of this publication or any of its staff.

—Charles Richards

The term, "one who studies," is a simplified definition of a student often found in dictionaries, but the word, "student," has connotations far more reaching than this. Frankly, this definition is quite misleading since the typical student occupies only a small portion of his time studying. With the firm belief that there should be a more accurate description of a student these ideas are presented.

A student is one who hungers for knowledge, thirsts after righteousness, detests text books and is Epicurean in outlook on life. He also hungers for steaks, food in general, checks from home and quality points, and his thirsts include cokes and various other refreshing liquids. To him the most important things in life are to acquire an understanding of modern philosophy, political machinery, the college book store price system and jazz music. (He already knows that ancient philosophy and classical music are outdated so he wisely devotes his time to more suitable concerns.) It is also important to get a degree, to win the Homecoming football game, and to get a ride home for the week end. Students are supplied in all genders with the greater demand for the feminine. Most faculty members, who perhaps best know the student, agree that the female student is more

easily taught and more pleasing to have in the classroom. Most students have parents who are too concerned with their *fine* being and not concerned enough with their *finance*. Male students often have girl friends who are interested in their fraternity pins and sometimes have roommates who are interested in everything else.

The student, especially at the college level, is unconcerned, unpredictable, underhanded and under the Registrar's mercy. He is definitely against conformity in order to be like all other students who also do not conform, and he rebels against all forms but those of his own. All students wear the same things, think the same things, and use the same files for old term papers. The true student will not permit the attendance of classes to deter him from his goal of an education. His cultural nature will cause him to risk the loss of quality points in order to witness a current cinema masterpiece. In the classroom the alert student will find occasion to exercise his artistic talents (doodling), his mental adeptness (psychoanalysis of the professor), and his love for nature (watching birds out the window). Many students also find the class period a convenient time to rest their minds from the taxing exercise of studying. Some few, who have not de-

ILLUSTRATION BY BERT WALTON

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always welcome*

We are anxious to
serve you in any
way we can

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Stop in and see
the new spring clothes
that are now arriving



B & S

DEPARTMENT STORE

Wake Forest

veloped their sense of values, spend some time reading texts and taking notes when on class.

The student, in his search for knowledge, finds that the hours after dark are the most enlightening. This is the time when fellowship with his "brothers in the desire for culture" offers the quickest road to knowledge. Around dinner tables, under magnolias, and in the library are the scenes of conversation on such subjects as mental telepathy, free love and the next presidential election. Association with fellow students, especially in a coed institution, can often be fruitful and may lead to lasting ties and even to friendships. The student life offers many problems and difficulties, but this is profitable because the student will probably spend much of his future in a hot spot anyway. In short, in student life are met all the things mother and father warned against. Habits once considered bad are found not to be so bad after all. In fact, most so-called bad habits are rather enjoyable. But this is all a part of the change that must take place. The criterion for success as a student is the number of changed ideas. When the student has changed his mind about everything at least three times then he can feel that he has accomplished.

The student is active, hot-headed and unreasonable. He only does things that are new, are disapproved of by the faculty or have never been done. He spends long hours contemplating the ways and means of gaining an elevated position, for his greatest aims in life are to know the right people and to be known by enough people. He is devoted always to some cause, although the cause may vary from day to day and he may never be quite able to state his reason for supporting it. He wants to change the world, for better or for worse, just so it's changed and he has a hand in it.

Most students come to college for social and athletic reasons; they have already gained academic proficiency while in high school. All college students graduated from the best high school and were either athletic or scholastic stars there. Students are identified by their dress, which is unlike that of any other race. It usually consists of unusual haircuts, unusual shoes, unusual coats and unusual etcetera. It is altogether fitting and proper that they should do this, for these unusual styles are appropriate to the unusual wearer, since all students

consider themselves unusual. That is, in the eyes of the student, he is completely unlike any other creature, which is true, and can not be dealt with according to the laws and customs that apply to other beings. However, the position of "student" is occupied only temporarily for come the sixth and seventh day of each week and the scholastic young soul experiences a transfiguration. On the week end he becomes a hitch-hiker, a Romeo (of the worst sort), and a fugitive from thought. The activities of the student while on campus vary from bull sessions, cutting classes, writing poems, and cutting classes to politics, advising faculty members, cutting classes, and joining clubs and fraternities. All spare time is used in dreaming up excuses for the classes cut. His activities while off campus need not be here tabulated. Most any student can find some honorary fraternity which will accept his eight dollars and give him a card. There are also any number of clubs that cater to the student and his bank book. The bank book, by the way, is the most interesting possession of the student; everybody is concerned about its contents and the use of those contents.

The student's attitude concerning college experiences several stages. Before entering he thinks it *will be* useless. While he is enrolled he thinks it is *useless*, and when he graduates he thinks it *was* useless. (But someday, deep down next to his bank book, where he really counts, he'll know that that diploma, and all the hard work that went with it, was worth something. He may never discern what, but it was worth something, because the speaker at his graduation said it was.) The average student will spend approximately four years in school, one year of which is spent in study and one in a stupor. The other two years are used in sleeping off the stupor and trying to get out of the study. (Reader: what you are thinking is wrong; the stupor comes from lack of sleep due to overstudy.) At the end of these four years he will look back and think of the many things he didn't do that he should have. He will realize that he missed many movies, missed dating a few coeds (or in some cases, any), and sooner or later will wonder what happened to the education he was going to get. It has been said that all the world loves a lover, and we may well say that all the world studies the student, but in all the world there is no one who knows the student.

calendar

- Feb. 24 Mozart Festival Singers
Memorial Hall, Chapel Hill, 8:00 p.m.
- Feb. 24 Duke Symphony Orchestra
Allan Bone, conducting, admission \$1.00
- Mar. 1-2 *The Merchant of Venice*, Duke Players
Page Auditorium, Durham
- Mar. 2-4 *Seventeen*, Carolina Playmakers
Memorial Hall, Chapel Hill
- Mar. 5-6 *Another Part of the Forest*, Wake Forest College Theater
College Chapel, 8:15 p.m., students \$8.50
- Mar. 8 Huston Symphony, Civic Music Series
Memorial Auditorium, Raleigh, 8:00 p.m.
- Mar. 12 Norman Cousins, lecture
Student Union, Duke University
- Mar. 17 Hungarian String Quartet, Chamber Arts Society
East Duke Building, Duke University, 8:15 p.m.
- Mar. 20 Mozarteum Orchestra, Concert Series
Page Auditorium, Duke University
- Mar. 22-25 *Mid Summer Tonic*, Carolina Playmakers
Playmakers Theater, Chapel Hill

SORROWTOWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

contracted to build a series of roads through the mountains took him on as a day laborer; it took my grandfather two weeks to find him, for the company had carried him to cut brush for a right-of-way across on the north of Sorrowtown. There were several ex-convicts working with him. One of them, a giant black, had a stolen Colt pistol which he sold my father for half his first week's pay. When, in the middle of the second week, my grandfather came riding from the woods, implacable as death, the boy laid down his brush hook. All of the men stopped working. My grandfather let the heavy belt unroll from his hand as he came forward, wordless. The boy stepped to the middle of the clearing, and shot once in the ground between the mule's front legs. The mule shied away, and the old man held the reins shoulder high and stared at his son with his head back and eyes wide. Thus they stood for a time.

Then the boy said slowly, as though

it had just come to him: "If'n I see you agin, I'll kill you."

His father looked at him for a moment, then turned the mule. It was the last time.

II.

His early manhood was spent in the years of the prosperous 1920's. The old pictures show a tall, rather thin youth standing beside a brand new Model-T Ford convertible. Often there are girls in the pictures, dark mountain girls with the beauty that is as delicate, as swift to go as that of the morning glory, the flower which blooms on the same hard land around Sorrowtown. One of the pictures shows a slender girl in a black dress with white flowers; the two are standing on a huge rock and the peaks of mountains stretch out behind them. Her black hair is blowing in the wind while his straw hat hangs by the skimmer cord.

He worked hard and the contractor liked him. Soon he was gang boss, then superintendent of a construction crew. When the company finished the roads around Sorrowtown, they found new

contracts in the foothills close to Yadinville and they sent him there on a new assignment. This was the time when the motor car began to assert itself as an essential of American life, and the necessity for good roads followed in its wake. But gasoline-powered heavy machinery had not come to be widely used; the heavy earth moving was done by coal-fed steam shovels, and the rest by huge gangs of sweating blacks with mules and drag pans. At noon the workers gathered in the shade to eat their packed lunches and swap jokes.

The name of the town to which he was sent was Amity. He lived in a single room in the town's one small frame hotel; his window looked out on the main street, so that he could always tell what was happening in town. The main street had a single line of the highways which led to the larger towns nearby. There was a drug-store with glass display windows of patent medicines, an office building with identical red-edged gilt, a grocery store, a department store, and a small moving picture theatre which was beside the hotel.

He came in from work to the hotel at six; after a bath, he ate with other guests at one large table; in the summertime there was a slow-moving fan over the table to scare away flies. Usually there were one or two strangers, drummers in town for a day or tourists driving toward the mountains, and the conversation was friendly. After supper, frequently went up to smoke and loaf in front of the drugstore, waiting for some of the other young men to come by so that he could talk. On many nights, with nothing to do, he went into the darkened movie and watched the beautiful women and men in the impossible dreams. He was often sorry when the half-darkness and the brief illusion ended; he would sit there for a moment in the crowd, half dreaming to go back to the empty hotel room.

Every Sunday morning he would dress himself in a Sears-Roebuck suit and walk to the white frame Baptist church which stood two blocks from town, set back from the road in a grove of oaks. The men gathered in front to talk until the first hymn started; when they entered their wives cast disapproving glances at them. In winter the church was cool except near the wood stoves, where wool clothes made it unbearable; in summer, it was pleasant inside, for the tall trees shaded the

building and a breeze often blew through the tall windows. He liked being among the people, the bright summer dresses of the young girls and the freshness of the children's faces—the friendly Sunday air of the little community. The hymns—something in the tunes and the way they were—reminded him of Sororatown, “Rock of Ages” more than the others; he often felt the same loneliness that he had known as a boy when he paused from plowing and stared out over the long stretches of hills.

He did not understand the minister or the terrible things he made of what the Hebrews had written; barely able to read himself, the Bible was indecipherable to him, although during the week he read carefully the Daily Bible Readings marked in the back of the Sunday School Quarterly, pouring over the strange language in the small hotel room. The minister, a pale, thin man, spoke of sin and damnation with rising emotional eloquence; his eyes changed and became wild; the young man thought they looked like his father's when he was beating the keys of the organ. My father avoided him, although he carefully brought the prescribed tenth as an offering each Sunday, half-afraid somewhere in his mind of a dream he often had, awakening in the small room deep in the night in a sweat of anxiety, a dream in which God, his father, and the preacher had him at their mercy.

On Sunday night the young people of the town met at Training Union. He enjoyed this part of the week more than any other time. Many of the young girls came in the evenings, and, after church, the group would go to the small drugstore to sit in the scarred booths and drink hot chocolate with scoops of creamy vanilla ice cream floating in the steaming liquid. The chattering gaiety raised his spirits, and life seemed good.

One of the girls, quieter than the rest, had short brown hair and an expressive mouth. She was not beautiful, but when she spoke at the night programs about Love and Jesus, her whole being glowed. Her name was Amy Lawrence; she was the daughter of the city attorney. Soon he began to be invited to the dances that the young girls gave in their homes on Saturday nights in the front parlors of the houses set back behind green lawns. The lights were softened with paper shades, and tiny music came from the huge horn of a Victrola that you had to crank. He be-

gan to take Amy Lawrence to every dance; she wore a flapper dress and taught him the Charleston. Sometimes, faces flushed with dancing, they would steal out into the front yard and he would kiss her under the trees.

Amy's father, a courteous old gentleman, a part of another age with his devotion to Latin and the stoicism of the Roman, never believed that his daughter could become seriously interested in what he termed a “laborer.” When the two began to be seen together more and more frequently, he sent Amy off to school. The two lovers wrote each other every day; she had never seen his writing before, the clumsily-formed letter in which he tried to express what he felt; they were like the first efforts of a child to walk. He had not known the town could be so lonely until she had gone; he hardly knew what to do with himself.

One rainy Sunday afternoon as he was sitting in the lobby of the small hotel staring out at the deserted streets, he made up his mind. He got into his car and drove to the school at which she was enrolled. The school was built in the style of the old plantation houses of the South, with long white columns supporting a balcony which came out from the second floor; the long path to the porch was flanked by boxwoods. She came down, blushing with happiness, and took both his hands with an old familiar gesture. Later as they sat in a small cafe near the school, he asked her what he had come to ask. They were holding hands across the table still. With his heart in his throat, he began.

“It's not much to offer to you, but—if you'll come back with me—I'd be good to you. . . .”

“Don't be so desperate,” she said, touching his face, “Don't you know that's what I want, too?”

They were married that night in South Carolina by a preacher they did not know. The witnesses were from the bus station. After the ceremony, one of the witnesses made a little joke in an effort to disperse the awkwardness. Everyone laughed.

The hotel to which they went was named the Robert E. Lee. It was still raining lightly, and one could look down from the room and see the traffic moving slowly about the streets which glistened like dark mirrors with water. Afterwards, when she was sleeping, he

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"Any sin

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PELICAN, JAN. 1956

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OLD LINE, OCT. 1955

There had been an accident. It was the old thing—the college student's new Lincoln Continental had collided headon with a farmer's beat-up pick up truck. The two drivers got out and surveyed the scene.

"Well," said the farmer, "might as well have a drink." He passed the bottle to the student, who true to custom, emptied all but a small portion. He passed the bottle back to the farmer who promptly threw it away.

"Aren't you going to have one?" asked the student.

The farmer replied, "Nope, not until the police have made their report."

SUNDIAL, NOV. 1955



PROFILE, OCT. 1955

"Any
singles?"



OLD LINE, DEC. 1955

"No, no, my children! Just a simple kiss."



You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are



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for the finest
in foods**



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SUPER MARKET**

Dial 2661 or 2691

**Quality
Men's
Wear**



*"Ben Wants to
See You"*

SORROWTOWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

lay for a long time holding her in the cradle of his arms and listened to the rain and the diminishing noise of the cars outside the window. Deep in the night as he lay there half-dreaming, the thought came to him for the first time, slowly, deliciously, happily, so that he was afraid to think of it for fear that thinking would make something go wrong, but still it was there. I will not be alone again. I will not live in that room alone again. Finally, still holding her, he slept.

He bought a house in Amity on a time payment plan, and the following years were good ones for him. He worked hard still and was making good money; his wife taught him to read and write. They would sit on Saturday afternoons when he was through with work in the small kitchen of the house, and she would patiently drill him in the school exercises that she had learned long ago. After she became pregnant, she often felt blue, and on Sundays they would drive to a larger town nearby and park at the curb to watch the crowds walk by, feeling themselves in the middle of life there. She was a very small woman and had great difficulty with the child. While she was screaming, he sat in the living room of the house with great beads of sweat falling from his forehead on the new carpet, smoking one cigarette after another. The child was a healthy boy, but she did not recover as fast as she should have. It was as though she were completely exhausted without the strength to hang on, the small body torn by the hands of an impassive force which had begun in laughter. She died.

He could not accept it. He would sit with the baby in his lap and try to think that she was forever gone, but he could not bring himself to believe it. He worked harder and harder to keep himself from thinking. They lived in the house in Amity for a time, and then, as he began to advance with the company, he became a sort of roving inspector for their far-flung interests, moving from town to town, taking the small boy with him. Days from that time, like little framed photographs, come back to me still. A Sunday morning and a room over a grocery store, he cooking eggs over a gas flame and then walking to the window to stare out at a gray deserted Sunday morning town. A woman in one place with a

funny eye who told me ugly stories which amused her greatly, laughing with her dried lips. The year 1929 came; Wall Street and the nation shuddered. He took a salary cut; then his company went bankrupt. The house in Amity was still mortgaged and went to the bank.

He looked all over the section around Amity for work but he could not find any. He sold the car and that money paid the rent for a time, but that was soon gone. Then there was no more money, and he had no work. Finally, one afternoon, he packed all our things together in the hotel room; we took a taxi to my grandfather's white frame house on the edge of town. He left the bags just off the sidewalk in the yard. My mother's father came to the door when he rang; my father stood there in silence, trying to force himself to speak through the bitterness and hatred that suddenly swelled up in him. Grandfather looked at him uncomfortably and saw the baggage sitting in the edge of the yard.

"I guess we have a room upstairs we won't be using," he said.

III.

My father found work with a farmer for three days a week; he received twenty cents an hour, with some produce thrown in. On the other days of the week, he found odd jobs in the town at the filling station and the stores. Amity was a small, sleepy town, just beginning to change as other towns changed for the new era. The stores retained the methods of the 1890's; one could wander through the town and find enough relics to sadden him with the melancholy of time. Perhaps the spirit of the town was typified by the newspaper; its front windows were loaded with forgotten pieces of history: old flintlocks, a pair of handmade shoes, a paddle and wire device for carding cotton, and a rock over which Cornwallis is supposed to have stumped his toe when he stopped to drink from a spring just outside Amity. In the center of the town was a small park. At night, when everything except the drugstores were closed, some people would sit in the park talking in low voices and watching the passing traffic idly.

My grandfather's house stood near the edge of the town, far back from the road behind great elms. It was a large white house with a porch which ran all the way across the front. When she

was very young, my grandmother had wanted to be a painter, and the walls were covered with her earliest experiments in oil. The first World War had cost her her only sons, and after my mother's death, she was never the same. In one of the closets of an empty room hung the tunic of her oldest son who had been killed in France, along with his helmet, a gas mask, and a catcher's pad that he had used when he played baseball in high school. Sometimes I would get the mask out and slip it over my face. It had a funny smell.

My father and I lived in the room that had been my mother's. The room was empty except for two things, a bleared lipstick smudge on the mirror and a dance program stuck into the crack of the mirror below the smudge. The first time we came up to the room, my father looked at the things strangely and made an odd sound in his throat. A little later he pulled out the program and opened it and read the names. Then he lay down on the bed and put his arm over his eyes.

He sought work everywhere. One day he read an ad in the newspaper from a company which needed insurance salesmen. "Many earn up to 10,000 dollars a year," it read. He wrote to the company, and they sent a representative to see him. The representative was a well-dressed man in a blue suit; he talked smoothly. He impressed my father with his fluency in speaking of commissions and techniques of selling. I found out later that the job was given on the basis of what salesmen call straight commission. This means that if the salesman does not sell, he does not make anything; the company had a correspondence course to teach the men they employed how to have what they called a selling personality. They sent my father two books with paper back covers. There were smiling, strong-jawed men pictured on the slick fronts; each of the titles contained words about winning friends and success. He studied them late into the nights, for sometimes I would awaken in the early hours of the morning to find him still pouring over the words, lips moving slightly as he read. In the light of the small bed lamp by which he read, I could often see beads of sweat caused by his effort to understand. I can still see that sweating face; something had gone from it, some merriness which was—with a part of his life—passed forever. The face

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in foods.

BOB'S COLLEGE INN

Wake Forest's
newest symbol of
fine dining

Both are just under the
underpass

VISIT THEM OFTEN

For the smartest fashions for all occasions
Shop at Winston-Salem's leading specialty shop

L. ROBERTS

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

Uncle Sid Died



STORY BY CHARLES H. RICHARDS

Uncle Sid picked the darnest time of the year to die. It was August and everybody in the whole county was working his hands to the bone trying to get the tobacco in before it burned to dry crisps. But we all had to stop last Tuesday to give the old cuss a royal burial, and I think it was the wettest day I have ever seen in August. Water was standing everywhere, and there was about six inches in the grave, but they covered him up anyway. I've never been to many funerals but I think there were more flowers at Uncle Sid's funeral than at any place I've ever been. Of course, I've never been to very many places. It was wet, but it was still hot as hell and the men folks didn't finish digging the grave until dinner time. It was hot in the house, too, and Mama and Aunt Nancy had to cook all morning to feed all the folks who came from the city to see "dear old Uncle Sid." That's what they called him. It all but made me sick every time I heard somebody say it. They didn't care anything about Uncle Sid 'cause I know some of them hadn't even been in the county in ten

years. You always see a lot of people at funerals that you are kin to and don't even know it. And they sure came last Tuesday. I've never seen like the long black Cadillacs churning through the mud to get to Uncle Sid's house.

Uncle Sid's house was the oldest house in the county, and I reckon he was the oldest man in the county, too. There was something strange about the way Uncle Sid died; as a matter of fact, there was something strange about Uncle Sid. I never did understand some of the things my older brother told me about Uncle Sid, some of the things he did before he got sick and had to stay in bed. But I think he changed before he got sick, I think he changed when he was about forty years old. From what I can get the old folks and my brother to say, I don't think he should have ever changed. They say he used to go swimming in the pond in the middle of winter. I don't know whether to believe that or not. There was this time—when he was still up and around—that he went down to the store at the crossroads one day. They say it was cold as hell

and there was plenty of snow on the ground. Well, Uncle Sid was a practical joker of the worst sort so he shoved a handful of snow under his hat. Uncle Sid always wore a hat, in the winter or summer, when it was cold or hot, inside or outside. That was one of the strange things about him. But I never did see him with a hat on. Well, when he got in the store and was sitting by the old stove in the corner, that snow started melting. Uncle Sid just pulled his old red handkerchief out of the back pocket of his overalls and mopped the water from his face. Now and then he would comment on the hot weather and ask Doc why he had all that fire on a day like that. Doc owned the store where everybody went to get just about everything. I think it must have been a lot of fun doing things like that but when I tell the boys at school about it they don't even think it's funny. I'd a whole lot rather Uncle Sid be like that than like he was when he died. I didn't know Uncle Sid back in those days but I'll bet he really enjoyed pulling jokes like that. From what I hear,



ILLUSTRATION BY ESTHER SEAY

Uncle Sid enjoyed just plain living, that is until he changed.

Uncle Sid used to wear overalls all the time except on Sunday. I never did see him with clothes on because he hadn't been out of bed in eight years. But they say he would put on waist pants every Sunday and flip a coin to see whether he would go to church or get drunk. But what I wanted to tell you about was this crazy way Uncle Sid died. You might say he died by his faith but that sounds a little sacrilegious. You see, Uncle Sid was a fanatic if there ever was one. He was a pretty good guy and all that junk and he was a lot of fun, that is, until he got sick and had to stay in bed. Of course, all this stuff is just what somebody has told me. I don't know what he died before he went to bed but I do know that he stayed in that same damn bed for eight years. First time I ever remember seeing him was Christmas about six years ago. He just lay there rolling his big head from one side of the pillow to the other and mumbling. He prayed about half the time and slept the other half.

Aunt Nancy had to take care of Uncle Sid. Her husband died before Uncle Sid got sick and everybody just took it for granted that she would take care of the old man. She did and I don't think she ever said one complaining word. Pretty good old girl, Aunt Nancy. I reckon if Uncle Sid had owned any land or anything like that she would have inherited it, but I don't know what in the world she would have done with it. Her old man left her two hundred and forty acres of good tobacco land when "he passed gently from this life into the great beyond." That's the way the preacher put it, but my older brother said that Aunt Nancy's old man got killed in a fight at this bootlegger's house one Christmas Eve. But I'll bet that's what the preacher said 'cause they always do.

But I thought I'd tell about the way old Uncle Sid died. The doctor said Uncle Sid had hard blood veins and an enlarged heart and two or three other things that you wouldn't understand if I told you. I don't doubt anything considering what my older brother said. He said that Uncle Sid stopped drinking liquor when he was forty but that he drank enough from sixteen to forty to kill any three men and maybe four. That's what everybody else says too. Old Doc, the man that runs this store I told you about, told me about this fight they had down at his store one time. He said that Uncle Sid got stabbed and he walked all the way home, that's three miles, with the knife sticking in his side. He said that the only reason Uncle Sid lived was because he was so drunk that his blood had stopped running. I don't know whether you can get that drunk or not; I'll have to ask my older brother sometime. But they say Uncle Sid was a pretty tough character, and I figure it would take more than one little knife to stop him when he was young. In fact, if he'd stayed young I don't guess he ever would have died.

Well, Uncle Sid stopping drinking when he was forty and started to get religious. That's when his health started to get bad, and it got worse and worse for fifty years until he finally just had a stroke, whatever that is. He always said that his sickness was his punishment for his evil ways. I heard him mumbling one night about his "just reward" and "reaping what you sow." I don't know much about sowing and reaping, but I reckon anybody that drinks as much

liquor as they say he did is going to get sick sooner or later. But it's funny to me how he was strong and healthy until he started being a good man. I remember when he was about to roll off his bed one night and I was trying to push him back and he looked up at me and said, "Live a good clean sober life, son, or you'll fall from grace." I thought right then that he was going to fall from his graceful bed if he didn't roll the other way, but I did think about what he said later on. I don't know, since the way Uncle Sid died I don't know what to think about living so good and being so clean and sober. Besides, if living a clean life is as hard as keeping your Sunday pants clean or something, I think it's just about impossible anyway. This word that the preachers use, clean, must mean being God or something, and I figure that's impossible so what's the use of trying.

About the way he died, that's what's got me all mixed up. Soon as I think about it some I'm going to ask my older brother what he thinks. You see, my older brother is a real intelligent guy; he's a student and he reads all the damn time. That's because he says if you read enough, sooner or later you'll know everything. He wants to know everything. I don't. Well, anyway, Uncle Sid was practically paralyzed all over. He could move his head and use his hands, you know, but from his neck on down he was as good as dead all those eight years he was laying on that damn bed of his. That's why Aunt Nancy had such a hard time. She had to roll Uncle Sid over when she wanted to change the sheets or something, but that wasn't so hard after a while because Uncle Sid didn't hardly weigh anything. Old Doc was one of the pall bearers last Tuesday and he said that was the lightest casket he had ever carried and Doc is a pall bearer at just about every funeral we have around here.

Doc and his wife, Patty, go to every funeral there is, I think. Every time there's a funeral anywhere around, old Doc will close up the store and take off. And I don't care whose funeral it is, Patty will get in the choir and you can hear her singing those dreary old hymns louder than anybody else. And Doc is a pall bearer just about as many times as Patty sings. I don't know what in the hell they get out of going to see some old dried up bag of bones stuck in the ground. I guess there's

something about death that some people like. I don't like it and I wouldn't ever die if I could help it. I never even went to but four funerals. One was Uncle Sid's. Another was my cousin who was in a car wreck. They said his face was torn off and I wanted to see, but it wasn't; they had him all fixed up. Another funeral was for this fellow that they brought back from Germany. He was going to have a military funeral and I thought that might be interesting. It wasn't. But Doc and Patty, they can go to anybody's funeral and cry like a bunch of babies. I remember one time when this old dirty tramp died and we all had to bury him at the church. I saw Doc standing over the grave biting his bottom lip and looking like a thunder cloud about to bust loose with a thousand gallons of water. I thought the old tramp was a damn sight better off and I just couldn't cry 'cause he had gone. I tried. But I did cry when they started throwing that dirt on Uncle Sid's casket. That's the worse thing about a funeral; they throw all that stinking dirt right on top of that pretty gray casket. You know, I always wanted one of those things to sleep in. I think it would be just the most fun to crawl in and pull that lid over your head every night.

I just keep on talking about funerals and stuff like that but I want to tell about how Uncle Sid died. That's another thing I like to do; I like to watch things die. I watched this old mule die one time and his eyes were the funniest looking things I have ever seen. I wanted to see Uncle Sid's eyes but I didn't get to see him until he came back from the undertaker's and they had shut his eyes. Some folks would have been afraid to see a dead man's eyes, but I have never been afraid. We used to tell ghost stories and my older brother would get mad because I wouldn't be afraid. He used to talk about lights and strange sounds every time we'd walk by the church graveyard, and he always got scared and ran and I didn't. He might know more than I do but at least I'm not scared. I guess I just don't know about the things I'm supposed to be afraid of. If anybody gets scared of somebody that's already dead I think they are just as stupid as hell.

Like I already said, Uncle Sid was paralyzed from his neck down and couldn't get out of bed, but he could reach this so-called radio that he had

Sarah

Was Sarah there

Did you see her

Is her presence beauty's usher still

Her grace even now the same

Once I loved her

But, childish love outgrown, she never fills my thoughts

G. T. A. MORRIS

had for about a thousand years. He wouldn't turn it on except on Saturday nights when the Old Fashioned Barn Dance came on. My older brother said that Uncle Sid used to play his fiddle on the Old Fashioned Barn Dance. That program comes from some station in a town up in the mountains; I don't know how we can hear it way down here in the east. My older brother said Uncle Sid used to go up to the mountains about twice a month and play on the radio, and everybody in the whole darn county would come down to Doc's store and listen on Doc's radio. Doc had a radio that worked on electricity and he was the only one that had one back then, my brother said. The only other time Uncle Sid would turn the radio on was on Sunday when the Almighty Healing Hour would come on. Uncle Sid would listen to that man preach and everytime he prayed Uncle Sid would lay his hand on the radio. He always thought that a great shock would come through his hand and would make him be able to walk. I don't know how a man who has been so damn sorry and has drunk so much liquor can expect God or anybody else to do him a favor. I mean anybody that drinks liquor shouldn't expect anything but a damn headache, I reckon. And besides, why would God have to use a frapping radio, and a man in Texas or Australia or somewhere to do anything for Uncle Sid. I sometimes think Uncle Sid was a little mixed up, and, like I

said, he was sort of a strange old man. But then, it might be me that is mixed up.

But Uncle Sid did get shocked one day when he touched a loose wire, but it didn't work because the preacher wasn't praying when Uncle Sid got the shock, or something like that. He didn't know why it didn't work and he skipped two Sundays without listening to the program but he finally started back. I think he figured that it was a test shock to see if he had enough faith. But my older brother fixed the radio and Uncle Sid never got another shock that I know of.

But he kept trying. One time he made Aunt Nancy send for one of those holy handkerchiefs. When it came he made her rub it all over his skinny legs every day. My brother said Uncle Sid used to have the biggest and most powerful legs in the county. Old Doc down at the store said if it hadn't been for Uncle Sid's legs he would have been caught a whole lot of times at his still. That was back when Uncle Sid was still getting around and everybody says he had the biggest still and made the most liquor that anybody ever made in this whole state. Well, anyway, his legs sure were a pitiful sight when he was in bed. About that handkerchief, one day somebody picked it up and blew their stupid nose in it and Uncle Sid screamed like a mad man. I always thought he was a little off his rocker anyway. He sent everybody to hell three times just be-

cause somebody blew their stupid nose. But that did defile the holiness of the handkerchief and Uncle Sid lost out on that deal too.

But Uncle Sid was a stubborn old fool and he mumbled one day when I was there that he was going to walk again if it killed him. I thought it was a darn sight better to live and lie than to walk and die, but I reckon if you want to walk and can't it is a little bothersome. I remember one time I kicked this boy in the mouth and broke my big toe on his stupid jaw. I couldn't walk hardly for over a week and I thought that thing would never get well. And besides, I wanted another chance at that guy's ugly mug. I guess I know how it is to be afflicted. That's why I sympathize with Uncle Sid about not being able to walk. But I keep talking about myself when I really want to tell how Uncle Sid died. He died in such a funny way, I mean it wasn't funny but the way he died just got me all mixed up. I thought he never would die. I knew it would be better for Aunt Nancy if he got out of the way but at his funeral she cried just like everybody else. If there's one thing I cannot do, it is to cry when I am not sad. I think a fellow should act and look exactly like he feels. If he doesn't, he's a liar. And I hate these damn liars.

One day, on a Sunday, Uncle Sid was feeling really full of faith and he looked like he expected to be cured that particular day. It had gotten so everybody left the room when the Almighty Healing Hour came on the radio. I think it was because they were afraid they would laugh right in front of him. Anyway, that's the reason I didn't stay in there. To tell you the truth I thought the whole damn thing was silly but like I say, I don't understand the way Uncle Sid died. Well, I think Uncle Sid must have touched that loose wire again that day because he got off that bed and walked half-way to the door, and that's the way he died. Like I said, the doctor told us that alcohol had kind of pickled his old blood veins and something went wrong. Anyway, when Aunt Nancy went back into the room, Uncle Sid was lying on the floor right in front of the door. Sure enough, he had walked again and I reckon that's just about what killed him. I don't know, I think I'll go and ask my brother if a person can die by his faith. It looks to me that if a fellow's got any faith it should make him live.

reviews

Wisdom "Magazine of knowledge for all America"

Leon Guterman, editor

Wisdom Magazine, Inc., Beverly Hills, California

"With this issue, you and *Wisdom* embark together on a glorious adventure unique in the annals of magazine publishing." Thus Leon Guterman, editor and publisher of *Wisdom*, launched the first edition of the new magazine in January of this year. It is truly the ultimate in liberal reading, for such a variety can hardly be found in any other publication. But this opinion is ventured on the basis of only two issues; the true character of any magazine cannot be determined until at least several issues have appeared. This type of reading, though, should have a definite place in American reading circles.

The first issue boasts selected writings from famous personalities from all fields, including such men as Albert Einstein, Winston Churchill and Somerset Maugham. Subjects treated include the Bible, Leonardo da Vinci, a writer's life, tolerance and many other widely diverse topics. Such a variety of writers and subjects as seen in these two issues cannot be continued and the layout must be improved, but the editors indeed have an opportunity to develop a unique piece of work.

If this publication, which declares itself the "magazine of knowledge for all America," survives it will become a tribute to the intellectual strength of American people.

—Charles Richards

Then My Old Kentucky Home Good Night

by W. E. Debnam

The Graphic Press, Raleigh, 1955. 135pp. \$1.00

W. E. Debnam of Raleigh has written a book which every Southerner and potential critic of the current racial problems must consider. The Charleston, S. C., *News and Courier* has called this work "a handbook for Southerners," but it is more than that. Debnam has some facts to present on the Supreme Court decision and the Negro question which do not come often into public view. These matters are so significant that the book becomes something more than a work of regional importance.

Debnam had *Then My Old Kentucky Home Good Night* published by a Raleigh printing concern because national publishing houses turned it down. He claims his manuscript was rejected because no national publisher is ever the least bit interested in any book that attempts to set forth the Southern viewpoint on racial matters. He points out that they publish books written by authors from the South, but that these manuscripts are either an attack upon the South and its way of life or an apology.

The author proposes to remedy this situation by attempting with dignity and with all fairness to both races to set forth a clear and factual explanation of why a tremendous majority of Southerners are opposed to forced racial integration in public schools, and why they are determined that, regardless of the Supreme Court decision, it shall not come to pass.

The topic of the content is unique as the author indicates. He says: "One may search the history of all nations, people, governments and minority populations and there will be found examples of genocide, extinctions, enslavements, torture and exile, but there will not be found one single instance where a government has forced one race against its will to integrate with another."

In chapter after chapter Debnam gives the reader historical events which he feels are related to the question of racial integration. In doing this he lashes out at the National Association for the Advancement of Colored

People (NAACP) and its "Apostle Warren and his eight Disciples." On the Supreme Court, Debnam says that there is no need to consider it blasphemy to speak out against it and quotes such Americans as Jefferson and Lincoln to prove his point. His final opinion on the highest court is that America now needs a law "or something" to protect the people against the Supreme Court.

Just how does Debnam propose to remedy the existing situation? He throws out the possibility of legislation because he feels that this alternative has weaknesses. Laws leave the state open to further attacks from the NAACP and other "Latter Day Abolitionists," and many voters cannot bring themselves to cast a ballot to do away with public schools even though they favor racial segregation. His own answer is that we continue our schools upon an integrated basis but allow any parent, white or Negro, who does not want to send his child to integrated schools to send him to a private school.

This conclusion hardly seems to justify Mr. Debnam's lengthy historical treatise which takes up most of the book. He does write in a swift-moving style and makes this historical material fly

by, but it seems unnecessary to include all that substance just to arrive at his solution. One can judge how seriously he takes his proposal by his comment that "in a tremendous majority of Southern communities the integrated school could assemble in the nearest phone booth." Debnam seems more concerned with "blasting" than with correcting any particular wrong. He takes quite a few uncalled for personal digs at fellow journalists and other contemporary figures.

Debnam has an interesting and charming way of arousing his reader. He is different from most writers on the integration question and on Southern problems in that he does not claim to be a cool, icy, detached observer. He claims to be a human being and proves his point by his very human approach. Unlike most social commentators Debnam does not rattle off statistics and add up his figures to a neat conclusion in the manner of a writing I.B.M. machine. There is no doubt that Mr. Debnam is unhappy over the present crisis and that he has a solution to offer, as do many other contemporary authors. Yet *My Old Kentucky Home Good Night* must be considered of more value

than works of similar purpose because of several pertinent facts Debnam presents for the first time and his highly personal style which makes him more than an apologist for the South or just another provincial claiming omniscience on racial matters.

—John E. Roberts

SORROWTOWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

had the sadness which I found later in the brooding Sorrowtown mountain, and, too, a look of slight bewilderment as though he could not quite understand what had happened to him. After he had studied for a time, he began to try to put what the books taught him into action.

I chanced upon one of his attempted sales quite by accident. There were men in Amity whose wealth was so solidly entrenched that they were little affected by the depression in business which had ruined others. It was to these men that my father went first. I remember that he was wearing khaki pants of a faded tan color; he had bought them and sewed the cuffs himself. The cuffs were uneven and too long, so that the pants' bottoms fell down over his shoes. Later I saw a picture made of some recruits waiting to go up to the line in France; they have the same awkward-looking khakis that my father wore, ill-fitting and with the cuffs covering their shoes. I was carrying a paper route then, and I was going up to an office in the main building of the town to collect from a Mr. Abrams who owned a factory on the outskirts of Amity; he had a partner in the same office, a real estate broker named Lansing.

When I got up the stairs to the office, I saw my father going in the door, so I stopped outside in the hall so as not to bother him. He did not see me. The door was open, for it was summer.

"Hello, Mr. Abrams, Mr. Lansing. A nice day we have today," said my father.

"Uh-huh," said Lansing; he looked briefly at my father. Then to Abrams, "Hand me that blueprint, will you?" He bent over the desk.

My father smiled. The smile was a terrible thing to see though I could not sense why at the time. The same sensation came to me a long time afterwards at a play, a comedy. The play was being given at an arena-type stage,



"... so I thought I'd see if he really loves me."

YORK

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

The Veteran In College

In this article Miss Clark, herself a former member of the Women's Army Corps and now a junior at Wake Forest, analyzes the problems of the service veteran in college. Although this essay refers to war-time veterans, the situation is much the same for the many persons now being released from peacetime duty.

—the Editor

THE close of World War II gave rise to new enrollments on our college campuses throughout the United States. The qualified servicemen and women were given the opportunity to pursue higher education with the aid of the government. Later, the veterans of the Korean conflict were given benefits similar to those given to service personnel after World War II. The majority of veterans chose to study in this country, but many went abroad to foreign institutions such as Oxford for their education.

Some returning veterans selected schools of concentrated study that would prepare them in a short time for a life's work. Others wished to enter a field of broader education in a college of Liberal Arts such as Wake Forest. No matter where the veteran sought his educational goal, he found problems that were outside the curriculum.

Many veterans would never have had the privilege of a college education if the government had not helped with financial needs. The sum allotted to a veteran is not high, but it is indeed a beginning. If the returning serviceman has no dependents, his budget is fairly evenly balanced. Those who have families are not so fortunate. With work after class hours plus summer jobs, the lucky veteran may have his general fee ready for the first semester. The tuition is usually paid after his first check arrives. Meanwhile, other expenses plague him. If the veteran lives off the campus, as most do, there are bills for automobile needs and repairs. The numerous small items develop into large problems.

A day student who lives too far away from the campus to walk to class finds it necessary to consider weather conditions. Heavy snows plus icy highways cause driving hazards. Often the veteran literally risks his life. Occasionally classes have to be missed and important lectures and discussions escape the student.

The living conditions of some veterans pose another problem. The necessary inconveniences are borne because they are merely temporary, but some living quarters are far from ideal. The mercenary side of the landlords is prevalent in many cases. There are false advertisements which appear in the newspapers in order to lure a dollar away from some unsuspecting veteran. Usually the house-seeker has no choice, for some kind of roof must be overhead. The smiling landlord welcomes his prospect with sugared words and shows him "a fine dwelling, for such a reasonable price." After the veteran consents to occupy the room, he learns very quickly that he is indeed paying a full price for something he is not receiving. The promised heat for his room does not exist, hot water is scarce, the private bath turns out to be shared by several, if lights are used for studying, there is a complaint from the landlord that electricity should be economized.

WAKE Forest College helps the veteran find a place to live, but even it cannot always work miracles. Everyone tries to do the best he can. The school itself is always helpful to the veteran.

The one who lives away from campus does not have close contact with other

students as do those who live on the campus. Participation in campus activities is rather limited, because the drive to school and back is time-consuming and lesson preparations for the following day must be completed. Some veterans enter into community life near them. If they have families, they may join community affairs to an even greater extent, yet some form of college activity is desired in order that the veteran may feel the spirit of that side of college life.

THE veteran is a thing apart from the regular type of college student.

In years prior to these, the incoming freshmen were more than likely directly from senior high school. As a rule, very few of these high school graduates knew what purpose or goal they desired to gain in their undergraduate work. Some of these wished for a curriculum that consisted of merely "society and club meetings." Others wanted to become associated with the Alma Mater that had been in the family since great-grandfather's school days. Some with rare maturity sought a balance between recreation and the assiduous application of their minds to their educational tasks. The lapse of time between high school and college enabled the returning serviceman to organize more concretely his future plans concerning higher education. If the soldier had studied while serving his country, there was no long period of lost time between high school and college. If his mind was kept alert, he should have been able to re-enter the classroom with complete confidence.



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The veteran is more mature in most instances than the usual freshman in college. The armed services have taught him how to organize his work into a neat study plan. Since he is older, he is in a hurry, for he feels that he has less time than does the ordinary student. The challenge of higher education is one that he meets with determination, for he knows that he must do this in order to better himself.

At Wake Forest College a veteran may seek his goal with the help of able advisers. If one desires knowledge, the door stands ready to be opened. He must work and study as he moves toward his aim, but understanding and co-operation from his teachers are there to guide him. Both the tangible and intangible aspects of Wake Forest College become a part of the veteran who is enrolled here.

SORROWTOWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

so that the spectators were very close to the actors. One of the main characters had a hilariously funny part; he smiled and cavorted and gave his lines with great gusto. Everyone was laughing at him, but about half-way through the play he came to my side of the stage, and I caught a glimpse of his eyes; they were filled with intense suffering. I tried to stay and enjoy the remainder of the play, but I could not. The clown's smile had become too terrible; the laughing people seemed like grotesques, and I left the theater. Later I found out that the comic's daughter was critically ill. But I knew then why I felt such a mixture of pity and terror as I watched my father smile that morning in the office.

"I have long admired your business acumen, both you gentlemen." My

father's voice sounded strange; the words had an odd ring.

Abrams looked at him. His eyes lingered on the khaki pants.

"What is it you want?" Abrams said.

"You gentlemen probably don't know —you both stay so busy—that I recently became affiliated with the Phoenix Mutual Insurance Company, and I . . ."

"We got all the insurance we need," said Abrams, interrupting.

"Perhaps you are not aware . . . aware," the salesman began, stumbling over the unfamiliar words now.

"We don't need anything today," said Abrams.

"But . . . perhaps. . ."

Lansing brought his foot down hard on the floor as though he were scaring away a small animal. He did not look up from his desk. Abrams turned back to the blueprint. My father stood there for a minute, then came out the door. I pressed against the wall, curiously ashamed; I did not want him to see me. He stopped in the hall and made a convulsive gesture with his hand, then walked on to the stairs.

"A-wur," said Abrams. "Jesus H. Christ."

Later in the year, I sometimes heard the noise of my father as he got up early in the morning to go and catch the graveyard shift of Abrams' mill as they came off work. He would talk to them about buying insurance, but the selling did not go well. Money was very scarce, and no one spent for anything but essentials. He continued to work part time for the farmer, and, as though in an effort to return to the security of growing things from the land, he bought the pigs.

IV.

My grandfather had an old, unused barn on a lot behind his home. The barn was on a road leading off to a neighboring wood, and around this barn and lot centered my father's plan for his pig farm. His idea was to take the pigs when they were very small, feed them, then resell them at a profit to the Negroes and the factory workers of Amity. He took twelve small pigs from the farmer in place of pay and went into debt to him for twelve more, agreeing to pay him either by cash or work. With scrap lumber, he and I built the pigs a shelter in one corner of the lot.

For a time, things went well; the pigs grew fat, and my father was happy. Dealing with something now which he

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I grope along a desert highway
A coward
Who dares not be just brave enough
To turn around and go back
Even to start again the same way—
But then to hope that jungles
Have the sands invaded
Forbidding cowardice the second time.
I search for the nothing
That glitters in my begging palm;
To become the someone
I always am
But never should have been.

DOTTIE BRADDOCK

understood, he had most of the animals sold before they were ready and now had only to wait for his profit. Then one night we went to feed them and found one pig dead, lying curiously bloated, with his legs sticking up into the air. My father put his hands on the rail fence and looked at it for a long time. That night he went to the feed store to get medicine for the rest of the pigs. Often the farmers came in at night to sit around the front of the store and talk. When my father came out carrying the can of medicine in his hand, their eyes went to it. He walked on unheeding. One of the farmers dug a stick into the dirt and shook his head slowly. No one smiled. The next day seven pigs were dead. The medicine saved the rest. I helped him drag the carcasses of the dead ones to the woods behind the pig lot. He dug the deep graves there, pushing through the thick bed of pine needles. A soft rain was falling, and the moisture condensed on our faces. After he had finished, he leaned for a minute against one of the wet trees.

"Well," he said, "let's go."

On a Sunday about a week after the pigs died, my aunt Harriet drove over to see my grandmother. My mother had been her favorite sister, but she had not approved of the marriage to my father. In some obscure way, she

seemed to blame the death on my father. She had married a wealthy broker in a nearby town; she came in a long black Buick. I was sitting on the front porch. As she came up the walk, I saw a tall, angular woman in a dress of some soft, blue material. The face was wrinkled, with a hard expression in her metallic blue eyes. She extended a hand on which rings sparkled.

"Hello," she said, "How are you?"

"Hello, Aunt."

"I brought you something," she said, as she gave me a small package. "Go ahead, open it."

It was a small china piggy bank. The body of the pig was white, and he had black spots. He looked like one of our pigs which had died. I rubbed his smooth, cold side.

"When you fill that up, you'll be rich," she said. "Here, I'll put in the first coin."

My father came out on the porch. He had just waked up and the sleep crinkles were still in the side of his cheek. He saw my aunt.

"Hello," he said, smiling faintly.

My aunt kept her eyes on me and the bank. Then, as though she had not heard him, she said to me, "Where's your grandmother?"

"In the kitchen, I guess."

She walked by my father as though he were not there. Later, at dinner, she

still gave no sign that she had noticed his presence. We ate with my grandparents on Sundays; when we had no visitors we enjoyed the meal very much. My grandmother had an ancient Negro woman named Luza who cooked for her on Sundays. The great sorrow for her children had made the old lady kind, although she was very quiet. She sat at one end of the once-filled dining room table, and my grandfather was at the other. He, too, was a kindly man who concealed it beneath his gruffness, an old man now with a shiny bald head. Above the mantel of the dining room was a picture done by my grandmother of a red watermelon sliced into thick juicy looking circles. The furniture was all of a dark brown; it gave the room a gloomy, old effect, so we always ate with the lights on. Usually we ate slowly and talked little, but there was a feeling of great peace.

On this Sunday of my aunt's visit, we had about half finished when my aunt suddenly stopped and pushed her plate away from her.

"Are you finished?" my grandmother asked.

"Yes—that wind—excuse me," she coughed discreetly and took a small vial from her bag which she sniffed delicately. "How do you stand it?"

"What?" Grandmother queried.

"That terrible odor."

"What odor—what are you talking about?"

"Those pigs' filth up there on our lot."

My father had stopped eating. He flushed a deep red, and stared at his plate.

"I don't notice anything," Grandmother said. "Stop being silly and eat your dinner."

"No, really, I couldn't. I just couldn't, with that terrible odor blowing in my face. Luza did herself proud today though; this is a wonderful pork. You know you must always be careful to cook pork well, because of trichinosis. Do you know what trichinosis is?" She looked at me.

"No ma'am."

"It's a disease caused by a parasite, a worm which gets into the blood stream of the pig. You know what a parasite is, don't you?"

"No ma'am."

"Really. Well, you must not be a true son of your father. I'll bet he knows. Well, a parasite is an animal that lives off another, eats another's food, sleeps



"Has everything been shut up for the night, Henry?"
 "Everything else, Gertrude."

SELLERS

in shelter provided by another, and uses someone else for its every need, including all its phases of life." She paused.

"I've always thought them the most despicable animals in nature. Don't, for goodness sake, grow up to be a parasite."

My father pushed his chair back from the table and got up.

"Wait, now," my grandfather said, but he was already gone.

"You should be ashamed," said Grandmother.

"I should!" she exclaimed. "I should! I'm the only one with sense enough to know what's going on around here."

We finished dinner in complete silence, and Luza brought the desserts. After dinner, my aunt and the two old people went out to the front porch to talk. I went up to the room to look for

my father, but he was not there. During dessert, I had heard some noises from the pig lot, but had thought nothing of it, since they were always playing and running at each other in mock anger. I walked up to the barn to see if he had gone there.

The pigs lay crumpled in various places over the lot. The first one I came to had had his head crushed by a vicious blow from something heavy and blunt. All the remaining pigs had been killed in the same way, except that three of them had been chopped nearly in two, and lay in the grass in a curiously jack-knifed position. A shiver went up my back. I started back toward the house, but when I passed the barn I heard the sound of heavy breathing inside, and I stopped and opened the door.

My father was sitting inside on the

hay, hunched down in a corner, breathing in harsh rattles, his eyes glazed over and red looking. In his hand he held the bloody axe with tiny particles of meat still clinging to it. He did not seem to be aware of my presence. The sun was hot on my neck, and I felt sick.

"Daddy," I said. "Daddy. C'mon now."

He did not move, but continued to breathe in that loud harsh way. I went over and took the axe from his limp hand and threw it back into the hay. I wiped the sweat from his forehead and stroked his hair for a little while.

"C'mon now. Let's go upstairs—c'mon now."

He got slowly to his feet, and leaning heavily on my shoulder, made his way to the house. As we went in the back door, the high-pitched laugh of my aunt floated back from the front porch. I helped him to bed and pulled off the dung-smears pants. He lay there looking at the ceiling and breathing in that odd way all afternoon. Finally he slept. Later, when it was dark, I could hear him crying in a way which sounded like tearing cloth.

The sun woke me on Monday shining in my face. I got up and began to get my school books together, and the noise woke him. He sat up on the edge of the bed. He watched me putting the books into my satchel. I did not know what to say. Finally he spoke.

"Well—uh—are you hungry? I guess I better fix some breakfast. I guess I better try to get out and sell a little something today."

"I hate her," I said. "All of them."

I ran over and got the piggy bank and dropped it on the floor and crushed it with my foot. The quarter lay shining in the broken pieces.

"That does no good," he said, "no good at all."

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the student

February 22, 1956

The "Average" Student?

In grade school one learns to arrive at the average by adding a particular set of figures and dividing that sum by the number of addends. It is a hurdle which, according to teachers of mathematics, the "average student" manages with time and effort. Now it would seem that educators could add up the intelligent quotients of all students, divide by their number and arrive at "the average student." Perhaps that is not exactly what happens, but in any case, the entire educational system sometimes seems to be designed for an eternal though precarious norm. We do not question the necessity of maintaining some sort of criterion by which the educator can best establish a logical sequence of studies; we simply doubt the existence of the average student.

According to the recent report of the Committee on Student Life, in its contribution to the self-evaluation project of the Wake Forest faculty, the average incoming Wake Forest student is a resident of North Carolina, affiliated with a Baptist church, from a small town or rural community, and of a middle class background. This is obviously true, since a majority of students fall into each of these categories. Going on, the report implies that the "average" Wake Forester is also only partially prepared for college life as far as his cultural and educational background is concerned, but at the same time graduated in the upper half of his high school class. As to his attitude toward Wake Forest and his receptiveness to instruction, the report wisely does not venture an "average," although one covering this consideration could probably be conjured up on short notice.

A question as to the existence of the "average Wake Forest student" is not a criticism of Wake Forest's educators, for the nature of their work demands a compromise in presenting each feature of college life. Although we recognize this fact for what it is worth, it is hardly desirable that they push the idea of the average student any further than is necessary in setting up a few basic curriculum rules. But since it is apparent that no student is average, we wonder if even this, too, might be an educational deterrent. It is impossible for us to accept the supposition that a college must by necessity cater only to its so-called average student; therefore, any idea inconsistent to this theory is always welcome. Such is the recent consideration of academic acceleration for able students.

Efforts to construct a workable average of persons is a futile waste of time because of the complexity of personality and ability. But the idea of the "average student" is not totally without value, for it gives a rather adequate picture of what the student, in the totality of his "average" composite, is not. It is a safe bet that the average student is as far away from actuality as the perfect student; neither of which exist save in idea and neither of which would find a welcome world, for men pride themselves far more in their differences than in their similarities. It is from similarities that the average is primarily constructed. Perhaps it is because similarities produce less conflict that emphasis is placed upon their strength of unity while limiting the opportunity for developing a healthy personal pride.

However, the idea of the "Average Student" serves a purpose that we would not ignore, that of providing the basis for an educational skeleton on which to add the greater structure. And so long as the principle of the average does not constitute the whole of Wake Forest's educational endeavor, we can have no valid objections. But allowing ourselves a small invalid one, we personally think many place too much faith in the average.

The Wake Forester who says, "Oh, I'm just an average student," unites himself with that which he supposes to be the homogeneity of his group. Actually he allies himself with exactly no one, for we contend that the "Average Wake Forest Student" is not only not average, but not.

—D. L. B.

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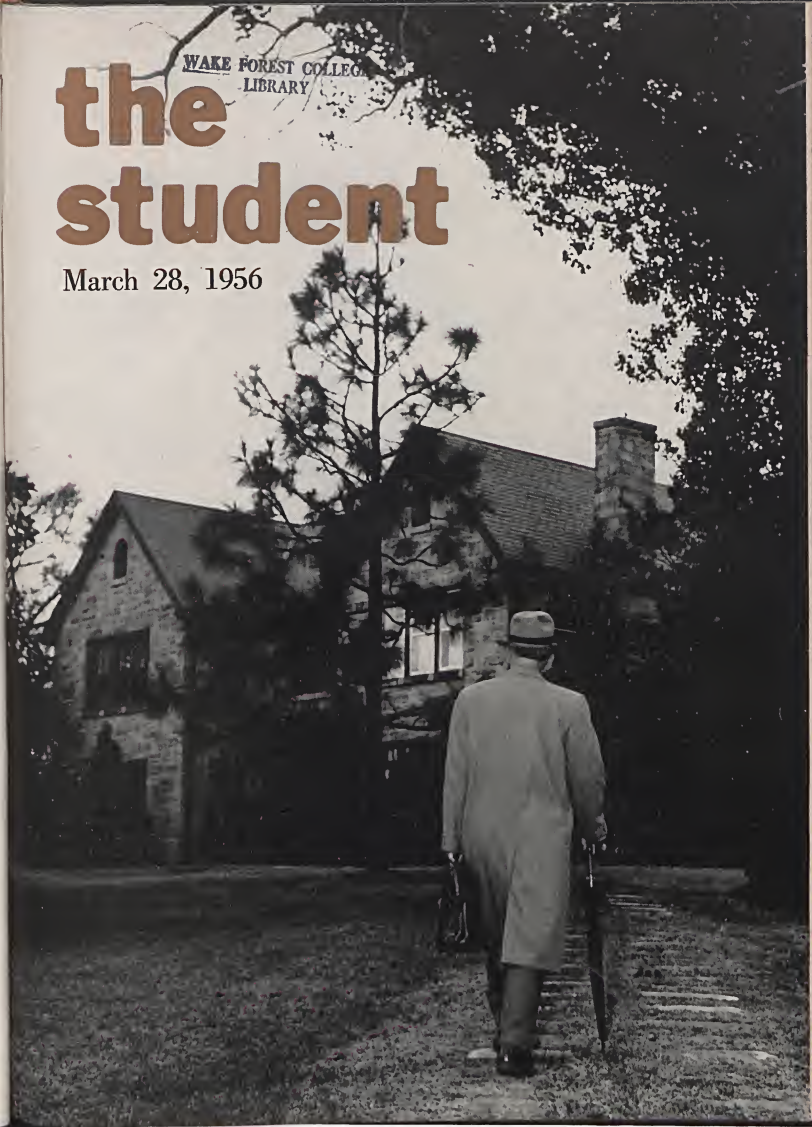
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the student

March 28, 1956

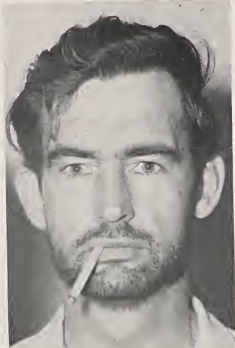


Politics and procrastination—n

We're restless. We could blame it on the weather or even on the fact that this is the seventh month of school, but it wouldn't help much. For this is the time to be restless, to be making plans, as evidenced by forthcoming elections, wild attempts to secure summer jobs (or even permanent ones), and speculation on the College's removal to Winston-Salem.

And perhaps no one is thinking more about the new Wake Forest than the College president, who after a day of administrative problems, welcomes his afternoon walk toward home. Photographer Irving Grigg says that he has many times wanted to photograph the familiar scene of Dr. Tribble walking across campus or up the front walk of the president's home with his briefcase in one hand, his umbrella in the other. A few days ago Irv made an appointment with the President and succeeded in capturing the evening mood of the photograph appearing on the cover.

Despite spring and restlessness *The Student* again appears. The March magazine features an essay concerning the tense Middle-East situation, the second to appear in *The Student* this year. "A Parable of Jews and Arabs" (page



1954 IDGADIAN BOB BURNS

20) was written by Mrs. B. Elmo Scoggin, wife of a Southeastern Seminary professor. Mrs. Scoggin is well qualified to discuss the problem, for she lived in the Near East for five years, two of

which were spent as a guest student in the Department of Semitics at the Hebrew University. Currently she is working on a master's degree in sociology from the University of Louisville. She says she "oddly enough" reads history as a hobby.

The story of the Wake Forest Normal and Industrial School is told by Yulan Washburn on page six. The school's campus is located on Spring Street and was Wake County's first Negro high school. It was founded by Alan Young in 1913, and though it is not now in operation, he has hopes that it will some day reopen.

A history of the IDGAD party, notorious for unusual campaigns and candidates in campus elections, appears on page nine. Bob Burns, whose 1954 campaign photo is reproduced on this page was a leader in the last IDGAD uprising and somehow is still on campus.

While visiting *The Student* office, *Old Gold and Black* editor, Tex Newman, discovered an item which would help fill his columns. He immediately took an empty cigarette package from his pocket and began to write the information on the inside of the foil wrapper. Dr. Smiley, also visiting the office, noted all this and commented, "If they ever put foil on both sides of the wrapper, you will certainly be foiled." No doubt.

The March Forum (page 10) deals with the relationship between campus and national politics and discusses the value of campus politics in general. Many of the participants express essentially the same ideas, but the subject is of special interest at this season. With the Forum is published the poll taken earlier this semester which indicates some interesting trends and political ideas of Wake Forest College students. Of particular interest is Charles B. Deane's reply to the forum question. Deane is U. S. Congressman from the 8th N. C. district and a graduate of Wake Forest.

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nuff said?

"The Moth," a short story that begins on page five, was written by a Wake Forest student under the pen



MRS. SCOGGIN

name of Cathy O'Connell. Freshman Robert Fitzgerald from Lexington is publishing with *The Student* for the first time. His poem, "Dream," appears on page 19.

A plaque, honoring Wake Forest professors who have served ten years or more with the College, is soon to be placed in the Chapel lobby by Southeastern Seminary. Shirley Mudge, former *Student* editor, describes this memorial in her article, "100 Strong." Written before her departure from Wake Forest, it tells the story of those whose service is a worthy heritage of loyalty to the school.

The review column this month includes two books of interest, *Bonjour Tristesse*, and *The Story of Bridey Murphy*. The former is reviewed by Charles Cherry, Greensboro senior, the latter by staffer John Roberts.

With the advent of spring comes the reappearance of chairs on the Pub Row walk where staffers sit and procrastinate while deadlines bear down upon them. In the frustration that results from a few hours so leisurely spent, there comes a comforting reminder:

One mustn't lose one's head
to save a minute;
One needs one's head,
one's brains are in it.

(Credit: Dr. Helm and Burma Shave.)

In this age of automation one is not easily surprised. However, when one of the professors appears on a usual Wake Forest day—that is, rainy—carrying an umbrella that opens up automatically, there is reason to believe that our restlessness is at least one part laziness.

the student

March 28, 1956

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ILLUSTRATION BY BARBARA BARR



The Moth

by Cathy O'Connell

A small brown case on a stem in the garden hedge had attracted her attention when the doorbell rang. Going in through the back door, she laid her bulky garden gloves on the enameled surface of the kitchen table. The bell rang again insistently.

"I'm coming," she promised, but she stopped in the living room long enough to plump a cushion into place on the mohair sofa. Through the freshly laundered marquiseses hanging across the panels of plate glass in the front door, Miss Carrie caught a hazy glimpse of a young man. She hurriedly patted her hair into what she hoped was some semblance of order and opened the door.

"Yes?" she asked in that expectant tone all women use when they partially know the answer.

A leather grip stood on the porch beside the boy. His light brown hair was short and stubby above a broad forehead. And though he was neither extremely tall nor even handsome, he would have been noticed in any crowd.

There was something in his face that immediately demanded your interest. Perhaps it was the penetrating sparkle in his deeply set eyes that suggested a strangeness. Whatever it was, it was there but Miss Carrie felt at once that he was not what she had expected.

"Are you Mrs. . . ." He glanced at the white card in his hand. "I mean Miss Garrison?"

"Yes, won't you come in?"

"Thank you," he said and picked up the valise. "The woman at the college . . ."

"That's right, bring it on in with you. Never can tell when someone's likely to go by and just pick it up, not that anyone in the neighborhood . . ."

He stepped past her into the little hall and set the bag down. As Miss Carrie shut the door behind him, she noticed her hands were dirty and suddenly wished that she had taken the time to wash them after being in the garden.

"The woman at the college sent me

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13



Allen Youngs' School

by Yulan Washburn

The place doesn't look too bad. The yard is a little overgrown, but the hedges are neatly cut, and out of the four remaining buildings, at least one is painted and neatly kept. Over in the center is a huge fat building that is deteriorating, while at its side is a great stack of concrete blocks. Perhaps the old condemned building represents past memories for the old Negro in the house bordering the grounds, while the concrete building blocks represent future hopes. And the skeleton of the unfinished building across the narrow road stands for shattered dreams.

This is the scene of an old college for Negroes, a campus only a few hundred yards from Wake Forest College. It is old Allen Young's school, or as he prefers to have it called officially, the Wake Forest Normal and Industrial School. Although the school itself is gone and is preserved only in the memory of its founder and principal, Allen L. Young, its buildings still stand on the little campus, close under the watchful eye of Mr. Young and his two daughters.

The school has an interesting and somewhat controversial history, with spots in the school history mysteriously eluding research and leaving only rumor to fill out the picture, with only Allen Young himself knowing the real facts — and he wisely keeps many of

them to himself. But even with the nebulous portions of the history, the school has an impressive record of rendering service when service was desperately needed.

Allen Young has lived all his life in Wake Forest. As a child he began working for Wake Forest townspeople, some of whom were professors in the College. Economic conditions left him no time for school but he took private lessons from college professors who became interested in him. Later he was able to attend Henderson Institute, Kittrell College and finally Shaw University. He worked in the public school system until he got the idea of founding a private school from a colored minister, and resigned to devote his full time to it.

Allen Young began his school back in 1905 in a corner of the old bed spring factory secured for him by William Louis Poteat, and brought under his tutorship colored children from Wake Forest who were unable to attend school otherwise. Mr. Young began teaching young children at first, having seven grades in his school, but while he taught he planned and worked for a better school. He labored on plans for a real school house, and since he had little money to use on his plans, he went to people who had money. He obtained substantial money from white people in



The campus of the Wake Forest Normal and Industrial School depicts both a story from the past and hope for the future.

the community and then took an appeal to a Presbyterian organization in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the Freedman's Board. The Board granted his appeal, and soon he moved his school from the corner in the bedspring factory into a new frame structure with four rooms.

The object of Allen Young's school was to prepare the young colored children for the practical duties of life. He did this the best way he knew how: "... by educating the heart, head and hands—heart to obey God's law, head to think, and the hands to do with might what they find to do." He adopted the motto, "Not how much, but how well," and tried to instill into the minds of his students the importance of self-reliance in a hard world. Besides the basic "three R's," the little school emphasized such courses as sewing and homemaking, and after a time offered manual training for the boys.

Allen Young didn't rest with his four-room schoolhouse, however. His first building was followed by another building and then another until the first little structure became not a school but a part of a tiny campus. Just where Allen Young got the money for the buildings, and for salaries of a faculty which grew and grew, nobody knows, and Allen Young probably doesn't remember all the sources himself. But Wake Forest

townspeople who followed the school have vague memories of the principal making a trip through the North, and there are accounts connecting Allen Young's name with John D. Rockefeller, while Pierpont Morgan's name flits through others. Though, to be sure, these accounts are little more than hearsay, Young got enough money to keep his school going and himself in comfortable circumstances.

At any rate, Allen Young was an ambitious man and an energetic man where his school was concerned. He built his school up to 366 pupils and eleven teachers by the middle twenties and even leaped ahead of the state to offer the first colored high school in Wake County. His school also sent out the first colored school bus in Wake County.

The school's curriculum grew as the school's plant grew. Besides the staple "three R's," courses in Latin and French, and civil government were offered. Manual training for the boys was a requisite, and advanced instruction and practice in sewing and homemaking for the girls was prescribed, in keeping with the school's avowed purpose of preparing the students for life. The religious motif permeated the school from the time it opened the eight-forty-five chapel period in the morning with a

prayer, because "Christian work begins with a prayer," until the hand bell sounded the three o'clock closing.

The extracurricular activities of the school were somewhat limited because of facilities and time. Since the school was a private school not supported by the state, many of the boarding students earned their way with "work scholarships." All the work for the school was done by students. When classes ended at three o'clock the boys chopped wood, cleaned up rooms, or made repairs, while the girls sewed, cleaned up, or did the boys' laundry and ironing. Students and faculty worked together to keep the school going. But there were a few activities. The school boasted a fifteen-piece band that played for groups all around the area, and the choral group of the school sang at a great many places, including Wake Forest College and the University of North Carolina. There was a literary society, of course, which held meetings on Friday afternoons at which papers were read, speeches made, and skits enacted. Through the literary society, the students once prepared a musical drama called "Marrying Marion" which made a successful "road tour" through the area. Even in the extracurricular activities the school's practical bent exhibited itself, for the sewing-homemaking and



An unfulfilled dream stands ghostly across the street.

manual training groups were organized and very active. Once every year an exhibit was held where the students, from the youngest on up, displayed their handiwork. Somehow, baseball and basketball were worked in, and Wake Forest College boys came down to do the coaching.

All during the school's history, close relations were preserved with Wake Forest College. Wake Forest professors and students were often featured in the early morning chapel service when all the students gathered in the second floor auditorium of the big central building that still stands on the campus. Wake Forest students, since a Wake Forest student began the athletic program, attended some of the sporting events.

As the little school grew through the years, its reputation also grew. The school served primarily this community, but students from other sections of the state, and even from other sections of the country came to Wake Forest Normal and Industrial. Most of the upper grade schools of the day were private schools, and so parents had to shop around for the best private school for their children; thus students came from as far away as Pennsylvania and Connecticut.

The going wasn't always smooth for Allen Young's school, however. Some people were naturally unhappy about having a denominational school as the only accessible high school in the community. Some people actively opposed

the school. The money problem was kept at bay by Allen Young's efforts and manipulations, but at times, he failed. There is a partially constructed brick building across from the campus, now over-grown with weeds, whose skeleton marks the point where, for some reason, construction was halted. And in the school yard proper there is a large stack of concrete building blocks, donated by someone, whose purpose has never been realized.

Allen Young's efforts for his school were finally struck a finishing blow when the state opened a free high school for the Negroes in the Wake Forest community. Allen Young then, when he was almost sixty years old, found himself with a ghost school yard on his hands and saw the strength sapped suddenly from his once strong school, the school to which he had given the most productive years of his life. Although his grounds have been used for some time as a kindergarten and meeting place for civic and church groups, the Wake Forest Normal and Industrial has been a name only for over twenty years.

But when a man has spent his life on a project, he doesn't let it go without a struggle. Allen Young is still struggling for his school. Although the obstacles are great, he still dreams of the day when the Wake Forest Normal and Industrial High School will function again. The land with the old buildings and the pile of building blocks are his hope for the future, and he has over five hundred books he envisualizes as the core of the new school's library. An eighty-year handicap and a free public school system are formidable blocks to his plan, but Allen Young is still a man of energy. As long as he can plan, as long as he can dream, Wake Forest Normal and Industrial High School will remain a possible successor to the itinerant Wake Forest College—at least for the mind of Allen Young.



Neatly trimmed hedges still surround the five buildings.

This third party has provided the campus
with excitement, humor and perhaps the most unorthodox
campaigning ever used in politics . . .

IDGAD

by Charles H. Richards

ONE of the biggest jokes the campus has ever seen has developed into one of the greatest influences in the history of student government at Wake Forest. When a handful of imaginative Pub Row regulars created the first IDGAD political party in 1943, they did not foresee the enormous proportions to which this organization would grow. Twice since that time the same joke has gotten out of hand and in doing so has provided this campus with some of its most interesting elections.

The story of IDGAD is a strange mixture of seriousness and jest. Hunter James, in his *Old Gold and Black* column, "The Book of Charles," described the nature and history of IDGAD when in March, 1954, he said, "... I predict that a political upheaval will pass in the year 1943. It will be an unsuccessful upheaval, and for this reason, the dissenting party will remain dormant for approximately five years upon the completion of which time the party will again rise up, this time to a successful consummation." This prophecy never was completely fulfilled, for the party in question, IDGAD, never achieved successful consummation. But in the years 1943 and 1954, when the party did rise and did cause political upheavals, it was successful in achieving absolute chaos.

In March of 1943 the editors of *Old Gold and Black* were commenting that there really was little interest in politics on campus, a sad state indeed for "the

results of elections are permanent and important." But there must have been some interest because in that same month usual political actions were taking place. The Progressive Fraternity Party (PFP), the only really organized party on the campus, drew up its slate of officers, headed by John Mathis for president of the student body, and formed the customary platform. A week later the more poorly organized Student Party Union (SPU), made up of independents and the Sigma Pi and Zeta Chi fraternities, announced its own platform and candidates, including Wilbur Doyle for president. The lack of organization of one party and the accepted fact that the other would win had resulted, as usual, in very little political fervor on the part of Wake Forest students.

But certain individuals, most of them from Pub Row, were aware of the lack of interest and were disturbed by the situation. To them the parties, the elections, and thus student government itself were becoming a farce. In addition to the comments by the editor of *Old Gold and Black*, the writer of the humorous and satirical column, "Maelstrom," also brought the matter to the attention of an interested few by his "take-offs" on campus politics. Harold Hayes, writer of the column and a capable humorist (later to find a place in commercial publications), Bill McIlwain, and a few others decided to use the situation to create some adventure and activity on the campus. They did.

Hayes was a first-year law student and editor-elect of *The Student* for the coming year. McIlwain later succeeded Hayes as editor of *The Student* and now holds a position with a publication on Long Island, New York.

WHEN the April 9 issue of *Old Gold and Black* appeared students were informed of what proved to be the most exciting development in campus politics for years. IDGAD was formed. Thus, as Southern leaders attempted a third party in national politics, Wake Forest humorists lightly did the same, and with similar results. Although composed of a small number of students, and void of any desire for accomplishing anything, the party announced a platform and slate of candidates. Hayes, apparently the originator of the idea, offered himself for the office of president. The platform, undoubtedly the most attractive that Wake Forest students had ever seen, consisted of four planks: (1) to abolish the office of Vice-President of the Student Government (they found that they had nobody to nominate for the post); (2) to abolish all political organizations of the student body; (3) to rejuvenate the campus spirit by more social activities; and (4) to abolish compulsory class attendance and mid-term exams. Party leaders were careful to see that *Old Gold and Black* stories gave adequate explanation to the students. They ex-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

MARCH FORUM

The advent in 1922 of student government on the Wake Forest campus was a radical departure from the faculty enforced regulations of previous years. Since that change students at Wake Forest have enjoyed a freedom and have borne a responsibility of tremendous proportions.

This responsibility has provided activity that has been of interest to most students and participated in by many. The privileges and responsibilities provided through self-government are serious and should be considered so by each student. The functioning of the various organizations and the entire method of carrying out this government should receive careful examination.

As our spring elections draw near both campus and national political affairs are becoming more and more prominent in the minds of college students. Many opinions from different viewpoints have been expressed concerning politics both on and off the campus.

This month's forum provides a discussion on campus politics and their relationship to politics on the national scale. Wake Forest students and guest contributors who have participated in politics reveal their views on the subject. The values of the political experience gained by students participating in campus politics, and the effect of this activity on those students in regard to national affairs are considered by the contributors.

Gray Boyette

1955 PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

Wake Forest College has produced many politicians and governmental leaders. And one of the leaders has said that in all his political campaigns he has yet to learn a strategem that had not been used or seen in campus elections.

Now the first impression of this would incline one to think negatively in regard to campus politics, for the words "politics" and "politicians" seem to have some evil connotation. But if the examiner would protrude deeper into the subject, he would find that the essence of campus politics is basically constructive and beneficial, if not abused by those who place themselves before others.

Campus politics tend to orientate a person to governmental and electoral procedures. Quite surely they are on a small scale here, but the interest provided and the experience gained from participation in campus politics can be of immeasurable value if one cares to take advantage of the opportunity. The contacts a student can make while campaigning, the experience gained by speeches made, the satisfaction gained in working for the betterment of student government, and the knowledge and personality development gained by such a venture can prove to be just as bene-

ficial and worthy to the individual as the material acquired in the classroom.

Campus and national politics will both enhance each other this spring. Naturally, the interest will unalterably be centered on national affairs except for a period of a few days when student politics will reach their peak. Unquestionably, the students interested in campus elections for the most part have a complementary concern for state and federal campaigns. Let us at least hope that those not interested in campus politics are in some way motivated by politics on a state and national level. So the fact remains that if, in any way, campus politics can foster interest in national elections, they are of supreme value in that they might overcome the tremendous amount of political apathy that harbors itself in many Americans.

The two party system now in operation on our campus seems to be desirable over a dominating one party system as exists in the South today. Good clean competition between two institutions will never harm anyone. Students should spend a small proportional amount of their time, energy, and finances for campus and national politics, as interest and participation with moderation will be beyond recompense now and in later life.

Dr. C. H. Richards

ASSOC. PROFESSOR OF SOCIAL SCIENCE

In considering the value of campus politics perhaps a distinction should be made between actual value and potential value. As the situation now exists at most institutions, there is some doubt that students can gain too much incentive to be active participants in political processes in post-college years. Too frequently the campaigns for student offices resolve themselves into theatrical displays between two or more rival groups in which popularity rather than issues or ability is the dominant theme. While "having fun" in itself is not necessarily bad or wrong, "a good show" should never be allowed to submerge completely the desirable end of achieving a sense of responsibility in the democratic process.

Obviously the issues involved in national, state, and local politics are different in kind from those with which students are concerned in a campus election. The techniques, however, are essentially the same. Campaign methods do not differ greatly, whether the office sought be that of governor or student body president. The process of making a rational decision between alternative views on basic issues is not measurably changed simply because the question at

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What value campus politics?

stake is the desirability of an expanded social program for students instead of the soundness of parity price supports for agricultural commodities. In campus politics, in short, the opportunity for effective training in democratic techniques is present, provided the student avails himself of it. Especially is it true at a Christian college that the value of moral responsibility in the use of the ballot can be emphasized over the practical advantage of utilizing the vote to promote selfish, unethical ends.

Above all, campus politics should be free from the undemocratic tendencies sometimes fostered by fraternity control. There can be little objection to political parties on a college campus. Parties, in fact, are almost inevitable in any democratic government. But the party structure should be broadly based. Fraternities do not have a monopoly on capable candidates, nor do they possess all available political wisdom. Participation in party councils should always be open to the non-Greek as well as the Greek.

The basic need in the present struggle between the democracies of the West and the authoritarian regimes of the East is a revitalized enthusiasm for democratic institutions and practices in Western nations. By making a beginning at home, where democracy can be

observed as close range, the college can make a valuable contribution. The responsibility rests with the students, followers no less than leaders.

Martha Bond Cook

MEMBER, STUDENT LEGISLATURE

Springtime, posters, and politics are synonymous at Wake Forest College. Although many say that politics on our campus take up too much time, there are not many individuals who would wish to give up the excited tension that fills the air when it is time to "politic." But the excitement and fun of a campus election are not the only dividends. The greatest advantage of becoming involved in politics is experience — the one thing each person needs and desires. Perhaps the experiences may not all be pleasant, but no one has ever promised that any phase of life will always be pleasant. College is supposed to be a laboratory where one experiments and proves the theories by which he intends to live. If one neglects to experiment with politics, how can he be expected to cope with the same problems on a national basis after graduation? Before I came to college, politics was merely a word that began with a "p" and ended with an "s." After three

years at Wake Forest, politics is a word that means standing up for ideals and beliefs, planning a campaign that incorporates these beliefs, and even good, friendly disagreements — experiences that I would not give up for all the world.

Ah, but the demon god, Mammon, rears his ugly head. Yet when one gets down to the basic facts, any student can carry on a campaign for a reasonable sum if he is not too lazy to make a few posters and to speak to a great many people. If one concedes the point that college politics gives experience, how can one quibble over the expense? Let's face it, experience is not dished out free of charge.

This world demands a well-rounded man who can stand on his own two feet . . . a man who can think clearly. Wake Forest College offers to each person the opportunity of becoming such a man every spring. Each student has the opportunity to experiment on a small basis with the same problems that he will be called upon to face in a few years. The social and religious phases of life are not neglected in college, why neglect the political side? Rudyard Kipling should be able to say to every student who thinks of his life after graduation:



You don't have to go to college to know that after eating, drinking and smoking, the best breath fresheners of all are



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*"Ben Wants to
See You"*

"Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,

And . . . which is more . . . you'll be a man, my son!"

So bring on springtime, posters, and politics, please.

Johnie Ray Hendren

PRES., YOUNG DEMOCRATS CLUB

In the United States today the methodology for channelling ability into appropriate governmental units is quite lax. Today the American youth is educated better than young people of other nations; yet our nation is deficient in a citizenry that takes an adequate interest in, or assumes an active responsibility toward government and politics.

Political activity is not merely the prerogative of selected groups, but rather, the inherent duty of all. One of the primary reasons for the existence of colleges in a democracy is to indoctrinate into the minds of young people the basic structure and functions of our democratic way of life. Thus it follows that as an educational institution one of Wake Forest College's main efforts should be to encourage every future member of our communities to make the business of government his personal obligation, as well as an inherent responsibility as a citizen of the United States.

I feel that Wake Forest College fulfills the obligation as a democratic college through its campus politics. I feel assured that there is no better genesis than our campus politics to develop and inculcate in the student an intricate knowledge of the political world which will carry over into later years and enable him to better fulfill his obligations as a citizen.

Of what additional post-graduate value are campus politics? I personally am convinced that many young people with political potentials never enter active politics, because they have never mastered the basic mechanics. They are faced with many perplexing questions such as: What should I do?, Where should I go?, How do I start?, and many others.

I think the answers to many of these questions lie in our campus politics. Campus politics give the students confidence and know-how that will be transformed into interest and participation in federal and state politics after graduation.

From personal observations I consider Wake Forest College as the

STUDENT POLL

The following is a poll of student political interest and opinion. Although 66 per cent of the student body participated, only major trends may be considered as significant indications of student feeling.

1. Do you favor or are affiliated with a national political party?

	Republican Per Cent	Democrat Per Cent	None Per Cent
All students -----	18	37	45
Co-eds -----	12	33	55
Independents -----	16	42	42
Fraternity -----	19	44	37

2. Do you favor or are you affiliated with a college political party?

	Campus Per Cent	Student Per Cent	None Per Cent
All Students -----	24	27	49
Co-eds -----	26	22	52
Independent -----	10	9	81
Fraternity -----	37	52	11

3. Of these three—party, platform, candidate—which one would you likely take into more consideration when voting for a candidate in campus elections?

	Party Per Cent	Platform Per Cent	Candidate Per Cent
All students -----	14	25	61
Co-eds -----	2	20	78
Independent -----	5	30	65
Fraternity -----	30	20	50

4. Of these three—party, platform, candidate—which one would you likely take into more consideration when voting for a candidate in a national election?

	Party Per Cent	Platform Per Cent	Candidate Per Cent
All students -----	18	28	54
Co-ed -----	8	22	70
Independent -----	22	35	43
Fraternity -----	21	29	50

5. Do you think that it is more necessary that government:

... be efficient and effective? 52 per cent

... always express the will of the people? 43 per cent

(After just finishing a course in government 136 students said 59 per cent to 41 per cent that it is more necessary that government be efficient and effective.)

6. Do you think that your experience in college politics will have any effect upon your attitude or interest in national politics after graduation?

Yes 43 per cent No 28 per cent Undecided 24 per cent

does not end. In office he seeks ways to appease his former opposition. Fence straddling continues. In order to build up a political machine he is not clear on what side he should stand and thus his decisions and votes on critical issues become involved and divisive.

In a way, campus political campaigning follows the professional pattern. The candidates, off and on the campus, and the office-holder must become conscious of the fact that we live in the most crucial era of world history; that the communist revolution is absolutely real and that in order to win the war of ideas, we must stand for and live the quality of life we talk about. It begins with me. When I apologized to a political opponent for my short cuts in our campaign, he responded, acknowledging where he too had been wrong. Unity and teamwork resulted.

The new type of candidate who lives absolute moral standards and challenges the voters to do likewise is the only answer to the discouraging political scene around the world today. Someone has said, "What will happen to the politician who is absolutely honest?" The reply: "He is in grave danger of becoming a statesman."

Gene Boyce

PAST PRESIDENT OF STUDENT BODY

Campus politics are a valuable lesson in citizenship. The procedures for party organization, nomination of candidates, campaigning, and election of campus officers are patterned on a small scale unbelievably like the state and federal political framework. Participation in student political affairs gives the individual student a much closer look inside the workings of an effective and vigorous political campaign than most of us will ever have on the national or even the state level. But the important thing is that, as individual citizens, we will be aware of what is going on in the party primaries, caucuses, campaigns and elections. We will know the meaning of a political party, when it is important to vote for the man and when to vote for the party, and we will know the importance of party platforms and the party's previous administrative record. All these things we will have done ourselves, with our own hands and minds, and we will know the how, what, when, and where of politics.

One great lesson that can be learned by participation in student politics is that the right to go to the polls and vote

epitome of political interest. If other educational institutions would match up to our own example the nation would become government conscious and develop better organization and function more smoothly than it presently does.

In my opinion the present Wake Forest student political situation is favorable and through its unlimited opportunities it has created many well trained leaders and engineers who are helping to operate the complex machinery of our government today.

Charles B. Deane

CONGRESSMAN, 8TH N. C. DISTRICT

It is a revolutionary experience for any candidate to run for office on the basis of absolute honesty. Why is it that so often you hear the voters say of the candidate, or the political officeholder: "He is straddling the fence."

The problem: a candidate wants to win. He cuts moral corners. He makes promises he knows he cannot carry out. By skillful tactics he wins. The problem

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is a cherished right that should never be relinquished. A single free vote is a vital part of the foundation of a democratic government. Frequently, an election at Wake Forest College is won by only one or two votes. The candidates apparently very seldom overlook the importance and the strength of the individual voter. But those who possess the franchise are not infrequent in failing to exercise that right.

Having the party system, regardless of its makeup, is a valuable asset to a college education. The town meeting type of election would offer no practical lessons in training for political activity after graduation. The spring elections at this School come at a good time of the year; they offer good experience to candidates, party leaders and the voters alike; the campaign should be vigorous and seriously pursued—they are always enjoyable. From past experience in campus politics two thoughts always occur to me in reminiscing of student political history. It would be well for all citizens and political enthusiasts to keep them in mind. Abraham Lincoln advised, "The best way to defeat your enemy is by making him your friend." The other thought is that many battles have been won with a good sense of humor. With such an attitude and spirit prevailing, I hope Wake Forest politics will be as vigorous, as heated, as enlightening and as much fun as they have been in the past.

THE MOTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

over," he started again in explanation. "Yes, nice afternoon, isn't it?"

"Yes ma'am."

He looked past her into the living room to the walnut mantelpiece and gilt-framed portraits.

"Won't you have a seat?" she asked, gesturing toward a near chair, then hiding her soiled hands in the folds of her cotton dress.

He glanced up the staircase and said, "Well, I thought I'd just have a look at the room if you have time to show it to me."

"Of course," she said as if it were her mistake in suggesting anything else. She straightened out the hooked rug at the bottom of the steps and started up.

"I haven't had time to fix it up like I'd planned. Had no idea that someone would be looking at it this soon. Just called the woman over at the school yesterday afternoon."

Miss Carrie had decided in January to rent her upstairs back bedroom to one of the students at Barmount College but had waited until the second semester had already begun before calling to give her name and address. The girl at the office was encouraging and said that someone would probably be over soon to look at the room. Hesitantly, Miss Carrie had asked, "Do you think I can get some quiet young man who won't be too rowdy?"

The girl had laughed shortly and softly, "I'm sure we can find someone suitable."

She did not actually know college students to be rowdy, but there had been so much talk in Barmount about rough fraternity parties among its some twelve hundred students. Because of such rumors, she had refused getting one of the students to room there, although she realized that having someone would help the loneliness that crept in every once in awhile. But it was the memory of the last summer that had finally won out. Miss Carrie had spent a few weeks in the Great Smokies. Aside from a summer theatre and two antique shops there was not much else to Beaver Lake but a post office, church, several small stores, and a few doctors — the necessities. She had enjoyed the afternoon browses among the antiques although she really could not afford to buy anything. She was very proud of a vase gotten very cheaply at a Thursday night auction. It stood on the dresser of the spare room. At Beaver Lake, she had seen the bright refreshing days fade through the mountain shadows into the calm and cool of evening. The heat of Barmount was left behind until the vacation was up, and Miss Carrie traveled back to the empty house and the parched ground beneath her sweltering flowers.

Last year she had saved up enough money for the stay, but paying Doc Cramerton had taken all of this year's extra money. She called it shortness of breath; a slight case of high blood pressure he said. He gave her a prescription for some pills and cautioned her to be careful. Renting out a room would mean some extra work on her part, but since it seemed to be the only way in which she could get money to go back to the mountains, the decision was made.

And now her breath was coming in short little spurts as she talked across her shoulder to the boy coming up behind her on the stairs.

"It has two big windows . . . not that the view is anything special. There's just the flower garden and beyond that, the back road to the highway. . . . Won't do you a bit of good if you're an artist."

She looked behind to see if he was laughing with her. His lips moved in a small grin.

"No, ma'am, I'm not an artist."

She opened the door to the bedroom thinking how it seemed a little bare even with the heavy walnut furniture and decided to bring up the chintz covered chair from the sun parlor. The curtains and coverlet were freshly washed, but Miss Carrie was acutely aware of the water stains below the windowsills and the blisters in the ivy-patterned wallpaper. She hoped he would not notice.

"Here we are," she said.

He followed her into the room as she pointed to the bed.

"It's really very comfortable. Go ahead and try it."

"I'm sure it is," he said and continued to look around the room. His glance fell upon the desk with its straight back chair. She could not tell if he were thinking about the room or something else. He seemed far away, making her feel like the outsider. She found that she had forgotten what she had planned to say to whoever came to look at the room.

So instead she said, "Of course, it isn't anything grand."

"It's all right," he assured her.

"You can move the desk over to the windows when it gets warmer. The chair back may be too stiff, but I always say that you can't think straight if you're too comfortable."

She sensed a certain restlessness about him.

"Would you like to see the bathroom? No one else will be using it. It's nicer that way, don't you think?"

He nodded absently but said, "Never mind . . ."

"But it'll only take a minute," she insisted. She thought that the bath was the nicest part of all.

"I think I've seen enough to know," he said.

"I'm asking just six dollars a week and of course, I'll keep it clean just as always."

And as he moved in front of the closet door and looked around once more, she realized that she had not mentioned the closet.

"I forgot about the closet," she be-

A PERSONAL MESSAGE

from the

College Book Store

ON every hand one hears it said, "It will never be the same again." No, in many ways our college will never be the same again. When we search our hearts for a truthful answer, who of us is not really willing to leave behind the crumbling walls of inadequate buildings, hallowed though they may be? We have outgrown our tiny shell and through the goodness and generosity of far-sighted benefactors a beautiful, adequate college site and buildings await our coming. In this respect, the college will never be the same again.

To this new college home we send our children—our dearest possessions. To them we have given far better advantages than we had. We helped to make the old college fine; they will make the new college finer. If we have instilled in them a love and admiration for the old college, they will carry a greater love and devotion to the new college. We must have faith in them—they will not fail us. Because it is our children's college, it will, more than ever, be ours.

To the new college go long-time faculty members—many who are alumni of the college. These worthy sons will perpetuate the traditions we love, while our children add to this wealth of tradition.

For our college to "be the same," we must continue to give, not only financial support, but the intangibles which, down through the years, have helped to make our college great: our love, our interest and our prayers. Our love for her will grow in proportion to these gifts. When we no longer have duties in her hallowed halls, let's visit her often in order to keep fresh in our memories all that the college has meant to us, and all that we hope it will mean to generations yet unborn.

E. C. Snyder
Manager

gan both apologetically and anxiously, pointing to the door behind him.

He smiled faintly in her direction and said, "That's all right, Miss Garrison. Everything's fine."

There was interest in his manner, but it lacked the enthusiasm which she seemed to remember from the years before. She started to tell him that she would furnish the linens, but thought better of doing so. If he were not interested, there was not any use of insisting so much. When they got to the bottom of the steps, he pointed to his bag.

"Do you mind if I leave this here? I'll send my other stuff over this afternoon."

He smiled a moment longer than usual and said, "The room will do nicely."

Miss Carrie recovered from her surprise enough to say awkwardly, "I'm sorry, I just thought you weren't interested. You're different from most young people, I mean, from what I thought they were."

Suddenly she wasn't sure of what she had expected. The boy was pleasant in his detached manner. He wasn't loud or rowdy, just quietly observant. And it bothered her that she could not place him in the picture which she had drawn in her mind. The days of her own youth were very dim.

There had never been any children for Miss Carrie nor even a husband. Years before a young man named John had lingered with her on the wide porch that ran around the house, but he had gone quite suddenly. At first it had been impossible for her to believe that John had gotten the girl in trouble and married her from obligation, but she had long ago accepted the truth. There was never anyone else. And since then, she had developed an untested trust in life to bring day after day the same quiet existence.

The boy looked at her from beneath wiry unsuppressed brows that grew heavier at their outer edges. "You'll find we're mostly all alike."

He was almost out the door when she asked, "What did you say your name was?" knowing that he had not said.

"Royce, Danny Royce."

He walked down the walk away from the house. She watched him go.

Wentworth Avenue was once a double line of two-story white frame houses standing back from an elm-lined street. Now there was only one of the

white houses left. It was Miss Carrie's. She refused to let it be torn down and replaced by a low brick bungalow like the rest. The elms were gone, too, on order from the electric company, and there had been no effort to replace them with anything; that is, except for more telephone cables and electric wires. All that remained on Wentworth from the years before were Miss Carrie and her white frame house.

She had lived there alone for the ten years since her mother's death. Flower gardening kept her busy through most of the year, and the confining winter months were spent in making cakes and cookies for church bazaars and friends. It was generally conceded that she baked the best cakes and had the prettiest flowers in town.

Miss Carrie was a name only recently acquired. As old friends had sold out and left, so had the days of Carrie Garrison gone with them. Younger couples had moved in, newly-weds and those with one or two small children, so that at forty-nine, she was already Miss Carrie who lived alone in the white frame house on lower Wentworth.

On the day Danny had come, Miss Carrie had noticed a little brownish-green case on one of the inner branches of the hedge. A few days later she went back to look. It was attached at its top to the stem and was held in place by an ever so thin girdle of silk. It was an ugly little cocoon, disfigured and unappealing. She reached out to tear it from the stem and crush it under her foot, but it looked so helpless that she withdrew her hand and sat there looking at its strangeness. Imagining that it would become one of those monstrous moths that gathered around the porch light at night to knock threateningly upon the window screen, she shuddered.

But from then on, each time she was in the back yard she would go over and look to see if the cocoon was still there. Each time, it was. After awhile she began to experience an almost motherly feeling toward the small brown form under the cover of the hedge.

Miss Carrie was in the kitchen one afternoon making a cake when she heard Danny come in. After a few weeks she had learned just when to listen for the front door to slam. He was almost up the stairs before she reached the hall.

"Danny?"

"Ma'am?"

"Why don't you come down and have

collegiate crackles

Scientific

Assume an elephant—or:
be sliding down an inclined plane
soft boiled egg in a vacuum
is a rope. One end of the rope
of the plane, from which to descend
Homer Smith and Homer Spl
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ntic Method

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which deaf Indians hang. The Injuns,
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tive of elephant to be constant.

SUNDIAL, NOVEMBER 1955



"I'm a pillar of tolerance, Simmons, but we must draw the line somewhere."

PROFILE, MARCH 1955

mp Politician, as he appears to . . .

RAMMER JAMMER, MARCH 1956



. . . his girl . . .



. . . himself . . .



. . . other politicians . . .



. . . the campus!

a bottle of pop after you put your books up?"

He stood near the top of the stairs dressed in a windbreaker and khaki trousers. His face was rosy from the crisp February air, its brightness of youth and energy dulled only by eyes that did not quite meet her own friendly ones.

"Sorry, Miss Garrison, I just don't have time."

"Well, if you decide to, come on down. I'm just beating up a cake."

"But . . . okay."

He turned and went on up the steps into his room. She watched him disappear from view and walked back into the kitchen. Never had she had the opportunity to talk to Danny much; he was always out or up in the room. He rarely came into the living room or kitchen, not even to ask for something. Instead he left notes on his desk, short notes written hastily in a careless scrawl.

Miss Carrie added a few more quick strokes with the big wooden spoon and turned the golden mixture into three cake tins. Licking the surplus batter from the spoon, she felt a momentary sense of pride, but made an impulsive petition that the cake would not fall after beginning to bake. She had most

of the utensils and bowls washed when Danny pushed the kitchen door open.

Looking up, she said, "Come in, Danny," trying not to voice her surprise.

"Thought I'd take you up on that drink . . . got sort of thirsty."

His eyes met hers for the first time; she saw that they were an unusual blend of blue and gray.

"They're in the Frigidaire and the opener is up there by the window."

She finished rinsing the last bowl while Danny got the drink and seated himself at the table.

"Would you like a glass and some ice? I'm always drinking mine right out of the bottle. It tastes better that way to me."

"I like mine this way, too."

She got out the chocolate for the frosting and measured the two cups of sugar into the saucepan, pouring in an extra half cup.

"Danny, how about getting me another quart of milk out of the Frigidaire?"

He brought the milk over and held it at her elbow.

"Just put it down on the cabinet. Thank you."

He stood there while she poured the milk into the pan and took the bottle back to the gleaming refrigerator.

"Danny, do you know anything about cocoons?"

"Cocoons?" he asked, half-way interested.

"Yes, I've found a cocoon out under the hedge. Thought you might tell me what kind it is."

"No, I don't know anything about cocoons. Sorry." His voice had the old wariness in it.

"Why not come out and take a look at it with me? I haven't had a chance to get out there today."

"It may be gone . . .," suggested Danny.

She was unsure whether he was too lazy to get up or if he did not depend upon things being the same from day to day.

"It was there yesterday. I don't think anything has happened since then," she said confidently, wishing that he had more trust in life.

She took the frosting mixture over to the stove and turned up the gas flame, watching until bubbles appeared in the thick dark liquid. Glancing at the clock on the table, she opened the oven door to peep at the cake which was now acquiring a slight tinge of brown. It was

ready to go on the upper rack. Using the ends of her apron for pot holders, she transferred the tins. Danny got up as if to leave and pushed the chair under the table with his foot.

"Why don't you wait around for a piece of cake?"

"I've really got to go . . . study."

"But I want you to see the cocoon. Come out with me right now, if you will, while the frosting cooks a little." She wiped her hands on the front of her apron and started out to the back porch.

"I can't," he began, then added, "I'm sorry."

She looked around and asked him again without saying anything else. It was her eyes that pleaded.

"All right, Miss Garrison, if it means so much to you," he said so condescendingly that she almost wished he had remained inside.

She led him out to the hedge. It was mid-afternoon; the sun was already sinking down toward the trees. She bent down to the ground and began moving aside the stiff branches of the hedge. After some anxious moments in which she feared that Danny might be justified in not depending upon a stability of life, she saw it hanging there in the same position as before.

"Here it is, Danny. Take a look," she said between short little breaths.

Danny leaned down to look at the cocoon.

"Looks just like any other moth's cocoon. The chrysalid stage."

"The what?"

"Chrysalid," he repeated. "That's when the larvae change into moths."

"It's such an ugly duckling, and I don't suppose the moth will be any prettier. Can you tell what kind it will be?"

"Huh-uh," he shook his head. "Too bad you won't get to see it, at least you won't know if you do."

"I'd still like to take care of it."

Danny looked up, his eyes and voice soft as much as a mother's. "Of course you would, Miss Carrie." It was the first time that he had called her that. "Did you ever have any children at all to care for?"

She swallowed unnecessarily. "My mothering never got any further than a few stray cats and dogs—and a moth cocoon," she finished with a gaiety that only partially covered the regret of many years.

Danny looked down at the ground for

DICK FRYE'S

Long recognized
for the best
in foods.

BOB'S COLLEGE INN

Wake Forest's
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underpass

VISIT THEM OFTEN

Dream

Dream on O'child with the golden hair;
It is not yet the barter hour.
Ambition reigns, but will it carp
Or break the bind with power?

Is love so great that it exists
Beyond ambition's wild call?
Does love ever miss
When ambition strides love's sacred hall?

Which is the greater of the two?
Ambition and love, side by side—
One looks to me, the other to you—
One says flee, the other abide.

Dream on O'child with the golden hair;
It is not yet time,
For you have not seen the signaling flare.
There will be a sign.

ROBERT FITZGERALD

a moment. She watched him carefully re-arrange the branches so that the cocoon would be completely hidden from view.

"The frosting will be boiling over," she said and turned quickly toward the house. He followed her in trying not to see the tears in her eyes.

After testing the thickened frosting, she tapped the golden layers of cake from the tins and set them on the porch to cool. Danny watched her beat the frosting into the fluffy mass and spread it over the layers. Almost immediately she cut an oversize piece, placing it in one of her nicest plates, and handed it

to him without asking if he wanted it or not.

"Danny, what's the moth inside the cocoon doing right now?"

"Oh, it's just waiting," explained Danny with his mouth full.

"For what?"

"Oh, just to see if spring comes, I guess," he answered.

To Miss Carrie it seemed that Danny was at last allowing his barrier of indifference between them to drop. He would occasionally come into the kitchen or living room to talk if only for a few moments. Miss Carrie welcomed those brief conversations. His

entire manner toward her had softened, reminding her of the boy named John in the years before.

Then Danny started coming in at one, two, and three o'clock in the morning and resumed the practice of leaving notes instead of talking to her. She started to ask him about it, but reasoning that it was none of her business, refrained from doing so. There was no trouble; it was only that she missed the short talks with him. It was near the middle of March, and in Virginia March is none too early to start thinking about spring cleaning. So she decided to start with the sun parlor.

That morning the phone rang. A feminine voice sounded from the other end of the line.

"Is Danny Royce in?"

"Danny's in class now. I'm not sure when he will be back," she said remembering how late it had been the night before.

"Will you tell him that Flora won't be able to meet tonight?"

"Flora won't be able to meet him tonight," she repeated. "All right."

There was no goodbye, only the click of a receiver being replaced.

Danny did not come in all afternoon. She was sorry that he had not gotten the message. After supper she listened to the radio for awhile and then took out her crocheting. Several pieces were done before she looked at the clock again. Eleven. She put the basket of dainty white circles back into the large chest and looked for a deck of cards. Playing solitaire until she lost count of how many times she had been beaten, she decided to go to bed after one more try. Miss Carrie had just gotten the third ace out when she heard steps on the front porch. Getting up quickly, she reached the hall just as Danny was closing the door. He stopped short when he saw her standing there.

"What you doing? Checking up on me?"

The smell of beer hung heavily in the air. She caught her breath and determined to appear unconcerned, but she was both disappointed and dismayed.

"Just trying to beat solitaire, but I guess the time got away with me."

"Oh, to hell with you," he mumbled, not intending her to hear. He really did not mean it; it was just that it seemed to be the only thing to say when she

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26



An ancient adage says: "Little boys laugh when they throw stones, but the frogs die in earnest." Likewise, while Great Powers play political pat-a-cake, noble peoples receive real slaps!

Arabs and Jews, great peoples wherever they are found, are still being "sicked" at each other; and while they snarl and wound, their provocateurs smile and suavely explain to a horrified world: "They are really uncontrollable, but we'll do our best to keep them from killing each other too badly! However, you see now what would happen if we were not around to keep an eye on things."

This is an old song. It has been sung in many lands where nationalism has reared its "nasty" head and given the good-bye sign to a colonial or mandatory power. The signing has expanded to choralic dimensions as all over the world the "little man" is discovering his true role as individual, as national, as world citizen.

Imperialistic nations tremble and sharpen and prepare their method-weapons. Should they use the "mow 'em down" machine? March in, declare a curfew and take over? That is a little too obvious, they admit, and crude, too.

After all, this is the Diplomatic Age, and subtlety is the keynote. There is another method, a little ancient in origin, it actually began with Eden (the Garden of, that is); however, it has never been bettered, absolutely fool-proof. That method is divide and conquer!

And now that the scene has been laid and the programme notes noted, bring in the actors and let the drama proceed.

Enter two cousins arm-in-arm, half-brothers really. Handsome men, both of them, noble bearing, carriers of marvelous cultures. They speak of bygone days, desert sands, ancestral sages, times of wandering, Cabalism and Sufism—twin mysteries of their two families, golden days when close collaboration produced scientific and spiritual values which have blessed all the nations of the world. They share a common dream of once again living in physical and spiritual communion to their mutual enrichment and the betterment of the lives of millions.

The exotic music of the aud lends enchantment to this pleasant scene. Then one becomes rudely aware of the presence of the villain. He wears Harris tweeds and carries a walking stick into

whose stem is secreted a cruel-looking knife. From his shoulders hang a hiker's knapsack. Among the sandwiches and thermos of tea a pistol is hidden.

The two cousins see him and greet him warmly. They adore him above all others. He is a great man, a scholar, a scientist, an industrial giant, a leader among men; and they are among his followers. He encourages them to reveal their plans. They do so eagerly, trustingly, naively suggesting that someday perhaps their allied efforts might produce great men, scholars, scientists, industrial giants, leaders.

They sit in the shade of a silver-gray olive tree sharing a lunch of fragrant cheese, meaty olives, flat bread with crisply curling edges, and honeyed dates. They find smooth stones upon which to place their heads, and within minutes they are all asleep.

But wait, not all, one is awake and stealthily moves about. His movements are quick and deft. He takes a watch from the pocket of one cousin and puts it in the pocket of another. Then he takes the knife from the cane placing it on the ground near the pocket into which he has tucked the watch. This suggests that the knife has slipped from



A Parable of Jews and Arabs

by Hannah P. Scoggin

An Arab patient registers for X-ray inspection at an Israeli Government District Health Centre in Beersheba. The Near East was making brilliant achievements in the world of medicine when the Western Hemisphere was lost in the Dark Ages. Today, Arab and Jewish leaders work together in promoting better health among its peoples.

the pocket. Once again the moving figure slips into his place and stirs drowsily, falls then seemingly into heavy slumber.

His stirring awakens, as he has intended that it should, the cousin from whom the watch has been taken. He awakens, sleepily rubs his eyes, then starts as he sees the gleaming blade beside his sleeping cousin. "Isaac," he shouts, "have you brought a knife to a meeting of brothers?" Isaac languidly opens one eye, then seeing the fire in the eyes of his cousin, springs to his feet stumbling over the knife which indeed seems to have fallen from his pocket. "It is not my knife, Ishmael, I swear it." He makes a motion to turn his pockets inside out, and the watch is exposed to view. Ishmael recognizes the watch as his own, denounces Isaac and swiftly snatches the knife from the ground. "You have stolen that which is mine," he screams as he brandishes the blade. "I am innocent, my brother," pleads Isaac, "I desire only your good will." "Liar, traitor, thief," spews Ishmael, moving closer. Isaac, seeing only the advancing knife, reaches for a heavy rock.

The shouts and curses have awakened

the great man, the scholar, the scientist, the industrial giant, the leader. He looks at Isaac with stone in hand. Quickly he whips out the pistol and says, "Isaac, your brother is a giant and could destroy you with one blow. Do not antagonize him further. If you do, I will be forced to use this weapon in order to save him."

He faces them both, Isaac and Ishmael. "Yours was an idle dream. The secret of greatness is known only to a few. Go your separate ways and think of it no more. I will remain as before your close friend and advisor, and you will receive glory from me."

With disillusioned eyes Isaac listens to these words and then replies, "I do not desire your presence any longer, for your ways are not my ways; and I no longer understand nor adore you."

Ishmael, torn by suspicion and anger, turns away. As the curtain falls, these words are heard clearly: "It is you who is in the right, Ishmael; there can be no compromise." Thus spoke the great man, the scholar, the scientist, the industrial giant, the leader among nations.

Audience: "Boo! Booooo!"

The perfect analogy has not yet been

birthed. This one (offered for mental stimulation) does, however, suggest certain historic behavior patterns and enables a clearer recognition of roles.

The restless movements of immigration waves thousands of years before Christ, tossed upon the Near Eastern scene a foam of Semetic peoples, common ancestors of Arabs and Jews.

The Dark Ages of the Western sphere appears double dark when contrasted with the brilliant achievements within the Islamic orbit in the fields of mathematics, astronomy, medicine, philosophy, poetry. The same period was a Golden Era for Jews in the arts, sciences, crafts, literature and philosophical writings. The Jewish mysticism of Cabalism and the Arab mysticism of Sufism flourished side by side with mutual interaction. One of the vitalizing streams of Western civilization was produced by the brilliant collaboration of these two Semetic strains.

After some five hundred years of Turkish domination, the huge Ottoman Empire, which included Near Eastern countries, was ended by a series of treaties entered into during and after World War One. Among the idealistic war-aims of the Allies was the principle

of freedom of oppressed minorities and national self-determination. Thus, nationalistic yearnings in Egypt, Syria and Arabia were formally recognized; and a national home for the Jews in Palestine under British protection was officially proclaimed. The leader of the Arab independence movement, the Emir Feisal, first King of Iraq, who was the chief spokesman for the Arabs at the Peace Conference in Paris expressed satisfaction with the plan for Palestine and his conviction that the mutual interaction of Arabs and Jews would be a blessing to both.

What burst this bubble of envisaged compatability? Another bubble blown by Britain herself in which she saw reflected Palestine as an essential part of a British imperium in the Near East. On the underside of the bubble she saw a thickened dark place. It reflected ominously a possible Judeo-Arabic alliance whose influence might spread beyond Palestine to all the Near East, inevitably aborting carefully conceived British designs. The historic collaboration of Jews and Arabs supported British fears.

A mandate is not a colony. Using Palestine as a British point for military and naval concentration that would benefit British imperialism exclusively

could only be justified by erupting hostilities between Arabs and Jews and necessitating strong policies.

Zionism as an obstacle to Pan-Arabism (which actually didn't exist except in the minds of Anthony Eden, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and a limited few) was the perfect bee to sting the Arabs into action. And so the British gave to the Arab world an "ideal" that would unite them, however superficially; and at the same time would not imperil British designs in the Near East. Thus, both Arab and Jewish ideals, noble in essence, were gilded with camel dung and used to light fires to ripen British politics. And the ripening produced rot which tainted a full generation and set up a deterioration in the relationships of Arabs and Jews seemingly impossible to check.

Even with the existence of Israel as an independent state, British policy continues to be dominantly oriented toward the Arab states. American policy, on the other hand, is predicated on the acceptance of the inherent value of both Arabs and Israelis; based on the conviction that friendship for Israel is entirely compatible with friendship for the Arab States.

Britain's industrial capacity is dependent upon oil from Arab lands;

thus, her policy of ends justifying means. And so for the duration (length undeterminable—possibly until atomic energy replace oil-energy) democratic action is pigeonholed and economic expediency is disguised as sacred responsibility. Britain now is attempting to: (1) convince America that forty per cent of the world's oil is justification for any political play the Western powers might call (however, if Russia tries to get into the game, that's nasty Soviet treachery!) and (2) keep America out of the Near East politically and economically. If this is not possible, she will imply that America is the handmaiden of that fire-breathing monster, Zionism. That will insure America's being tossed out by the Arabs, leaving Britain with clear field—oilfield and airfield!

American leadership is well aware that hostilities breed war and also aware that the grim impasse in Arab-Israel relations is a realistic deterrent to world peace. John Foster Dulles, in a recent foreign policy address, reiterated American impartiality to all the peoples of the Near East, and further amplified American belief in the value of both peoples (Arabs and Israelis) as possessors of a brilliant past and a great and noble future. On this statement of fact he then predicated the goal, reconciliation.

Individual Americans may be found in two opposing camps: (1) Among those who reject American policy for the Near East and actively endeavor to sabotage such policy by supporting the British view of appeasing the Arab states at Israel's expense. This view presupposes the Arabs to be so stupid politically, economically and socially that they will not realize until it's all over that they were possibly being fattened for an even bigger sacrifice. Those who hold this view may actually be unaware that they are the unwitting dupes of imperialistic design.

(2) In step with other discerning Americans who perceive that State Department policy is formulated within a framework of Judeo-Christian ethic and tradition. Those who support this policy do so as active Americans and humanitarians; and the Near Eastern policy they support is one predicated on the recognition of the individual rights of Arabs and Israelis to exist. They attempt to implement this policy by fostering a spirit of reconciliation and good will.

The Israel Work Camp provides an opportunity for Arabs and Jews as well as Europeans and Americans to work together and solve common problems. Here, a trio of volunteers build a house to be used as a youth hostel.



100 STRONG

by Shirley Mudge

WHEN Wake Forest College moves to Winston-Salem in June, those in charge of the move will be attempting to transplant the work of far more than 2,000 years. For, in fact, the years of work that have gone into the building of this college, should they be placed end to end, would reach back into very ancient history—the years of service of only the hundred men who have given ten or more years to the college would carry us back to the time of the First Punic War when Rome was invading Carthage and receiving her first taste of Greek culture.

Although professional movers with big trucks and ladders may come to Wake Forest in May to scour every corner of the campus; though students and professors who love Wake Forest may rush back for one last look around and to pick up odds and ends, still all the results of that 2,000 years of work will not be carried to Winston-Salem. The immovable part becomes the heritage of the Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary.

The Seminary realizes that it is inheriting much more than a group of buildings and a piece of land, according to Mr. Ben Fisher, Seminary Public Relations Director. In fact, Mr. Fisher believes the college plant here to be the least significant part of what the Seminary will take over. He recalled that Wake Forest College was begun in 1834 for the purpose of training young ministers. Through the years the college has grown and expanded its curriculum to include many other fields of instruction, but always it has aimed to train young men and women to live Christian lives. The Seminary, Mr. Fisher explained, would like to consider its work not new, but a continuation of the work that was begun by Wake Forest one hundred and twenty-two years ago.

During the past few months plans have been underway in the Seminary for the erection of a large wall plaque in the chapel lobby. On the plaque will be inscribed the names of all the pro-

fessors who have taught at Wake Forest for 10 years or more. Ninety-six names will appear on the bronze plaque planned by the Seminary. Fifty-one of the men have taught at Wake Forest for 20 years or more.

The idea for this memorial first came about when Mr. Fisher and several other members of the Seminary faculty were discussing the short history of the Seminary and its plans for the future. The young institution was born right here on the Wake Forest campus in September, 1951. Since that time the "baby" school has grown rapidly until, during the last two or three years, Seminary and College have had to draw themselves up and make themselves as small as possible, so that both could go on living inside the campus circle without stepping on each other's toes.

Several present members of the Seminary faculty are Wake Forest College men, and a large majority of the ministerial students there are former Wake Forest College students. These two facts help explain the close feeling between the old school and the new.

AND so the several Seminary faculty members conceived the idea of erecting the plaque in the Chapel as a tribute to the men who with over twenty centuries of work have made Wake Forest. The actual reasons, Mr. Fisher explained, are hard to put into words, "but we have all felt close to the College, and we feel that this memorial will mean a lot to alumni who come back to visit the campus."

The four men whose names head the list to be placed on the bronze plaque were responsible by themselves for over 200 years of service to Wake Forest. Those four, who were each a part of the Baptist school for at least a half century, are William Bailey Royall, William Louis Poteat, Benjamin F. Sledd and Edgar W. Timberlake.

Dr. Royall, who holds top place on the list, served as head of the Wake Forest College Department of Greek for 62 years, from 1866 until 1923. As one

man wrote of him, "After the death of Gildersleeve (who is still today considered the best scholar of the Classics ever produced in the United States) he might well have been regarded as the dean of the Greek teachers of the country, if not of the world."

Dr. Royall came to Wake Forest as a student in 1860. His father had been teaching him Greek since he was nine years old, so that he was prepared to become a teacher himself at the age of twenty-one. But Dr. Royall's work did not stop with his being an excellent teacher of Greek. During the two-year period between the resignation of T. H. Prichard as President of the College and until the election of C. E. Taylor, Dr. Royall served as Chairman of the Faculty carrying out all the duties of college chief executive.

Dr. William Louis Poteat, whose term of service is second in length only to that of Dr. Royall, was a part of the Wake Forest faculty and administration for 55 years. During that time he served the College in a number of capacities, most important perhaps was his 22-year term as President. But before he became President, Dr. Poteat was a professor of natural history and he introduced a new era in the teaching of biology by the laboratory method not only in the College, but in the State and in the South. And Dr. Poteat had other administrative duties too. He was keeper of the rolls for the College, Secretary of the Faculty with administrative duties during frequent prolonged absences of Dr. Taylor. Then in 1905 he became President. He held that office until his resignation in 1927. After that he remained with the College as teacher until his death in 1938.

Dr. Benjamin F. Sledd taught at Wake Forest for fifty years. Now, almost 20 years after his death, he is probably the subject of more legends and stories than any other character in the history of the College. Dr. Sledd came here in 1888 to teach Modern

Languages, which then included French and German. Then in 1893 after the death of William Royall, then head of the English Department, Dr. Sledd and Professor Lanneau shared the teaching of the English courses for a year. At the end of that year the students presented a petition to the faculty asking that Dr. Sledd be made head of the English Department. The following year Sledd was given all the English classes, and a year later was formally made head of the department.

In both Modern Language and English departments Dr. Sledd worked at developing the curriculum. When he came to Wake Forest there was only one course taught in French and one in German. During his second year here Dr. Sledd had three courses in each subject. As soon as he was made head of the English Department, he enlarged that to include three consecutive years of work. Dr. Sledd was also a poet. Several books of his poetry have already been published, and another, compiled since his death, is in the hands of a printer.

The fourth of the four professors-of-half-a-century is Prof. Edwar W. Timberlake whose fifty years will be completed in 1956. Prof. Timberlake graduated from Wake Forest in 1901 and he was made Associate Professor of Law in 1906. At one time or another Professor Timberlake has taught almost every course in the Law School curriculum. Three years during his term as professor he also served as Dean of the College, and during the summer after the retirement of Dr. Poteat, he was acting president. Prof. Timberlake formally retired from his position as Law Professor in June of 1953, but today he is still teaching one course in Business Law which is open not only to law students but also to undergraduates.

Down the list past the four men who have each laid at least fifty years worth of foundation in the history of Wake Forest, there appear the names of four other presidents. Dr. Charles E. Taylor, besides being President for twenty-one years, was also Professor of Latin and of Moral Philosophy to make a total of forty-five years that he was a part of the College. He, too, is accredited with having built up the college curriculum, increased the school's equipment and also its endowment funds. According to Dr. G. W. Paschal, "The story of the development of Wake Forest College is largely the story of his labors."



YORK

"Will you put a few things in your pocket, Henry? Bags get in my way at dances..."

Then there is Dr. Kitchin who served as President from 1930 to 1950. During his administration, too, the College made giant progressive strides. Eight new buildings and the athletic stadium were erected, the school enrollment increased more than 310 per cent, the two-year Medical School was moved to Winston-Salem and made a four-year school, coeds were admitted, the Law School was standardized and the Reynolds offer was received.

From 1854 until 1879 Washington Manly Wingate held the chief executive position through the stormy period of Civil War and Reconstruction. Wingate was a Wake Forest student, and he had worked as agent for the College before he was made acting President for one year and then President.

John Brown White reluctantly accepted the presidency for a five-year period from 1848 until 1853. He had been professor of mathematics and history for eleven years, and he would have preferred to remain in that capacity. However, he accepted the presi-

dency on a temporary basis and his was a prosperous term.

Still other names stand out in this Wake Forest "Hall of Fame." Elliot B. Earnshaw served the College as professor, then Bursar, and for many years as Registrar for a total of forty-six years. During that time besides being the "Watchdog of the treasury" he also planned the brick walks, arranged regular pay days for professors, made plans to get a vault for the College records, and performed many other valuable services for the school. Dr. Hubert McNeill Poteat, who is still by himself the Latin Department of Wake Forest, next year will have completed forty-five years with the College. Dr. Poteat is widely known as an author, an organist and as a leader in the Masons. Dr. G. W. Paschal who completed forty-four years with the College in 1940 as teacher of Latin and Greek and English is perhaps best remembered for his three-volume history of Wake Forest College.

Only four women's names will appear among those honored for length of serv-

ice, but that seems a fair representation considering the fact that coeds were not admitted to Wake Forest until 1942. Miss Lois Johnson, who has been Dean of Women since the first girls came, this year completed fourteen years. Miss Mary Paschal holds the honor of being the only woman faculty member who graduated from Wake Forest. She has taught French here for twelve years. Mrs. Beulah Raynor, who has her M.A. from Wake Forest, has been teaching English for eleven years. Mrs. Ethel T. Crittenden served as librarian from 1915 to 1946.

These persons specifically mentioned are only a few of the outstanding men and women who have devoted large portions of their lives to building Wake Forest College. Today Wake Forest is on the approved list of the Association of American Universities—it is nationally considered a good school. That did not just happen. The school's progress was not hurried, but slow and precise and carefully directed by competent men.

Wake Forest has long prided itself, and rightly so, in the small turnover in faculty. Approximately forty of the one hundred who are listed on the plaque will be a part of the Wake Forest at Winston-Salem. As the College catalog states, "the College has enlisted and retained throughout their teaching careers men who have devoted themselves to the College and to its ideals of culture and Christian leadership." It is the men and women who have given themselves to the building of Wake Forest that the Seminary, as Wake Forest's heir, plans to honor.

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reviews

Bonjour Tristesse

by Françoise Sagan
E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1955. 128pp. \$2.75

Bonjour Tristesse, a short novel by an eighteen-year-old girl home for the summer after flunking at the Sorbonne, has been the sensation of Europe and is currently receiving interest in this country. The authoress' purpose was to write a good book, and she succeeded marvelously well. But the reader is left with several questions. To what extent is the book autobiographical? Cecile's canny ability to dupe and humiliate Anne Larsen strains the reader's credulity. It is an excellent book for vacationers, since the characters are vacationers, each of whom reveals Françoise Sagan's innate ability as a literary psychologist.

Anne Larsen, a supercilious, domineering prude, interested primarily in the appearances of respectability and imposing her will on all intimately associated with her, engages in a vain struggle to interrupt and regulate the lives of Cecile and Raymond. When she fails to transform their lives according to her Victorian mores, life has no further meaning for her. Cecile is a very charming girl whose struggle to free herself from the domestic tyranny of Anne Larsen and to regain her former way of life with her father, invokes the admiration and the pity of the reader. Raymond, a thorough debauchee, represents bestiality in its most dignified form. He is completely oblivious to all reality and is helpless before the inexorable designs of a scheming woman. He shows an occasional interest in the happiness of his daughter but has neither the mental perception nor the spiritual insight to contribute substantially to the happiness of anyone. His blowsy mistress Elsa Mackenbourg and Cyril are mere tools in the hands of the clever Cecile.

—Charles S. Cherry

The Search for Bridey Murphy

by Morey Bernstein
Doubleday and Company, 1956. 256pp. \$3.75

Looking for a book on how to expose plans for warfare or secret weapons? Criminal schemes or impending epidemics of disease? Or any scheme directed against mankind? Would you like to see a work of nonfiction which claims to be so revolutionary in its implications that it cuts across psychology, medicine, philosophy, and religion? If so, then *The Search for Bridey Murphy* is the book to read.

A young businessman in Pueblo, Colorado, has written this story about an experiment in hypnosis and its amazing results. Morey Bernstein, the author, put a young woman named Ruth Simmons into a deep trance one night in 1952, sent her back in "age regression," and then on back through time itself. What she experienced in that pre-natal realm is the life story of Bridey Murphy. Bridey reportedly lived from 1798 to 1864 in Ireland, and Mr. Bernstein has recorded all the incidents told him concerning her previous existence. He gives the reader almost a hundred pages of these fascinating dialogues. But that's not all. Ruth, or Bridey, also lived for a while in New Amsterdam in a "third existence." Mr. Bernstein does not give the reader complete information about this part of Ruth's journey through time in the "Astral" and historical worlds because, he claims, it pained her to speak of it.

To aid the public in understanding the nature of his work, the author gives a full summary of his own experiences with hypnotism, reincarnation, and extrasensory perception. He even describes a trip he made to Duke Uni-

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versity, his "pilgrimage to the capital of parapsychology" — a new "science" which the author claims is as significant as atomic science. Mr. Bernstein is not afraid of laughter; for after all, people laughed at the Wright brothers, too, he point out. He relies heavily on Duke's Dr. J. B. Rhine and his pioneer work in extrasensory perception. Wake Foresters will be happy to know that "one of the world's most important scientists" lives only twenty-two miles away. According to Mr. Bernstein's explanation of extrasensory perception, Dr. Rhine may very well have someone sitting over in Durham reading your mind right now. Mr. Bernstein used information obtained at Duke to carry on his research. Independent investigators are currently searching for facts in Ireland to substantiate the story of Bridey Murphy.

The Search for Bridey Murphy has become a best seller and conversation piece in many groups. The reason for this probably does not lie in its content, since many other authors have written on hypnotism. Its tremendous popularity can be attributed to the nonprofessional enthusiasm and the everyday language which the author employs. He has written zealously, avoiding metaphysical language and words which the layman finds hard to understand.

Mr. Bernstein says, "Whether we dislike the idea of incarnation or not, our first job is to establish whether it is a fact or not." In this statement is disclosed the book's main weakness. The author has published before he has established anything. If and when the search for Bridey Murphy is completed, Mr. Bernstein will have something really worth reading and considering. Until then *The Search for Bridey Murphy* will remain only an interesting and novel conversational topic.

—John E. Roberts

THE MOTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

stood there, the deep hurt showing in her face.

She heard but ignored his remark. "By the way, a girl called this morning," she said, wanting to ease the situation, but succeeding only in angering him. He said nothing and started up the stairs.

"A girl named Flora," she added. At this, he paused momentarily.

"She said she wouldn't be able to meet you tonight."

Waterworld

Day ended twice, once in the water.

The mocking water reproduced
Each masterpiece of the sky.
And in doing, the water absorbed
The essence of the sky—color, serenity.

Two worlds seen, one only existing.

A careless foot, a boulder moved,
And a crisis in the waterworld;
Water's ripples disturb the peace,
Revealing one world's unreality.

The higher world, undisturbed, still existing.

CHARLES RICHARDS

He shrugged his shoulders and went on up the steps.

"Is Flora your girl?" Immediately she hated herself for asking.

"My girl? Oh, yeah, she's my girl," he replied, laughing coarsely.

Danny left early the next morning and did not come in during the afternoon. Miss Carrie was determined to go to sleep that night, but once in bed, she lay there wondering about the night before. Finally the exertion of a day spent in housecleaning crept in and she fell asleep. But at what seemed but a brief moment later, she was awakened by voices in the front hall. She turned over to look at the luminous green hands of the alarm clock on the bedstand. The short one pointed toward the three. She got up and noiselessly opened the door into the hall. In the dark she could barely distinguish the two figures from the shadows, but their voices carried back clearly.

"Danny, I don't like the looks of this. Suppose she wakes up?"

"Oh, be quiet, Flora. What difference does it make? She thinks you're my girl anyway."

"I should be Danny. What about it?"

"All girls are the same, always worrying about belonging to somebody or having somebody belong to them."

"I'm sorry, Danny."

"That's all right. Are you coming up?"

"I guess so."

There was a pause and a deafening rush of breath as the girl spoke, "Oh, Danny, yes, I'm coming up."

Miss Carrie stood frozen to the spot and let the two of them hurry up to the room. There was too much disappointment to cry out. Feeling desperately alone, she went back to bed and lay listening. The house pulsed with the uneasy quiet, until its tenseness snapped with the sound of stumbling footsteps on the stairs. The front door slammed. Upstairs a crash and a tinkle of falling glass sounded a finale as the vase hit the wall. Her pillow was damp.

The note on Danny's desk the next morning said simply, "I'm sorry." Lying beside it was the money due for a month's rent that was not yet over. A colored man came in a few days to pick up Danny's clothes and Miss Carrie never saw Danny again.

After Danny left, spring came quickly painting a green backdrop for Miss Carrie's house. There is something immeasurably fresh in a white frame house surrounded by a green lawn. The crowded rows of jonquils beside the walk invited Miss Carrie out to pick bunch after bunch. The hedge grew greener each day, but she refused to look into its branches to see if the cocoon were still there, for it might not have been.

And she refused to call the college to see if Danny were still in school. When neighbors mentioned her roomer, she skillfully evaded any question about why he had left. She felt responsible in some way, for she had failed to help him. So she tried to forget by convincing herself that he was just a rowdy college student that had succeeded in fooling her for awhile.

Again living each day that came, in trust that there would be another like it, no matter how dull, Miss Carrie managed to pass the days almost pleasantly, but there was always a little dissatisfaction gnawing at her mind. She gradually began to think more about Danny and to wonder where he was. Miss Carrie was among her flowers one morning when something on the hedge a few yards away caught her eye. She moved a little closer. It was a butterfly. On each of the wings that moved in vigorous jerks was a band of metallic color, a deep blue-green, and on their borders was a bright orange spot. She watched it for a few moments before it flew off gaily into the May sunshine. Impulsively she hurried to the hedge where she had so often looked, that one time with Danny. The cocoon was nothing more than a thin brown shell; even the silk thread was gone. She wondered.

Although Miss Carrie went about her work as usual during the rest of the day, there was a constant argument in the back of her mind as to whether or not she should try to get another roomer in the summer. She had managed to save enough money for the mountain trip, even though she did not have another tenant after Danny left. There would be many students wanting rooms for the summer session, so she would be assured of getting someone. Besides, she could perhaps take a short trip before or after the classes. And Barmount might not be too unbearable even in the hottest part of the summer if she had someone there to take care of and enjoy.

The image of the empty cocoon kept appearing in the thoughts. For the first time she realized that Danny's uncertainty about what the cocoon held inside its dull encasement was no doubt in life, but only an anxious questioning; his seeming indifference, a protection from bringing added disappointment to himself. From the first, she had thought that the cocoon held an ugly bothersome night-flier, and although she

IDGAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

would never know, as Danny said, which it was, it was spring. And she preferred to think it was the beautiful butterfly instead of a moth that had waited so long inside the cocoon, finally emerging to find that spring *had* come.

She dialed the number of the college office. A girl's "Hello" came through the receiver.

"This is Miss Carrie Garrison on 234 Wentworth. I have a room I'd like to rent out during summer school."

"All right. Just one minute, Miss Garrison." There was a pause in which the girl secured a form and pencil. "Have you had a college student before?"

Miss Carrie hesitated. "Yes."

"Is he still rooming there?"

"No, he isn't."

"Any complaints?"

"No." There could be none. He had made her a mother if only for a little while.

"What was his name, please?"

"Danny Royce."

"Oh, yes! Danny's engaged to the president's secretary, one of my best friends, or did you know?"

"No, I didn't. What's her name?" Miss Carrie forced herself to ask as many do even when they know the answer may hurt deeply.

"Pat Rawls."

Miss Carrie breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank God," she murmured.

"Pardon?" The girl was speaking again.

Miss Carrie recovered quickly, repeating for the first time what seemed appropriate, "It's a nice name."

"Yes, isn't it? Danny won a scholarship for graduate study, so they will be here another year or so."

Miss Carrie looked at her reflection in the mirror that hung above the phone table. It gave back a smiling face that seemed almost young despite the finely etched wrinkles in her forehead, around her mouth and eyes. Quite delightedly, she noticed a golden hair that had not yet turned gray. But the sunshine was streaming in through the window behind her.

"Yes?" she asked, aware that the girl had called her name again.

"Do you have any preference of tenants?"

Miss Carrie smiled out into the spring brightness, and happily told a winter's lie, "No . . . you'll find they're mostly all alike. And, oh yes, the room has a private bath."

plained, in news stories, that IDGAD meant I Don't Give a Darn. They also explained that in the election of the year before 600 out of the 1,600 students did not vote, evidence that there were quite a few who didn't give a darn, and therefore, quite a few potential members of the party.

From this beginning the Idgadians went on to provide the campus with excitement, humor and perhaps the most unorthodox campaigning ever used in politics. Because of the nature of the organization, there could be very little planned strategy, but the individuals involved were experts at providing the original and the unusual. So they "hounded in" on other parties. The custom at that time was that each party would have a Monday morning chapel period to state its platform and to persuade the students in their favor. During the SPU chapel program the Idgadians presented, by means of a public address system from atop Wait Hall, a twenty-minute transcribed program of music and propaganda. They wrote their own words to the tune of "The Whiffenpoof Song." "We're poor little IDGADs who've lost our way."

This was perhaps disturbing but even more so was the incident that occurred during the PFP program. As the PFP presidential candidate spoke, a large curtain-like poster, bearing the letters, I-D-G-A-D, fell directly in front of him, and disorder reigned. All three parties denied any connection with this event. Those same letters began to appear in other places—scratched in the freshly poured concrete on the campus, carved on the magnolias, and chalked on the bricks. Propaganda leaflets bearing information about IDGAD were dropped from an airplane flying over the campus. Signs modeled after those of Burma Shave appeared along the walks. They were designed with cartoons and carried such series as this: "What are you doing?" "I don't know." "I don't care." "I don't give a darn." "IDGAD."

Although few took the Idgadians very seriously, least of all they themselves, their actions were effective. In fact, the matter almost got completely out of hand. But nevertheless the party made possible what *Old Gold and Black* described in its April 23 issue as the "... wildest, most colorful, and certainly the most expensive election ever held by local students." The IDGAD

slogan, "A vote for IDGAD is a vote," became more than a catch phrase, because in the election of April, 1943, over fourteen hundred students paraded to the polls. The party had captured everyone's fancy and many students' votes.

Of the IDGAD total, 234 votes went for Hayes for president, while 360 went to Edith Rawls for secretary, and 267 went to Bill McIlwain for treasurer of the student body. Rawls would probably have been elected had her name not appeared as Edith on the ballot instead of "Little Henry," the name by which she was known to most students. But the influence of the 1943 IDGAD party could not be measured by numbers, for Wake Forest campus politics have felt its effect ever since. There were fewer people who didn't give a darn in the election of 1949, for there were 1,508 students who voted, and interests in campus elections have continued to run high.

But IDGAD had performed its function and faded after its short period of glory. For the next few years interest ran high in campus politics and there were some close and exciting fights for offices. But the dominance of the Progressive Fraternity Party was still the prominent feature of campus politics. This situation, however, was changed in the spring of 1951 when the PFP was split and the two present parties were set into motion. But IDGAD, like all valuable institutions, was not forgotten and when the need occurred it reappeared to champion its cause.

The election season of 1954 gave IDGAD its chance for revival. To the IDGAD group, the political situation at that time was favorable except for one fact: there was only one presidential candidate, and worse, he was being supported by both parties. The danger here was that there would be too little interest in the race. And that's where IDGAD belonged, where there were people who didn't give a darn.

So it was in the spring of 1954 that Boregarde Smith, the now famous but mythical former Wake Forest student, revived IDGAD. Again it was all a big joke and Smith's action was taken lightly at first. He became a presidential candidate, and was represented by Bill Williams, his creator, and Hunter James, IDGAD party whip. Although Smith himself was an attractive candidate, offering to be even dictator if the students wished, the platform presented by his party was even more pleasing to the idealistic student. Some of the more



Mary Ann Long, class of '57

WINSTON-SALEM

Thalhimer's

promising plans proposed by the party were making chapel attendance voluntary, thus making it possible to turn the chapel building over to Southeastern Seminary and to use a downtown phone booth for services; placing television sets in all classrooms, which would be financed by selling one of the Reynolds Tobacco Company's buildings; giving coeds one o'clock permission on all nights they didn't have four o'clock permission; and rerouting the campus brick walks to fit where the students usually walk. This platform was indeed attractive, but so was the purpose of the party, which as outlined by Bill Williams representing Boregarde Smith, was "to provide a means of action for the multitude of students who didn't give a darn about politics and needed a medium to express such an attitude."

Thus was revived the IDGAD party, appearing for its second time on the Wake Forest campus. And with this purpose and platform announced, many students responded by making known their support of the party through letters to the editor of *Old Gold and Black*. There was some doubt among students at this time about the meaning of IDGAD, for in their references to the party they completed the sentence be-

ginning "I Don't Give A . . ." with such words as "darn, dang, dern," etc. But despite misunderstanding and disorganization the party grew and gathered support. As the campaigns of 1954 progressed Idgadians were exceedingly hopeful. But then a terrible blow was struck by party enemies — Boregarde Smith was disqualified from the presidential race on two accounts. It was announced that he would graduate that June and that he was also ineligible because he was unreal. Resigning under the protest of "dirty politics," Smith and his loyal followers felt their chances fade.

But IDGAD came back with a list of candidates almost as attractive. John E. Durham replaced Smith as candidate for president of the student body, while the party also entered Nancy Davis for vice-president of the junior class and Robert Burns for secretary-treasurer of the junior class. With real-live students as candidates the '54 race took on even more interesting aspects. As in '48, campaigning was unusually exciting as Idgadians tagged on to the ends of the other parties' parades and almost stole the show. And again the word IDGAD appeared in expected and unexpected places, from the cover of *The Student*

to the columns of the chapel. The regular parties were surprised to find that they had real opposition for the top spot and began to campaign for president. The student body seemed not to recognize the values of the IDGAD slate or their platform, for none of these were elected.

But again the IDGAD party's purpose was accomplished — those people who didn't give a darn had been represented. And there had been quite a number of those people. In fact, enough students joined the Idgadians to enable the formerly lightly regarded group to give the regular politicians a scare. As the results began to appear, the full effect of a joke out of hand became evident. Coy Privette, "bipartisan" candidate supported by the two regular parties, paced the floor, obviously worried over the possibility that he might be beaten by the joke. And seated back of the crowd, in a stolen chair, IDGAD candidate John E. Durham sweated blood, also in fear that he might be elected.

After it was all over the strength of the IDGAD party in that election was indicated by two facts. Durham carried the senior class and lost to Privette by only 295 votes. And Burns forced a runoff election in the race for secretary of the junior class. Interesting to note is that the freshmen provided over half the winning margin for the victorious candidate for president. This observation was made by Dan Poole in a news story in *Old Gold and Black*: "But then the freshmen cannot be expected to know as much as seniors."

Although no candidate has ever been elected on the IDGAD ticket, that party has had a phenomenal influence on the political situation at Wake Forest. It lay dormant for six years only to reappear like Hawthorne's Gray Champion when its spirit was needed. Always a joke and always taken lightly it nevertheless has fought its way into the spotlight of student attention on these occasions.

The big question today is "Where is IDGAD?" No politician can ever rest from the fear that he will be tormented by this unpredictable agent of chaos. Every would-be candidate wonders if he will be the victim. And the question has become not "Will IDGAD rise again?" but "When will IDGAD rise again?" If its past history can be taken as a guide to its future actions, IDGAD will be revived when a sufficient number of students again "don't give a darn."

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WHITE STREET, WAKE FOREST
UPSTAIRS ACROSS FROM HOLDINGS DRUG STORE

the student

March 28, 1956

A Protest (of a sort)

The thought began with this: In the first act of Oscar Wilde's play, *A Woman of No Importance*, the admirably bad Lord Illingworth says: "The youth of America is their oldest tradition. It has been going on now for three hundred years. To hear them talk one would imagine they were in their first childhood. As far as civilization goes, they are in their second." To many this may seem unfair, but the brilliant Mr. Wilde is perhaps too undeniably correct. Youth—that glorious synonym for justified conceit—has been the mainstay of the idea of advancement in the United States. Without youthfulness Columbus would never have sailed the Ocean Blue, Alaska would have never been rescued from the terrible Czar, patriotic fervor would never have reached the point of fighting for sacred country's sacred right. The youth of America and the youthful spirit which necessarily prevails in such a youthful country have caused the rise of all wealth, of all industrialism, of all political standing. But, except for those radicals who really aren't youths because they don't live up to the idea of *All-American*, youth has caused the very smothering of cultural development. Youth today is taught that it must be natural ("being natural is merely a pose," again Mr. Wilde), it must be level-headed, it must be educated so as to become the leaders of the New Community, it must sacrifice and, above all, it must worship some idol called Conformity.

And what is wrong with being radical? And what is wrong with being both young and radical? Liberalism means merely being "wishy-washy"; conservatism means only being dusty with cobwebs. The bogus are certainly better than the clear thinking and clean cut youths that become the obese tourists who comment on the "dirtiness of all these bastard foreigners."

American youth is cocky. Being cocky is the way to succeed, to win ever so many wars, to kill ever so many "bastards." Do not pity the Bohemian who commits suicide—slashing the wrist is merely the easiest method of self-destruction. The killing of individuality among the Normal is no front page headline; it occurs too many times a day for all the yellow sheets to give even the victim's name. Those poor young people who have arrested physical and emotional development will not bring any new wealth to this country. They will not kill anyone (yell: "coward!"), they probably will never even write that novel or paint that painting, or compose that concerto, they will probably only dream and not eat and have illicit love affairs and go to Paris to await the coming of that Atomic (or is it the Hydrogen or is it now the "X") Age renaissance. But dreaming is necessary. Eating can become merely a social function. Illicit love affairs savor of the forbidden. Intellectually Paris is no longer the same, but sidewalk cafes are such nice places to wait for anything, especially something so far away as a renaissance. The few that do succeed out of all those rebels will more than make up for the suicides, the perverts, the broken bodies.

But all this thought of art is merely a return to conformity. There is much talk about art and little artistic endeavor. A well known poet says that today it is much easier for the intellectuals to live peacefully with the masses. But mere tolerance is not enough; sympathy is not even sufficient; empathy and understanding are needed.

I exaggerate. I editorialize. But then what editor does not find it necessary to exaggerate to prove a point? The situation is probably not so bad. Youth is probably not so over-powering after all. The artistic are probably only, colloquially speaking, "crazy, mixed-up kids." But there is definitely something wrong with this civilization in which the intelligent are merely tolerated and the desire is to be what the word jugglers call Normal. I protest.

—J. D. M.

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the student

April 27, 1956



behind
the student's
door

The end—and now the new



THIS IS THE STUDENT STAFF. THERE ISN'T ENOUGH SPACE TO LIST THEM ALL HERE, SO MATCH THE NAMES BELOW

All things must come to an end, including Volume 71 of *The Student*. But the deadlines, late hours and various other frustrating tasks that find their

places behind *The Student's* door will fade away, and with very little mourning.

During the year *The Student* has de-

veloped some new features, one of which is the "Student Forum." The monthly forum topics that have been presented are climaxed this month with a discussion of what is perhaps the most often written on, spoken of, and thought about event in the history of Wake Forest.

While the removal is being discussed in the forum, two important aspects concerning the new home for Wake Forest are written about in the features on pages 6 and 7. A short history of Winston-Salem, a city with a heritage comparable to that of Wake Forest, and an article on things to do and places to go in that city comprise this series.

The lead article of the April *Student* is a short story by Mrs. Peggy Gibbs. A member of the Freshman Class and from Marion, Peggy has a full schedule involving her family, her school work and being secretary to Dean Bryan. Dealing with a realistic problem, her

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ES BL THE FACES. HAND ABOVE IS EDITOR'S.

story, "Sixth Sense," is of a delicate nature and is successful in its effect.

Of special interest in the magazine this month is Dr. Hubert McNeill Poteat's paper, "Random Reflections of an Old Fogey." When the *Wake Forest Student* first came into existence, its primary function was to serve as an outlet for scholarly works of students and faculty members. But his article, certainly not a regression to dry scholarship, is characterized by the witty, yet learned, style of Dr. Poteat.

The editors are pleased to publish a poem by Bill Heins in this last issue. "Spring Is Like a River" is Bill's first publication with *The Student*. New contributors have always been welcome to submit their work, and though this year is ending, the need will certainly not be eliminated before next year.

On the cover is a recent air view of the Reynolda "promised land" by *The Student's* photographer, Irvin Grigg. It won't be long now.

the student

April 27, 1956

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SIXTH SENSE

Short Story by Peggy Gibbs

"The grass is turning brown, Lacey."
"Yes, I know; it smells sort of brownish."

Lacey lifted her head and smiled at her husband "It really does, Bill, and the sky feels blue. Are there any clouds?"

"Not a one."

"I thought not."

"Step up, honey—" Bill began, but Lacey's foot had already lifted. "How did you know, Lacey? It's absolutely uncanny, this sixth sense you've developed since . . ." Bill paused for only a second, "the accident."

"Since I lost my sight. Don't be afraid to say it, Bill. Please."

He squeezed her hand a little but didn't reply.

"As for that sixth sense," she continued with a short laugh, "you merely raised your hand a little before you spoke. When I stepped up it was my conscious responding to your subconscious. That's another of the little tricks I learned in the hospital. Don't let it scare you, darling! It's a big help to me."

Bill Warrenton gazed wonderingly at the small darkhaired girl beside him. She had learned so much these past few months in the Bellville Hospital for the Blind. "One long schoolin'," she had called her stay there. If that "schoolin'" was responsible for her effortless courage then he was grateful. But he knew better; he knew his wife. Lacey seemed to have some kind of inexhaustible reservoir from which she could draw strength

at any time. He had nothing except his love for her and his desire to shield her from any additional hurt.

Lacey knew his thoughts. She knew, too, that she mustn't let Bill go too far. She didn't want to be an invalid, but she realized it is all too easy to be talked into being one. She must be very careful, especially these first few days at home.

"Oh, Bill," she sighed, "it's so good to be home again. I want to do something very special for you. Say a chocolate cake? Just the cake," she laughed. "Next week I'll try icing one!"

Bill bit his lip. "Tell you what, Madam," he was making a very courageous effort to be light. "I'll make the cake in honor of your homecoming. And cook the dinner. And wash the dishes. All you have to do tonight is let me look at you. And tomorrow, too, for that matter. And the next day. I've a whole week before classes resume, and you're going to make the most of it."

"You're darned right, I am!" Lacey retorted with a somewhat forced smile. "I've got a lot to learn, and you've got to help me. I've got to be able to recognize the different shapes of all the food packages, for one thing. How would you like a chocolate cake made with corn meal? Or self-rising biscuits made with plain flour?"

"Honey, we can buy all of those things at the store. There's no sense in your killing yourself."

A strained silence followed.

"I'm sorry, honey, it's just that I don't want you to get hurt fooling around in the kitchen."

"Bill, I'm blind. Don't cripple me, too."

Lacey won that round. With Bill's help she made her cake and served a delicious dinner. She was so pleased with herself that she didn't want to stop. After the supper dishes were washed she persuaded Bill to help her clean out all the cabinets and then replace each object so that she could find it.

"I'll bet we have the cleanest kitchen cabinets of anyone in town," Lacey said proudly as she washed her hands. The little room was finally back in order. Her wearied husband took her by the hand and led her into the living room.

"Now sit," he ordered. "And I'm not pampering you. I cannot stand on my feet another minute."

"Poor Bill," Lacey laughed, "I'm such a slave driver. You have just earned yourself breakfast in bed in the morning."

Bill groaned loudly.

"Well, that's gratitude for you! Now, off to bed!"

The next morning started out smoothly enough. Lacey finally persuaded Bill to stay in bed. She slipped into a flowered organly duster and started out to the kitchen. Bill whistled.

She turned and said airily, "I'm sorry, little boy, but I've no time to play."

The first crash came three minutes later. Bill started up, but he sank re-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

By Charles H. Richards

Winston-Salem: Tale of Two

IN Surry County stands "The Pilot," a solitary mountain that rises as "a sentinel to guard the enchanted ground." Once the North Carolina Indians used this mountain to find their way home from hunting trips. Today, a college turns its eyes toward that rolling woodland country and seeks again the enchanted ground. Wake Forest College will take with it to Winston-Salem a heritage of tradition and faith that has developed over a period of one hundred and twenty two years in Wake County. But its new home, the Twin City, also has an attractive background. "Its foundation is a rich heritage of tradition which teaches hard work, co-operation, faith in God, and faith in the ability of man. The Twin City will stand even more firmly and grow even stronger because of the two deep roots it has deeply embedded in the red Piedmont clay." The blending of a third heritage, that of Wake Forest, may well make Winston-Salem one of the most favorably endowed cities in the South. But what is this foundation that makes the city so strong?

Among the early settlers of northwestern North Carolina, about the year 1755, was a little colony of Moravians from Germany and Pennsylvania. With an interesting history of their own, beginning in Bohemia a few years before the prominence of Martin Luther, the Moravians were among the earliest Protestants. In the early eighteenth century, the church, after setting up colonies first in Georgia and then in Pennsylvania, sought in North Carolina a perfect location for an ideal settlement. This they found on the Piedmont Plateau of northwestern North Carolina near the Yadkin River. In 1753 a dozen men established themselves on the tract of land bought from Lord Granville of England. They called it Wachovia. A few years later, in 1765, plans were made for the city that would be called

Salem. The name, meaning "peace," was given it by Frederick William Marshall, who is considered the founder. By 1771, the congregation of Moravians was organized in Salem, thus beginning the foundation upon which a community with a full and useful future would thrive. The settlers experienced, with the rest of the colonists, the American Revolution, and became a part of the new nation. As the years passed the religious and industrious people fared well and the city flourished, later to become the leading industrial center of the Carolinas and also a city of churches. Buildings were constructed, schools established, including a boarding school for girls, and missionary work was done among the Indians.

But in 1849, a new era was developing. Stokes County was divided and out of the southern half was formed Forsyth. There is a story about the reason for the division. It is said that a farmer, prevented from hitching his horse to a fence in the county-seat of Stokes on court day, swore to take steps to form a new county where a man might hitch his horse wherever he pleased. Whatever the reason, the county was formed, containing the Moravian tract, Wachovia, and was named for a Colonel in the War of 1812. The county seat and court house had to be near the center of the county, so a new city was established just north of Salem. It was called Winston, in honor of a hero in the Revolutionary War. This city too grew and prospered, and the twins experienced a favorable relationship. In 1890, Mrs. A. V. Winkler wrote, "The two towns recognize in each the helpmeet of the other. Winstonians invariably drive visitors to the places of historic interest in Salem round which a tinge of romance hangs for all sightseers, and Salemites, in turn, show their guests through the large tobacco factories of Winston, and explain the immense business that throbs

and pulsates through the marts of trade." The stability of Salem helped to temper the young Winston, and Salem was refreshed by Winston's brisk enterprise.

The cities developed in many ways. By 1810, the girl's school had developed into an Academy and then later into Salem College. And although experiencing the pains of a Civil War and the Reconstruction period, the religious life of the cities was developing with the appearance of new denominations. The Methodist church was established in 1850, Presbyterian in 1862, Baptist in 1871, and Episcopal in 1877.

IN 1913, this friendship reached its climax in the union of the two cities. Salem, with all its romantic beauty and tradition, and Winston, energetic and industrial, were "magically made one by the connecting hyphen." It has been said that the two were already one in spirit and purpose. The motto, a fitting one, "Urbs Conditā Adiuvando," was adopted. It means "City Founded Upon Co-operation." Two years after this union, around the Reynolda estate, was established Reynolda Village, the home-to-be of Wake Forest College. With the event of union came the real industrial development. The first tobacco auction had been held in 1872, and the Reynolds Tobacco Company formed in 1875. Although Winston-Salem is the world's largest tobacco manufacturing center, tobacco is not the only manufactured product. The Hanes Knitting Company and the Hanes Hosiery Mills Company were formed in 1900. These, and many other prosperous concerns have made Winston-Salem third in the South in value of manufactured products, with a manufacturing output of near one billion dollars. But the story of the past remains a major feature of the city. A restoration program has preserved much

Twin Cities

of Old Salem, and today many of the old buildings with their hooded doorways, eye-brow arched windows, and brick walls moulded from local soil may be seen in all their fascinating antiquity.

But Winston-Salem, with all its interesting and intriguing history, is nevertheless, a city of today, steadily growing and maintaining its place in the realm of industry, religion, and culture. The city's heritage is seen in the Old Coffee Pot, a traditional landmark erected in 1858 as a tinsmith's sign, while its progress in modern industry may be reflected in the Reynolds Building, the tallest building in North Carolina. A like comparison may be seen in the presence of Salem College, the oldest girls' school in the South, and the completely new campus of Wake Forest, soon to be occupied. In its blending of the Old South with the New, Winston-Salem has revealed an exceptional competence in both.

The city's place in religion is recognized in the fact that there are about one-hundred ninety churches in the city, representing Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish faiths. Also Salem College, Winston-Salem Teachers College for Negroes, eight business and trade schools, the Bowman Gray School of Medicine of Wake Forest, established there in 1941, and a commendable public school system make the city's educational program attractive.

The year 1956 will be the one-hundred-twenty-second birthday of Wake Forest, the hundred-ninety-first of Salem, and the one-hundred-seventh of Winston. On the forty-third anniversary of the union of the two cities another wedding will take place, that of a fully matured college and a well established city. If the results are as favorable as the former joining of the two cities, both the college and city will have rich, full and glorious futures to which they may look forward.



All Dressed Up

BY DOTTIE BRADDOCK

AND no place to go? Winston-Salem, despite its being primarily an industrial city, offers a surprising number of varied recreational and cultural programs to offset such a problem. Since the city's social activity resembles that of the "country town," most of the mingling between its people is done casually in business, church, and civic life. There is no demand for a large number of "night spots" as there would be in a more metropolitan area; more formal social

affairs are enjoyed by the members and guests of groups such as country clubs and private social organizations. Entertainment centers in the initiative of the individual more than in commercial enterprise, but at the same time, there are attractions for one who wishes to be "entertained."

The city accommodates five motion picture theaters in the down-town district. Several drive-in theaters are located in the city and nearby. Annual

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

APRIL FORUM

For a decade those interested in Wake Forest, and to some extent those not directly affected, have awaited the removal of the College to Winston-Salem. As this event nears realization, there arise many questions to be answered by those representing both the city and the College. Already there have been many changes in the College, in its plans and possibilities for the future.

But there remain many questions unanswered, and they must soon be considered. The size and status of the College is a problem that will present itself immediately upon removal. Changes in curriculum, program features and various relationships will be foremost, and provisions for serving the community in which the College will make its new home have already been considered by some.

Also the effect of the arrival of a new college to the city has become a matter of speculation, though some of the effects doubtless are already evident. Business interests of the city will be affected and population will likely increase. The College will be expected to offer features or programs to the townspeople and Winston-Salem will in return be expected to provide services for Wake Forest and its students.

All of these questions provide a subject of deep interest and far-reaching consequence. Thus for the April issue, the editors have tried to gather various opinions on the effect of the removal. Viewpoints of representatives from both the city of Winston-Salem and from Wake Forest are presented, providing an enlightening insight into the question.

Reed Sarratt

EDITOR, WINSTON-SALEM JOURNAL

The move of Wake Forest to Winston-Salem undoubtedly will prove to be most significant and, I believe, beneficial to both.

The College should benefit from its magnificent new physical plant. The buildings on the Reynolda campus offer more than brick and mortar and a beautiful setting for Wake Forest College. The facilities there should make possible great strides forward in the College's program and service.

Whether Wake Forest should develop into a university or remain essentially a liberal arts college is the subject of heated controversy. Whether as college or university, Wake Forest can be expected to grow in stature as an educational institution.

The move to Winston-Salem will be accompanied by many heartaches and difficult readjustments by members of the Wake Forest family. They will be leaving a college-centered community to come to a relatively large city in which the College will be merely one of diverse interests. Yet the very diversity of interests in Winston-Salem should prove

stimulating and helpful to the newcomers from Wake Forest.

The people of Winston-Salem have been eagerly awaiting the day when Wake Forest would open its doors at Reynolda. Many predictions have been made as to the effect of having another major college in the community. Winston-Salem expects much from Wake Forest. It is looking to the faculty, administration and student body for an infusion of new blood and new interests in every phase of community life. For months many citizens of Winston-Salem have engaged in serious discussion and planning for the reception of those who are coming here with Wake Forest. Of course, in a sense Wake Forest itself has for years occupied a position of great importance and respect in Winston-Salem as a result of the location here of the Bowman Gray School of Medicine. Having gained so much from having the medical school in our midst probably whets our anticipation of what is to come when the rest of the College moves here.

Those engaged in almost every phase of community life in Winston-Salem are getting ready to extend the warm hand of friendship to everyone from Wake

Forest. Individuals, clubs and organizations of all sorts are making their plans and in many instances already have begun to put them into effect. The churches, the schools, the stores, the civic clubs want to help in every way they can to make the transition period as smooth and as pleasant as possible, and they want to do all that they can to make Wake Forest College feel completely at home in Winston-Salem as quickly as possible.

Dave Hirano

1956-57 PRESIDENT OF STUDENT BODY

Wake Forest College moves for the first time in its history to a "big city" where there will be many cultural as well as educational opportunities. Moving to Winston-Salem will also create many and varying problems.

The problem that arises in my mind immediately is: "Will the student government in Winston-Salem differ from the one that exists presently?" Presumably, yes, because the situation and problems that will arise next year will probably be different from those that exist today.

How W Winso

Will removal affect Winston-Salem and the College?

The question of adjustment is another pertinent question. All of us next year will be "Freshmen" and we will all have to be oriented to the physical conditions that are prevalent on the new campus in Winston-Salem.

The problem of adjustment suggests another probable problem to me: "Will our prevailing spirit of friendship on the old campus be transferred to the new campus?" Of course, the increase in the enrollment and the matter of day students are a definite threat to this spirit, but I believe that the day students and all the future Wake Foresters will become integrated into the campus life and the Wake Forest spirit, if we as seasoned Wake Foresters carry the spirit to Reynolda.

These are only a few of the questions that will face the Student Government next year. We don't know what most of the problems will be. The only thing that we can do today is to prepare for the problems that will face us tomorrow. We can "lick" every problem that will face us if we work co-operatively for the common good of Wake Forest and its posterity.

Dr. C. S. Green

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE

Winston-Salem is alert to the coming of Wake Forest College. There is an informal but organized plan to welcome the college faculty, staff, and students. Civic agencies have been thinking through ways in which they can make all of us feel "at home" there.

This gesture has no mark of selfishness. The people of Winston-Salem realize the problems incident to such a mass removal. They know something of the personal adjustments to be made. They know what it will mean for so many of us to get to Winston-Salem at one time, and comfortably fit ourselves into living there.

There will be places for us in the civic clubs, the churches, the school programs, the recreational facilities of Winston-Salem. We will be invited to share in these, and to contribute our own efforts and interests to their enhancement.

Winston-Salem is a friendly city. It is a city of great industrial progress, but it is also a city with a basic culture unequalled in the State. This combination

provides a congenial atmosphere for the coming of Wake Forest College.

There will be contributions through its individuals, through its offerings in both the educational and extra-curricular activities, that Wake Forest will make to further enhance good living in Winston-Salem.

Let's say it this way: the potentials of mutual profit to both Winston-Salem and Wake Forest College are unlimited. They will accrue in the same ratio as we avail ourselves of what Winston-Salem has to offer, and give ourselves in service to its activities. The whole is a pleasant, cordial, and promising prospect.

Miriam Allred

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C., JUNIOR

Many times this year we have heard: "This is the last football game, basketball game, presentation of *The Messiah*, Magnolia Festival, etc., on the old campus. Soon we will be in Winston-Salem!" Yes, this is a year of transition for Wake Forest College, a year which will be long remembered by all.

Since I am a native of Winston-Salem, it has been with particular interest that

I have watched the stages of development in the removal to Winston-Salem, trying to visualize what this move will mean to the College and to the city into which it is moving.

Although the degree of benefit each will receive can in no way be seen now, one can recognize that Winston-Salem is a growing city, ready to be challenged further to provide for its citizens many needed opportunities. I feel that Wake Forest College has already given and will continue to give to Winston-Salem this challenge, which will result in better social, cultural, and educational advantages than we at Wake Forest College now have.

Growth is inevitable; however, as some of us think about Wake Forest College's growing, we shudder and fear that we will lose our family spirit and our personal student-professor relationships. It is my feeling that whether or not Wake Forest remains a college or grows into a university is relatively unimportant; for we can keep our traditional spirit of friendliness as long as there are those students, faculty members, and people connected in any way with the College who have the desire to keep it.

"United we stand; divided we fall." Yes, we as a student body and a college must move forward *together*, or we do not move forward at all.

Russell Brantley

DIRECTOR, COLLEGE NEWS BUREAU

Wake Forest has acquired the physical features of a new personality. The rest won't come through fund-raising campaigns or generous donors. It will be forged—consciously and unconsciously—through the experience and memory of the past and difficulties and potentiality of the future.

Unfortunately it has been necessary that much talent and energy have been directed at acquiring buildings, the outside personality of the new Wake Forest. Pressure, uncertainty and conflict of opinion will tamper with the other part of the personality—the part you don't see but which makes the lasting impression.

Pressure, uncertainty and conflict of opinion are as much a part of the move as trucks and bricks. But their collective weight can make it awfully easy to forget a virtue like personal freedom of thought and expression that has made Wake Forest a downright memorable spot.

Wake Forest in Wake Forest has a distinctive personality. It will be foolish to think that the personality of Wake Forest in Winston-Salem will be the same. But it will be nice if enough people continue to care enough to make independence of the individual more than a catchword. It can keep our education off the assembly line basis that makes fine Fords and Coca-Colas but stodgy, unimportant human minds.

Charles Newman

EDITOR, OLD GOLD AND BLACK

Wake Forest's move into Forsyth County will, undoubtedly, create a bomb-like impression on both the County and the College. Both will feel the effects of the other in many different areas.

First, however, let us look at some of the things the College is doing in making the move that will compensate for some of the difficulties.

The College is growing. That is the basic idea behind the whole move. There will be more space for all the various phases of college work. This space includes space for classes, for teaching and for doing. And there is room for—and plans for—more expansion.

This planning for expansion will take care of the growth that will take place. There will be more regular students, as well as more day students. Naturally the plans for expansion include provisions for both of these classifications, but the day student will present problems virtually unheard of on the old campus. There problems have already been attacked. More will arise and have to be dealt with as the situation demands.

The College will face one particular problem that will call for—not tact or diplomacy—but stubbornness. As various situations arise during the first several years on the new campus, they will be met with the answer, "Well, on the old campus . . ." This is not an answer for anything. It only denotes an unwillingness to face the problem squarely and solve it with a new answer to fit the new campus.

To be sure, there are traditions that will be carried to Reynolda—they are a strategic part of Wake Forest College and cannot be done away with. But these traditions cannot be carried over into the solution of new problems in an entirely different atmosphere.

The industrial town of Winston-Salem will have to adjust to the sometimes over-energetic activities of a big college.

There are already several colleges well established in the Twin City, but none operate on the same scale of a Big Four school. Parades through the downtown area will cause a major calamity with traffic and business if they are not handled carefully—a big difference from the torch-light parades through downtown Wake Forest where all the people have grown up with the College and expect anything from its students.

The town will have to learn to like big-time athletic events. But this problem has already been coped with, as Wake Forest athletic games have been scheduled there in the past years with an eye towards attracting the Winston-Salem population in the future.

The College's coming will add to an almost extinct middle class in Winston-Salem. Or the faculty may make its own class, much like it has done here. This group will expect to keep its own cultural likes and dislikes and may have to stay close to the College to retain these. Of course, this will change as the town adjusts to the College, and Wake Forest will have exerted another influence upon its cradle.

There are many problems unforeseeable at the present time—problems that will take the co-operation of both College and city to solve. There are also many problems that are known to only a select group from both sides, and solutions are probably already being worked out on these.

Both the College and Winston-Salem will affect each other positively, too. The large city will provide plenty of opportunity for student employment, thereby enabling many students to get through college that might not be able to otherwise. As has been said before, the town will provide many students for the College. Housing will be more plentiful, although at somewhat higher rates. Winston-Salem merchants will welcome the new trade in their stores and business establishments.

The College will give Winston-Salem many more cultural interests; the Magnolia Festival will attract more interested people than ever before; the Concert-Lecture Series, if continued under its present set-up, will draw many to the campus.

Winston-Salem and Wake Forest College have the opportunity to help each other in the problems that arise in removal. They will have to help each other in order to get along with the spirit that is needed under such circumstances.



Dr. Hubert McNeill Poteat is ranked among the nation's greatest Latin Scholars, organists, Masons and Shriners, but here at Wake Forest he is ranked by his students as their most scholarly and colorful professor. The depth and vigor of his teaching have made Latin a living language which is to be digested, enjoyed, and shared.

In 1906, he graduated from Wake Forest with a B.A. After obtaining his M.A. here in 1908, Dr. Poteat went to Columbia University where he was a Drisler Fellow in Classical Philology and received his Ph.D. in 1912. From 1924-1942 he taught in the Summer Sessions at that institution. Dr. Poteat has served as Professor of the Latin Language and Literature at Wake Forest since 1912. When he retires from the classroom at the end of this session, he will have completed forty-eight years of teaching.

Dr. Poteat's activities have not been confined to the classroom alone. In 1950, he was elected Imperial Potentate for North America by the Shriners. He has also been president of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South. The Wake Forest Choir was under his direction for forty years.

His versatile pen has produced books with a wide range of subjects. Works published by Dr. Poteat include a book on church music, translations of Latin compositions, and Latin textbooks popular with students for their concise, accurate and witty notes.

—J.R.

Random Reflections of an Old Foggy

For nearly fifty years I have attempted to teach Latin; in general, the experience has been happy and stimulating and I have no reason to regret my decision, made at the age of thirteen, after my first recitation in Latin, that some day I would be a professor of Latin. There have been discouragements, to be sure: there have been days when my own or my students' stupidity and general ineffectiveness have made me wish I had chosen to sell bonds or to be a locomotive engineer (my earliest dream) or to operate a laundry; attacks on the Classics, whether made by the Worshipful Brass Tacks Brigade, by those fantastic playboys the progressive educators, or by honest and sincere investigators of educational values, have sometimes depressed, sometimes angered me; thin royalty statements have caused me to sigh and to wonder why I shouldn't have produced a series of popular novels or a stream of that obvious and jingling saccharinity which passes for poetry among great numbers of my fellow citizens or a few volumes of snappy wisecracks to capture the New York market.

The black days come—but for me they have been relatively few, and I've had a grand time in my classroom these fifty years. The American college student is the most interesting creature on the face of the earth; long and intimate contact with him is, I should say, one of the richest blessings life has to offer. He has a keen eye—and the nose of a rhinoceros (as Martial would put it)—for humbuggery and sham, no use whatever for the east wind, a holy contempt for stuffedschirtery seeking to pose as scholarship. To stand in front of him day after day is always chastening and

refreshing, frequently exciting, sometimes thrilling. Those who love the Classics are indulging the hope that he will presently return in larger numbers and with a new enthusiasm to our classrooms, and each of us has his conception of what he ought to find there. With an all but belligerent tolerance and yet with utter conviction, one conception is herewith presented.

He should find, in the first place, a prepared teacher. Whatever may be, and probably are, our reactions to the effects of modern education, with its slick gadgets, its pseudoscientific monkeyshines, its alluring plausibilities, upon our enrollment, we may as well admit that we ourselves are not without fault in the matter; so many of us have been willing to undertake a task for which we are not equipped. Part of the blame for this sorry situation rests upon our own sloth and indifference, of course; much of it must be placed on the doorstep of those accursed pedagogical pundits who have managed somehow to persuade most Americans that if a prospective teacher knows how to teach Greek or Latin, the breadth and depth of his knowledge of his subject are immaterial, irrelevant and of no significance.

He should find, secondly, an alert teacher. It is most unfortunate that the general public (carefully tutored by the progressives) thinks of Greek and Latin as soporific subjects, necessarily, because they are "dead languages." They are not soporific unless the teacher is somnolent, and they are not dead except when the teacher kills them. Now alertness is the offspring of sound preparation and of genuine enthusiasm. Dismissing as hopeless those would-be guides of youth

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VISIT THEM OFTEN

who have wasted their time and substance upon methods, let us admit that the regimen required of candidates for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy is, to state the case mildly, not conducive to the development of interesting or even interested instructors. A contributor to *The American Scholar* deplores "the pitiful degenerate scholasticism that exists today in most of our graduate schools." He might well have added that it has always existed.

It appears to me that university professors of Greek and Latin, especially, suffer from this dry rot, this lethal mixture of arid pedantry and barren esoterism, masquerading ridiculously in the noble robes of scholarship. In an eastern university I sat for a whole term and listened to one of these "great scholars" read his notes on Aristotle in a soothing singsong, without once raising his head from its supporting hand, and with no more interest in his nodding students than if they had been so many icons. The professor under whose guidance I wrote my doctoral dissertation was much more nearly alive; but he ordered me, during our final revision of it, to cut out every occurrence of the word *very*, every adjective that was not absolutely necessary, and "every spark of personality." The reason, of course, for all this mutilation was that my professor knew that the examining board would never accept a dissertation which was not a perfect cure for insomnia.

Now this tragic misconception of what constitutes real scholarship came straight from the German universities, and I for one am utterly unable to understand why so many American graduate schools still bow down and adore it. I am not for a moment decrying the importance of research, of the painstaking and laborious pursuit of the secrets of the past, of the patient toil that has lighted so many dark places. I do protest against a system of postgraduate instruction that requires candidates for higher degrees to spend so much time and effort on "that which satisfieth not": that turns so many aspiring and eager students into dull, myopic "specialists" who are no more qualified to arouse and lead American college men and women than a troop of cigar store Indians. There can be no question that multitudes of students make wide detours around our classrooms because they know full well that nought dwells within save bald and desiccated acroatics posing, with effrontery unspeakable, as scholarship.

A Mournful Sunny Day

The air of spring is bright and clear
And birds return to their old homes;
A little windy the farmers fear,
But spring field-fires and plows go on.
Some people go on rides these days
And others stroll the new-green walks,
While children race their no-where ways
And old men stop for friendly talks.
Green the hills and green the hearts
And green the dreams that spring time starts;
And red are sunsets, but lightly so
That none may violence the day's pure glow,
For days are sweet and soft, it's said,
When new life bursts from that was dead.
But some buried hearts don't rise;
Spring leaves close some eyes,
The eyes of those who turn and go
To seek the depths for truths to know.
I know no why or reason
Why I should cloistered be this season,
Yet in my books I bury still
The heart that should be spring-time thrilled,
And something in my heart is killed,
When from pink and yellow words I turn
To face the printed page and yearn
No more to love but now to learn.

CHARLES H. RICHARDS

Our returning student should find, thirdly, a teacher who is keenly aware of the abiding values in the study of the Classics and who has a deep and unshakable determination that those values shall make their appropriate and unique contribution to the building of strong manhood and womanhood. There is certainly no point in listing them again. One which seems to me especially important in these days is here briefly discussed—intellectual enrichment. Cicero believed strongly that orators and public men in general should be well grounded in philosophy; in other words, he felt that for those who presumed to guide their fellows a disciplined and

catholic mind was the first requisite: a high ideal, surely, in which many of the practising politicians and stump-shouters of our times can hardly be said to have even an academic interest. And yet, what a sound, what a magnificent, ideal! How much more hopefully Americans could contemplate the years that lie ahead, if they could be sure that their leaders would be men of broad vision, straight-thinking men, men schooled to walk with firm and honest tread in the far-spreading fields of human thought and experience!

Of all the sins of the progressives, the most heinous, it seems to me, is their prize doctrine that in the educational

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process there should be no law for anybody—that children should follow their own inclinations, “express their personality,” do precisely as they please. The results of this descent into imbecility are perfectly obvious to everybody except to those pedagogical tub-thumpers who are so intoxicated by the roll and surge of their own verbosity that reality has long since faded into the shadows. The time will certainly come when fathers and mothers, and legislators, realizing at long last what a colossal fraud has been perpetrated upon American youth, will demand a return to the sound, stern disciplines as the best of all possible insurance policies on the future of our nation. Those of us who have a profound conviction of the value of the study of Greek and Latin in the toughening and disciplining of young minds have not been sufficiently vocal; we appear to have been weaseled by the thunderous pontification and the Olympian majesty of the foe, and it may well be that some of the more weakened among us have even come to doubt the validity of their own contentions and arguments.

This is no time for weak knees; nor will it serve our purposes for us to affect a remote and scornful disdain and look down our noses or through our lorgnettes at the cavorting, howling progressives. If we are really convinced that contemporary education is shoveling into our colleges flabbyminded, irresponsible boys and girls, and that Latin and Greek can do something about the situation, then we must speak out, directly and with vigor and power.

A mighty word among the ancient Romans was *pietas*; it meant primarily obedience to law, and every Roman child learned about it around the family altar. However doubtful we may be of the factual accuracy of Livy's gorgeous stories of the early days and their heroes, we must admit, I think, that Rome's greatness cannot be accounted for unless we assume that *pietas*, *gravitas*, and other sturdy racial characteristics did indeed supply the foundation upon which a vast and glorious edifice could be and in fact was erected. We could use a large consignment of *pietas* in America now, and I know no better place on college campuses for its discovery and development than the Latin and Greek classrooms.

It has been suggested above that not only the disciplined mind is keenly needed today but also the catholic mind. One of the more humorous characteris-

tics of the progressives is their naive conviction that wisdom was born with them and, therefore, that anything that was said or thought or done before their appearance on this planet is flat, stale and unprofitable. Let us smile discreetly and recall Nicholas Murray Butler's superb definition of education: “That process by which we fit ourselves to comprehend and to appropriate the whole spiritual inheritance of the race.” Take from that inheritance Greece and Rome, with their Homer, Sophocles, Thucydides, Plato; Aristotle, Lucretius, Cicero, Vergil, Horace, Livy; with their art and law, their democracy and statecraft, their search for the good life, their wit and their wisdom—and what a void would yawn before us!

Finally, and most important, our returning student should find a sympathetic teacher. I am fully aware of the fact that in our larger institutions personal contact between professor and student is not always easy; it is also quite unfashionable. This state of affairs seems to me a matter for deep regret. My own experience leads me to say without hesitation that the teacher who neither has nor seeks to have any personal fellowship or friendship with his students outside the classroom is not only derelict in his duty but is also missing one of the finer joys of life. College men and women both need and want guidance from older and perhaps wiser heads and, in the opinion of this observer, they have every right to it.

But we are busy, we are writing articles for learned journals, we are working out some new theories on metrics, we are immersed in some microscopic problem of research; we have no time for kids and their fixations, their little picaresque troubles, their gropings and fumbings, their stupid vanities. Very well, my brethren; if that's the way you feel about your job, you have missed the highway and gone rattling and bumping off over some side road that ends in a stone wall. What is there on this earth that can possibly be more joyous and fruitful than the opportunity and the high privilege of helping to build manhood and womanhood, of offering light and leading to young feet which have strayed from true ways, of prodding sluggish indolence into alert activity, of encouraging the downcast, of opening wide to the blind the windows whence the blue horizons beckon? In Latin, *docere* (to teach) is followed by two accusatives—and the boy comes first.

collegiate crackle

PHILOSOPHER'S DILEMMA

When I see a tree, I know it must
But suppose I turn my back on it,
It?

Or does it vanish suddenly?

This problem perplexes philosophy.

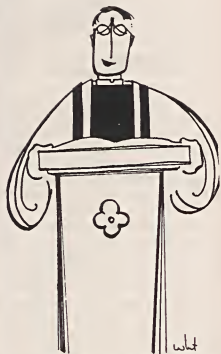
Wreaks havoc in epistemology.

“If it does not think, it cannot be.”

“If a man is blind, there is no tree.”

But the whole damn thing does no

VIRGINIA SPECTATOR



“... and if I may, in conclusion, disagree with Dr. Peale...”

VIRGINIA SPECTATOR, FEBRUARY 1956

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S DILEMMA

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A SPECTATOR, FEBRUARY 1956



PELICAN, DECEMBER 1955

On logic and religion . . .

Once upon a time a Mohammedan came to one of his religious leaders called a Kadi, and asked, "If I eat dates, is that against the commands of religion?"

"No," said the Kadi.

"And may I add some water?"

"Certainly."

"And is it wrong to take a little yeast?"

"Oh, no."

"Well," went on the questioner, "date wine consists only of these three ingredients. Why,

then, is it forbidden by the laws of our religion?"

The Kadi thought a moment, and then he said, "If I throw a handful of dust on your head, will that cause pain?"

"Not in the least."

"And if I add some water—will it hurt you then?"

"I think not."

"Now, if I mix dust and water together and burn it into a brick and hit you on the head with it, what then?"

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

programs of concerts and lectures are presented by the Civic Music Association, the Little Theatre, Winston-Salem Symphony, member groups of the Arts Council, and the Winston-Salem Operetta Association. In addition to these, one may take advantage of the cultural programs of the city's three colleges.

Four radio stations WSJS, WAIR, WTOB, and WAAA; two television stations, WSJS and WTOB; and two daily newspapers, *The Winston-Salem Journal* and the *Twin City Sentinel*, are supported by the city. The city's new Public Library was completed in the spring of 1953 and holds occasional discussion groups and special programs. The Wachovia Museum contains the biggest and most varied local collection of household furnishings, municipal items, original maps of the section, children's toys and books in the South if not in the United States. The museum is located in the oldest brick schoolhouse in North Carolina, Salem Boys School begun December, 1794 in Old Salem.

Sports, for spectators and participants alike, are well provided. The City Recreation Department operates twenty-five recreation centers and four parks. Facilities for picnicking, bowling, skating, tennis, baseball, softball, basketball, and horseshoes are found in these playground and park centers. In the summer there are five public swimming areas open; an indoor swimming pool is operated within the facilities of the YMCA. Golfing may be enjoyed at two public courses, Hillcrest Golf Club and Reynold's Memorial Park, and two private clubs. There are also two driving ranges open by day and night for extra practice. The city operates fishing facilities at Winston and Salem lakes. Boats are available sun-up to sun-down each day. Additional bowling is found at commercial alleys located downtown and in the YWCA.

For those who had rather "just watch," Bowman Gray Stadium is the sight of college and local high school football games, the annual Soap Box Derby, stock car races, and the Piedmont Bowl. Ernie Shore Park is the home of the Winston-Salem Twins baseball team, local farm team of the New York Yankees. Other athletic presentations are held at the War Memorial Coliseum.

Winston-Salem also has numerous restaurants where dining is on fine foods

in a pleasant atmosphere. And though facilities for dancing are more limited, the YWCA holds a dance each Saturday night and various charity dances are sponsored at intervals by civic organizations.

For those who aspire toward the creative, an Arts and Crafts Workshop is open for leatherwork, weaving, painting, silk screening, and pottery at only the cost of materials and a nominal fee for courses taught by members of the staff.

Additional opportunity for recreation can be found in part in Winston's immediate vicinity or nearby. "Tanglewood," the William and Kate B. Reynolds Memorial Parks offers swimming, horseback riding, fishing, games, miniature golf, and picnic facilities. Hanging Rock State Park is located thirty miles north of the city where one may take part in boating, hiking, nature study, and swimming. Just twenty-five miles northwest of the city is Pilot Mountain Park and the scenic Blue Ridge Parkway lies only forty-seven miles away. All are excellent parks and play areas easily and quickly accessible.

Nor is Winston-Salem without its points of interest for sight-seers. Foremost, there is Old Salem in the process of restoration as one of the finest examples of colonial life in the United States. Salem Academy, founded in 1772, is the oldest preparatory school for girls in the South. Among its historic buildings on campus are the Sister's House, the Inspector's House, and the old school "wash house" now the Alumnae House. Reynolda Gardens on the Reynold's estate and the Municipal Iris Gardens reach their peak of loveliness in the spring from late March to early May. The Tobacco Warehouse Area on Trade and Liberty streets is open to visitors during the market season when one may see and hear the unique system of tobacco auctioneering.

Traditional services of the Moravian Church at Easter and at Christmas are attended by people from all over the country. The Love Feast and the Sunrise Service are conducted with the inherent dignity and beauty of typical Moravian simplicity; there is no attempt to produce a spectacle. It is a unique experience for thousands each Easter morning.

Winston-Salem compares favorably with the state capital in the number and variety of civic, commercial and private

programs for entertainment and culture. And it is continually striving to expand its present opportunities, to initiate new ones. Wake Forest students who are a bit speculative about the comparison between Raleigh and Winston-Salem cannot help but be encouraged by the assessability of the attractions. The College's location in the City itself makes it possible for all students to enjoy them with a minimum of travel and expense. With the abundance of places to go and things to do added to the increased program of the College, perhaps if there is any justifiable complaint, it will be "Everywhere to go and nothing for dressing up."

Ed. Note: Winston-Salem also has many fine clothing stores where this problem too may be solved.

SIXTH SENSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

luctantly back down when he heard Lacey's cheerful, "It's okay!"

The second crash brought him to his feet.

"Go back to bed." That would-be gay voice.

The third time he made it to the door before his determined mate shouted, "Don't you dare come in here!"

Bill sat down on the edge of the bed and nervously lighted a cigarette. When he heard Lacey's footsteps he began preparing a lecture on the price of dishes; when he saw her grease smeared face he promptly forgot it. Somehow she had managed to spatter orange juice all over herself, and a bloody dish towel was wrapped around her left hand.

The tray was immaculate: juice, coffee, buttered toast, a soft boiled egg and two strips of beautiful bacon were arranged artistically on a fresh yellow linen place mat. In the corner was a little typed note with the words, "Bear with me—I love you." written on it.

"Why, Lacey, it's lovely. How did you manage?"

A big gulp was her reply.

Somehow they managed to get through that first week. There were times when Lacey wished her husband were in school and that she could be left alone to learn in her own clumsy way. The day she slipped on a bar of soap in the bathroom Bill went into near

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MONTALDO'S

Winston-Salem, N. C.

panic. Even that wasn't as bad as the morning he set the garbage can in the wrong corner of the back yard, and Lacey literally walked into it. She had stayed in the shower for nearly an hour. The rest of the morning she spent trying to console Bill, who acted as though he was ready to go out and shoot himself.

Finally the day arrived when Bill was to begin his last year in the college. Lacey decided the best thing for her to do that day was stay in bed until he left. That way she couldn't do anything to prevent his leaving. At this stage she knew it wouldn't take too much to make him chuck the whole idea of another year of books, beans, and powdered milk.

"My, but you look docile," Bill announced from the doorway. "I'd forgotten you knew how to prop up in bed. Well, it's your turn, Sweetie. Careful, now. Eggs are on the lower left; toast, upper left; bacon, upper right; coffee, lower right."

"Gee, I hope I don't get my signals crossed." The words were no more than out when she quite obviously did. Scalding coffee poured down the front of her gown. Bill ran for some unguentine and returned to find her lying in a heap on the floor. He picked her up and laid her gently on the bed. She opened her eyes slowly.

"Bill?"

"Yes, darling."

Tears ran down Lacey's cheeks. "I'm so sorry. Fainting was such a cowardly thing to do. I'm so ashamed, Bill."

"Now, hush, Lace, and lie still while I call Dr. Howards."

"Oh, Bill, don't!"

"I'm not arguing with you about this, Lacey. I'm calling him."

The doctor approved Lacey's dressing, gave her a shot and a prescription. At the front door he assured Bill that the burn was not serious. He seemed positive that the faint was caused by emotional stress rather than great pain. His advice was to keep her as quiet as possible for the next few days; the prescribed pills would help her to relax.

Bill walked into the bedroom and sat down beside his morose patient.

"Goldbricking," he whispered.

"Yeah," she murmured sleepily. "Go away. I'm doped and sleepy. You've already missed one class."



YORK

"Ann tonight—Nancy tomorrow night—and no supper Thursday night!"

Bill stood up and shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "Honey, the doc says for you to rest."

"I'm resting," she replied.

"Yeah, but I'm going to supervise."

"Bill, I'm fine. If you start out this way you'll never get your degree!"

"Lacey, I want you to listen to me. Today I'm staying here. Tomorrow, if you're better and willing to make a few promises, I'll go to school. I don't want to hurt you, but you've simply got to realize your limitations. You're my wife, and I want to take care of you. You won't give me that chance. Can't you see that if anything happened to you while I was away I would never forgive myself. It's not just that, Lacey.

I love you more than anything in the world. I can't let anything else happen to you. Don't you understand?"

Lacey turned her head away from him. Her hand groped for his and clung tightly to it. "Yes, I do, Bill," she answered slowly, "I really do."

She spent the remainder of the day lying quietly in her bed. The next morning she didn't offer to help with breakfast, but she did say she'd like to eat in the kitchen with him.

Over coffee Bill said, "How're you feeling this morning?"

Lacey smiled slowly. "Thanks for giving me a chance to get my bearings before you asked. To answer your thoughty question, I feel very chipper."

"You don't act very chipper, Lacey. Are you certain you're all right today?"

"Certainly, I am," Lacey replied lightly. "That was just hot coffee, honey, not boiling lava."

"Well, I guess I'd better be on my way. Lacey, those promises..."

"I won't cook; I won't go down in the basement; and if I go outside, I won't cross streets; and I'll carry the white cane."

"Lacey, I'm sorry."

"It's all right, Bill. You'd better go now."

At noon when Bill came home she was gone. The note he found propped up on the stove read:

I'm a coward, Bill. I'm sorry, and I hate myself for running away this way; but I knew I'd never have the strength to argue this with you. This is best for us both. I'm going back to the hospital. I'll be what they call 'an aid to the blind.' I'll be doing something worthwhile, Bill. I have to do that.

Your Lacey.

P.S. It will be easier for me if you don't come after me. I'm staying anyway. I must.

Bill stared at the sheet of paper in his hand. He felt sick. Could these words of weary determination have been written by the same Lacey who had stayed up all night laughing over the sandpaper labels she put on all the pantry staples. Had he done this to her?

For a while Bill remained standing motionless in the center of the colorless little room. Then, without knowing he had moved, he found himself standing at the back door watching a group of small children scampering around in the vacant lot behind their yard. Their gleeful shrieks broke through the barrier of shock, and he listened to a small voice inside his own mind say, "I've heard of lots of blind people having babies, Bill. Oh, darling, I know we can't afford one now, but as soon as you finish school..."

He had said no, of course, not until they could afford a nurse. He had tried to reassure her by saying it wouldn't be too long. But it would have been. He had taken away her right to bear and raise her own children, to keep her own house, to use her own judgment, and finally, to be a really normal per-

son. He had been in the process of crushing the final glimmer of light from her very being.

"Just keep her happy; keep her gay and laughing," he whispered. Suddenly he thought, "Can I be thanking God for taking her away?"

And he knew that he was.

Suddenly the world swam before his eyes, and he felt a soft unyielding hand clutching at his throat. He broke. The tears came, and with the tears choked promises. This, surely, was death. For pain was foreign to him, a pain such as this. Even that night when he hadn't known whether Lacey would live or die, he hadn't cried. He had had a chance. Now he had lost her.

The sound of the front door opening failed to register.

"Bill," a small voice called. "You aren't home yet, are you?"

He didn't move. He didn't deserve this. It couldn't be true.

Suddenly she was there and in his arms. He couldn't speak, but a million "thank you's" were bursting within.

"Oh, Bill, I've just got no backbone," she cried. "I made it to the station; I just couldn't get on the bus. Three busses left while I sat by. I just couldn't leave you. I can't, Bill! I'll do whatever you say."

"No, no don't, Lacey! I'll probably keep bullying you despite my present good intentions, but don't you change, Lacey. You can have a baby, if you like. I'll buy you a dog and you can walk all over town. By all means, cook. I couldn't face the thought of eating what I had to prepare the rest of my life. Oh, sweetheart, paint the house, if you want to. Just never change, and never, never leave me again."

Lacey was smiling when she shook her head. "Oh, never, never," she cried happily.

Presently she wiggled out of his arms and blew her nose loudly. "You know," she sniffed, "before it gets too cool, I think we should go on a picnic. What do you say? We could pack a lunch and hike out to Silver Lake. If you'll run to the store for bread and pickles, I'll go make some egg salad and fry some ham. Oh, Bill, won't that be fun? And, you know, I just feel like we're going to have a real moon tonight."

So long

IT'S BEEN A
PLEASURE AND
PRIVILEGE TO
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FACULTY AND
ADMINISTRATION
OF WAKE FOREST
COLLEGE FOR THE
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They couldn't tell him. He would have to think it out

To Make

WALTER stopped trying. The window by his bed was stuck and he couldn't get it up. He lay back down on the bed, spread his legs and buried his head in the foam rubber pillow—the best pillow Mother could find, she had written. It was hot, too hot for May, and the small exertion of trying to raise the window had caused him to breathe heavily. Walter crawled back to the foot of the bed and pushed on the window again, harder. It came unstuck and slid up and Walter fell over the foot of the bed, knocking a coke bottle out the window. He picked himself up and propped his elbows on the window sill. He could see the pieces of the broken bottle on the concrete walk. Some people, mostly students, were coming from the auditorium across the campus, and as they came out they were gathering under the oak trees trying to escape the hot May sun. It was too hot for May. Walter watched as everybody shook hands with everybody and everybody seemed to know everybody. He wanted to be out there, but he was ashamed, first time he had ever really been ashamed. He had made other mistakes, and probably worse, but this one bothered him more. Then, in a way, he was glad he wasn't out there, not with all the other boys and their flattery.

Some of the boys had their parents and friends already on campus; Walter's mother was coming. Mother always came to the campus when he was doing anything, to look after him she said. He remembered the talk they had that so long ago, just before she left after bringing him to school for his first year. He could see her, the gray hair nearly in place, as tall as he. She had spoken softly about his father. "You have no

father and I must be both a mother and a father." He had not objected then, but now he wondered why she should need to look after him so. "I was practically grown then," he said to himself. Then he tried to stop thinking of his mother. He always became mixed up when he thought about her. For four years she had urged him through college with that same remark, "I want you to have a better chance than your father and I; we had a hard time getting started in life." Well, why didn't she come to the society exercises if she cared so; he had invited her. But if she had been there she would have heard and he would have been even more ashamed, and for this reason, he was glad that she wasn't there.

The open window didn't help the heat; so Walter finished undressing, grabbed a towel and started for the shower. He met Jimmie who was going toward his room down the hall.

"Say, good job, Walt. Why aren't you out there getting congratulated?"

"Good job, hell. You heard me stammer around when I forgot the lines."

"So what? So you forgot. It was a good speech. You delivered it well. Everybody applauded. You ought to be satisfied, Mr. Perfectionist."

Walter turned the shower on, all cold and full force. Jimmie said something else as he walked on down the hall, but Walter couldn't understand what he said. Everybody mumbled, mumbling, mumbling. Why didn't they say what they meant and say it loud and clear so there'd be no doubt, no uncertainty.

After the shower Walter went back to the bed and lay down, still wet. He couldn't make himself care. The sheet was dirty and wrinkled but wet with the water from his body. It began to feel

cool. He stuck his head under the pillow and left the rest of his naked body uncovered. A late afternoon breeze stirred the leaves of the willow outside the window, but it didn't quite get inside. "It's still too damn hot for May," he thought. A drop of water ran down his side and tickled; it reminded him of the little creek he used to sit and watch on the farm. He wished he were there now instead of lying on this sloppy bed.

Walter's roommate, Bill, came in, said "Hi, great job, Walt, just great. Gotta go now, Dad came in early and is taking me out for a real dinner. By the way, there's a letter on your desk. I picked it up this morning with my mail. Another one of those long letters from your mother, I think. Must be nice to have a mother who looks after you so. Right?"

Walter didn't answer. He was still thinking of the creek back of the house on the farm. He used to sit for hours when he wanted to think and watch it rush over the pebbles and around the poplar roots. He had known that water—where it was swiftest, where the little fish could be found, where the deep spots were. In some places there were spots deep enough to swim, and the water was cold, straight from a spring. Walter got cold and reached for the spread that was too far away. He stayed cold and shivered. He used to shiver when he looked into the water in the creek and wondered what made it run. So he had come to college and they had told him what made the water flow the way it flowed, and what made everything else do like it did. Dr. Arnold had taught physics in such a way that it was easy to understand, but Walter wasn't satisfied.

out herself. He would have . . .

Area Speech

by Charles H. Richards

And now, four years later, Walter's real questions were still unanswered. The chemist or the biologist or any other scientist couldn't tell him what he wanted to know, not even the sociologists, the psychologists and the philosophers. They could only tell him theories and what their experiments indicated or what the statistics said. They would admit that they didn't know. They referred him to books and he went to the books and he read the books and he lived in their damn books and had to get glasses. That was all they had done for him and it made him mad because they couldn't satisfy him. He couldn't think of a single course to recommend to his roommate. He was confused, more so than ever before. Dr. Arnold had told him once that he would have to think some things out for himself. But when he tried there seemed to be more questions. Sometimes he would wish for the days when he could ask Mother or Daddy and they would answer anything and it would be right. Why couldn't Mother do the same now? She said she wanted to look after him. As he lay on his bed still thinking about the creek on the farm, he suddenly wanted to be there; he felt that the answer to all his questions was in that creek.

Lying there, he thought about many things, about his girl friend back home. He had also been upset about her. He thought she loved him and he didn't understand when she said she didn't. Sometimes that bothered him more than all the things he had studied at school. Walter thought about his girl friend a long time. He was still convinced that he had loved her, but losing her didn't bother him so much as the realization that he had been wrong in thinking she loved him too. When he moved his

head from under the pillow and put on his shorts and went back to the window it was getting dark. He looked out the window to the east and saw the bright spot behind the trees where the moon would come up soon. It was supposed to come up. "I should eat," he thought aloud, "and I haven't even started packing anything." But his mind returned to his little blond sweetheart again. She had written as though she loved him, but Mother had mentioned about her dating other boys while he was at school. And Walter wasn't the kind to let himself be taken in; so he stopped writing. Then she wrote that letter, the one in which she said there hadn't been any love. Maybe she had loved him; how was he to know? Things like that bothered him. Things like the running water and the fickle girl and the rising moon and a million other questions he wanted to ask but nobody could answer. "Why, why can't I know?" he whispered as he waited for the moon.

With Walter just about everything that happened presented that same question: How do you know? Like the time when his mother's lawyer told him that all the money was gone. Some unexpected debts had turned up and he had had to quit school. In a couple of weeks the debts were paid and there was more money left than the lawyer expected.

BUT Walter had quit school when there had been really no need and all because of that stupid mistake, an uncertainty. He stood at the window with his elbows on the sill; the moon had risen and disappeared behind a cloud. "Maybe," he thought, "if I'd just face these things as they come and do what I can. I'm probably a coward,

but I don't know; I wonder if I am able to do anything." It was now dark and Walter fumbled around in the dark and found some aspirins, went to the bathroom and swallowed them with a glass of water. In the dark he dropped the glass on the concrete floor; so he went back to the room and crawled in the bed and pulled the spread over his long legs. The sheet was still damp and he started shivering again. He thought again about getting some things ready to take home, but he didn't feel like getting up. He turned on the light over his bed and opened the letter from his mother. She would arrive the next day she wrote. Then she was writing about how proud she was of him, that he had done so well and that he had been able to go ahead farther than she and his father. Then she started asking him not to forget all her love and what she had done and how she had looked after him. He threw the letter down and turned out the light. "I'm sick of her looking after everything," he thought and then was ashamed. "How could I think such a thing?"

The cloud had passed and the moonlight crowded through the venetian blinds and made bars on the gray wall. The cooling night air and lying there on the wet sheet were making breathing difficult for him. "Mother would really be mad," he thought as he remembered how she used to worry over his asthma. As respiration became more and more painful, Walter could feel the bed vibrate with each heartbeat. He reached over his head and took from the shelf his bottle of tablets, shook one out and quickly swallowed it. He turned over and lay on his back and stretched as if trying to make more room inside his chest. His thoughts became mingled

and confused. He tried to think about the creek back of the house on the farm but the little blond girl friend kept getting in the way. And when he tried to think about the girl his mother would get in the way. He pulled the pillow over his head, stuck a corner between his teeth, bit hard and started thinking about the time when he had dropped out of school.

He had taken a job as a copy boy at a newspaper office. "A hell of a job for a half-college graduate," he had thought. But he had taken the job so he figured he might as well do the best he could. He checked and double-checked to make sure he did everything right, like taking the right editorial to the printer for the right edition. It was necessary to get everything right and sometimes Walter just wasn't sure about what to do. There was the incident about the misplaced editorial. He gave the wrong editorial to the printer, and the editor had been specific in telling him which editorial should be given to the printer for that issue. The editor was going out and his assistant was busy; so he left it up to Walter, a simple responsibility. But Walter misplaced the editorial and he didn't want the assistant editor to know his mistake; so he gave the only one he could find to the printer when he called for it. It wasn't really so bad because the editor insisted that he didn't mind, but the damage was done. Anyway, it was time for a new semester at school and Mother insisted that Walter return. "She really should receive the diploma tomorrow," he thought, "it belongs to her." Again he felt ashamed. After all she had done and now he was feeling resentful. The tablet had begun to take effect and his thoughts were clearer now. He rolled over as Bill came in the door; time had passed faster than he had realized. The asthma pill must have caused him to sleep but he couldn't remember sleeping.

"When's your mother arriving, Walt?" Bill asked, seeing that he was awake.

For a minute he didn't answer and then between deep breaths said, "Some-time tomorrow."

Bill pulled off his coat and tie and sat down on his bed. "Think I'll go back down stairs and get a Coke; get on some clothes and let's go. Have you been in this steamy room ever since four o'clock? Why didn't you stay for the rest of the program? D'ya think your speech was the only good part? Oh,

boy, did we have a great steak dinner. Where'd you eat?"

"I didn't."

Bill stopped, rose from his bed and went over to Walt's bed. "What's wrong with you, boy? Do you think you should have had first place or something? What the heck, you get to speak tomorrow, you know, the top two from each society. Let's go get a Coke and a cheese cracker and then you can run over the speech."

"Don't care to."

"The hell you don't. You gotta eat to speak tomorrow. They only gave Elwood first 'cause you forgot your lines once. You won't do that tomorrow. Let's eat. I don't want to go down by myself."

Walter rolled out of bed and grumbled as he pulled on his pants and a wind-breaker. He slipped his feet into his loafers and followed Bill into the hall. He didn't know why.

II

"Dad said we'd leave as soon as the exercises are over tomorrow; we're going on a fishing trip before I start looking for a job, deep sea fishing," said Bill.

They were sitting on the couch and eating the crackers Bill got from the machine. Suddenly Walter said, "Bill, I'm not going to give my speech tomorrow. I can't do any good."

"What d'ya mean?" asked Bill with a

As sometimes is

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DOTTIE BRADDOCK

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frown. "I thought you did well today. I know the Phi's don't have anyone that can do any better and you can beat Elwood if you don't forget any lines. We'll go back to the room and you can go over it and work out the vague spots. It's a mighty good speech. In fact, I agree with about everything you said, and I think you could probably win tomorrow."

"No, I'm not going to do it. I don't know it. I'm too shortwinded tonight to practice. I'm not going to do it. Whoever heard of the judges giving the medal to anyone who was only second-place winner in his own society?"

"Hey, now, Walt, what's the matter, kid?" Bill said, staring at Walter. "Your mother'll be here and you want to show up real good, don't you?" Bill thought for a minute then continued, "Look, Walt, don't do about this speech like you did with the poem. That was a good poem; all the boys thought so. You should have sent it to the magazine. But, shoot, this is even different; this is big; this is the biggest yet. You just can't back out on this; it's like backing out on life."

Walter turned to Bill and smiled, "I know you fellows try to be nice and encourage me but you shouldn't. I mean, I know I'm not too good; you needn't try to make it easy." He stopped to drink from his Coke bottle. "You flatter me about speaking well and say I'll win the medal tomorrow, but I know a fellow can't be certain about anything. Mother is probably right; I'm not so old but I've seen enough to know this life is one mixed-up question mark. If I went out there on that stage and won the medal tomorrow I might admit that college has meant something to me, but right now I don't believe a word of my speech. All this rot about seeing life face to face and conquering it by knowledge and all that—there's nothing to it." He had talked too fast and began to wheeze as he breathed. He coughed and said, "You see, I can't even talk without getting out of breath; I just know it's not worth trying again tomorrow. Sure, I'd like to please Mother and I know she wants to see me do good. She's real proud that I'm even graduating because she said so in the letter, but she wouldn't want me to take any chances on my own. I'm no good and if I tried I'd probably end up doing like I did with the editorial and I'd be ashamed for Mother to see me make such a mistake."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

reviews

Reviewing books for a college magazine of this sort is a very difficult business. Despite the huge number of books that are published each month, few are readily available to the staff for review purposes and only a small number of these would appeal to the majority of the student body. Of course, we are not trying to cater to mass taste, but the magazine has tried to satisfy as many of the readers as possible. Some of the books reviewed this year have lacked any literary merit and were selected more because of their special local slant.

This month, however, the office was swamped with new and interesting books that showed a great deal of worth as well as, generally speaking, wide interest. Perhaps the most entertaining of these books is the phenomenal best-seller *Auntie Mame* by Patrick Dennis. For over a year this delightful comedy has led the best-seller lists over the entire country. Though this is not all indicative of its possession of any value, it does show the book's popular appeal. And, after all, popular appeal is the desire of any author. Mr. Dennis narrates the story as an account of his life with his fabulous Auntie Mame. When the young Dennis' father dies, the parentless boy is taken off to New York to live with his only relative, his father's sister, Mame. When he first arrives at her apartment, a literary cocktail party is in progress. The rest of the book seems to stream from this original gala meeting of the "literari," for Auntie Mame is not only fabulously wealthy but fabulously (even if it does appear to be exaggerated pseudo) intellectual. She immediately finds Patrick to her liking, though in need of a larger vocabulary and a more unconventional form of education. She determines to obtain these for him by making him always keep a list of all the words he doesn't know and by enrolling him in a "progressive" school where all the little boys and girls are unhampered by clothes in their search for knowledge. However, the greatest part of Patrick's education is not derived from any lists or books, but from being a part of his Auntie Mame's adventures. She falls in love with a poet and a Southern gentleman; she writes her memoirs and entertains the Ivy League brigade; she aids a "forsaken" woman and becomes a near convert to yogism. In these and other escapades she leads her nephew, who quite often bucks her through inhibitions which he picked up from no one knows where. Yet, in the end, Patrick realizes the wonderful intellect and amazing goodness of the champagne-for-breakfast-drinking Auntie Mame. *Auntie Mame* is sheer delight. The writing is conversational and without pretension. The only thing left to be desired after reading the book is that it would be possible to step into Auntie Mame's gold and black apartment and to have her say to you, "Darling, how good of you to come . . ."

Among the other books that we have found particularly good have been a first novel, *Your Own Beloved Sons*, by Thomas Anderson and a study in social-political psychology, *Democracy and Dictatorship* by Zevedi Barbu. Though *Your Own Beloved Sons* appears to be somewhat shallow, it is characterized by a racing vigor and an economy of style. The story is concerned with the adventures of a patrol on a difficult mission in the Korean War. The reasons why the six men who compose the patrol decide



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to hazard enemy fire offer the psychological basis for the story. The development of Richard Avery, the youngest member, into a man and the curiosity of the enigma of the patrol's leader, Sergeant Stanley, offer the book's most interesting studies. The examination of the psychologies of democracy, nazism, and communism in the light of his orical background and daily living are the purposes of Barbu's *Democracy and Dictatorship*. It is not a book strictly for the social scientist or the psychologist, for it is written on the level of the layman's knowledge. The book serves not only as an introduction to the whys of political differences, but as a book of literary merit that places it in the category of such studies as Alexis De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*. Another book that met with our favor was Nigel Balchin's study of the decline and fall of a psychopathic war veteran, *The Fall of the Sparrow*. Still another was the unusual appearance of Hector Berlioz's "novel," *Evenings With the Orchestra*, which shows much of the knowledge, penetration and good sense of the composer whose genius created "Nuits d'Ete" and influenced so many other composers.

Yet it is not the current books that make up the literary talk of the group circulating around Pub Row. The most popular book is Sallinger's masterpiece of characterization, *Catcher in the Rye*. Many of us all but swear by it. Others are *The Poems of Edna Saint Vincent Millay*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *Poems by e. e. cummings*, and, to a lesser extent (though a favorite of this writer), *Dodie Smith's I Capture the Castle*. Much talk, of course, concerns the recent movies ("I've seen the movie. How is the book?"). "Picnic," "The Rose Tattoo," "Marty" all found our favor, but the suspenseful British film "The Divided Heart" was a real "sleeper" and thought much better than the Academy Award winners.

Perhaps, since the summer is almost here, some more serious reading plans can be made. And, perhaps, despite summer school, the beach, and work, our readers will have some time to explore in the "dustily lumber rooms of literature."

—Jerry Matherly

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TO MAKE A SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"What editorial is this?"

Walter coughed and said, "Oh, you don't know, just another mistake I made. You see, you can't be sure of anything. Not even a girl friend. It's like the creek. Dr. Arnold couldn't even give me a certain reason why water ran in the creek. That's exactly what I mean, you can't be sure of anything."

They sat in silence for several minutes; Bill was speechless, knowing nothing he could say to Walter. Finally he tried to say something. "Look, Walt, look at the facts. You can't know everything. Why worry about being sure? Just try to win tomorrow. I mean, well, you are a doggone good speaker or they wouldn't have selected you for the run-offs in our society. I always thought you should have joined the debate team. Look, Walt, try tomorrow. Maybe everybody has always been wrong, maybe you never did do right, maybe you never have been sure of anything, but maybe tomorrow is your day. You don't just live; you put yourself into everything you do. Just look, you really have made good in the society; that's 'cause you kept trying. No need for you to quit now. Are you going to quit like this when you get a job, when you're out in the world?" Bill felt his words bounce back in his face with their full meaninglessness.

"Okay, Bill, since we're talking," began Walter, now breathing almost normal, "listen to me a while. I don't know why I'm saying all this, but I'll tell you a few things. Mother always said I was good, that I had a chance to do better than she and Daddy. She said they had made sure I would be able to go to college. So what happens? I get half-way through and the money gives out. Then we get some more and I come back. She said I could outgrow this asthma and get rid of it if I exercised and took my medicine. But she didn't want me to debate because she said it might be bad for my asthma. Look at this great big chest; you can count the ribs through my shirt. I exercised, I took my medicine and it didn't do a damn bit of good. They had insurance but I still lost a semester. D'ya know what I mean? I know this sounds crazy and all mixed up; maybe it's just me that gets all the bad breaks. Maybe it is my own fault that things don't work out, but I'm getting tired of the whole mess. I want to be sure of just one

thing, anything, just so I can be sure. I really doubt that it's possible. Look at you, you didn't even know whether you'd graduate or not until Dr. Jim graded your paper. You..."

Bill interrupted, "That's the point, Walt, that's the point. Of course I didn't know and I was worried, too, but I don't feel like the world's one big question mark just because there was that bit of uncertainty. Look, Walt, you got a complex and all you need to do is get it through your thick skull that there is a certainty in life. If that's too general I'll say it this way: You gotta prove you are good at speaking and that you are sure of it by going out there and winning that medal tomorrow. You can, it's a sure thing. And you won't need your mother's help. You'll be doing it and everything else from now on."

Walter looked at Bill thoughtfully for a moment, and then banging his almost full Coke bottle on the table and sloshing the drink on his hand he shouted, "No, no, you and your pretty words don't mean a damn thing! You're just preaching!"

Walter stood and wiped his wet hands on his pants as Jimmie and some more boys came through the outside door.

"You oughta be working on that speech, Walt," called Jimmie as he started up the stairs. "You got to win that thing tomorrow. You got Elwood beat a mile."

After the boys were out of sight Walter turned to Bill, "Listen, you all sound alike. What are you going to say tomorrow? 'I knew Elwood would win; old Walt just didn't have it.' Yea, it doesn't make a damn whether all of you are right or not, you don't care. But not me; I'm not doing anything else unless I'm sure. There must be certainty, and not the flattery you guys throw out."

"Okay, okay," mumbled Bill as he finished his Coke. "Don't speak tomorrow, but let's get to bed. You'll need sleep now to keep awake through all the other graduation speeches."

III

Walter realized he was awake and opened his eyes. The sunlight came through the window and reflected from Bill's mirror into his eyes. That meant eight o'clock. He felt the paper in his

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Thrusting its cold fingers of white-capped talons
Pointing up toward its source of liberation
In a mocking, gleeful mood
No supplications from this wayward child of nature
Nor homage, nor reverence for its Creator
It dances lightly down the sloping valley, cognizant
But uncaring that its ultimate end lies waiting
In a hapless, sluggish pool of briny substance
Shared by other currents

BILL HEINS

hand and rolled over on his side and looked at it.

"Walter Cannon—your speech in the contest for the Cook Medal has been scheduled for ten o'clock a.m. You are expected to be backstage fifteen minutes prior to that time."

The note was signed by Kenneth Lloyd, secretary of Walter's society.

"But they'll be surprised," he thought. He sat up in bed and was amazed to find himself breathing well and feeling good. He got up and dressed slowly, spending much time shaving, combing his hair and fixing his tie. As he dressed he thought about the day. He was running over some of the lines of his speech. "This is the day when we really cast off old ties, when we really launch out into the deep." Very pretty, he thought. "The question that remains before us is this: Are we able to take what we have learned and use it in life. Will we be able to stand in the storm or have we been sheltered too much?" Quite poetic, he thought. Bill had already gone; so Walter went to breakfast alone. When he returned he saw his mother sitting in her car in the parking lot behind the dormitory. He ran to the car and got in. His mother threw her arms around his neck,

"Darling, how nice you look, just fine for your graduation day. I haven't missed anything, have I, dear? Really the Yates were so insistent; I only left their cottage at the beach yesterday and drove up here this morning." She patted her hair and turned the rear-view mirror toward her. Walter turned it back to its place when she finished. "Oh, darling, I do wish your father were here. He wanted so for you to finish college and now you have. We were really afraid you wouldn't take the chance we provided. We were even afraid you couldn't make it. But you did!"

Walter sat quietly as she talked. He thought that there was really no reason to doubt that he could graduate from college. He wondered why she was doubting his ability. She was asking him something. "What?"

"The contest—you wrote that you might enter a speaking contest between the societies. Did you?"

"Oh, yes, I entered the society contest and I'm supposed to speak at the exercises today, but I thought . . ."

"At the exercises!" she interrupted. "Why, darling, you can't speak at the exercises."

"Why can't I? I don't know what you mean."

"Why, before all these people? Darling, I do know you must be so wonderful a speaker in the society, but that's only before the other boys. But, today, why there'll be so many people; the auditorium will be full of students, alumni and parents. My little boy speak before all those people? Why, Walter, darling, you were always so shy. You'd surely be so nervous that you couldn't do a thing."

"But, Mother, that's what you said about the job at the newspaper office. You said there'd be so many strange people and I'd be too shy to work with them."

"Yes, and you gave the wrong editorial to the printer, remember?" She took his hand, "You can't do this today, darling, we'll just sit together and listen to the other speakers and then you'll get your diploma and Mother will be so proud."

"The editorial," said Walter, "the editorial, Mother. What has that got to do with my making this speech? Why, I only made one mistake in the speech yesterday and that was because I had only learned it the night before. I'll probably get it perfect today."

"But you can't be sure, dear. Suppose you make an error. It would be so embarrassing. Mother just can't see her little boy speaking to all that crowd."

"But there's no reason why I can't. I know you can't be sure of anything, and all that, but maybe you should keep trying. I guess it's like Bill said. This is the biggest yet. This is the real thing; you don't quit; you put yourself in it, yourself. You know, Mother, Bill was probably right for all his preaching."

"What did Bill say that's so right?"

"Oh, nothing much. What time is it?"

"I have nine-thirty."

"We must go. We must find you a good seat."

They left the car and walked across the campus and talked about the trees. Walter's mother commented on the old and beautiful buildings and how Walter must be sorry that he was leaving. Walter was thinking of his speech. They entered the auditorium and Walter found a good seat near the front for his mother.

"You can see well from here, Mother," he said. "I'm sorry I can't sit with you."

the student

April 27, 1956

You can't forget

Soviet Russia is on the move again, eraser in hand. A recent cartoon depicts a Russian father asking his small son after a day at school, "Well son, what did you un-learn today?" It's getting to be quite a fad—first Beria, then Stalin. But as a man's memory cannot be destroyed by the removal of a few pages from a New York Public Library encyclopedia, a master's mistakes cannot be deleted in the toppling of a statue. Wake Forest reposes behind a rock wall a world apart with a past of its own. However, the events of the past and the considerations for the future show certain similarities between the College and the Soviet Union which are not out of place when there is a point to be made. It is: the past cannot be un-learned.

And just why should there be a desire for such? The past does not have to be forgotten in order to be regretted, regret being the goal. Then too, all the past is not to be regretted, not even all the mistakes. The combination of experiences, both erroneous and laudable, have produced the present, and if the present is at all satisfactory the errors are to be appreciated though never exactly approved.

This is no more a justification for what has happened in the past year at Wake Forest than it could be for the past generation in Russia. For many of the past mistakes are to be thoroughly deplored when they stand without remedy. Many people would like to forget that they were ever made. The majority would like to think that the same ones will not be made again. They have made the campus appear more a Communist hot-bed than a Christian hall of learning. Mass riots, alumni plots, and loyalty oaths are now a part of our immediate past. The only real assurance that they are not also in the immediate future lies in those individuals who can see the past for what it is and act accordingly.

It is evident that much of the unrest has come from the efforts to move the College to Winston-Salem, and to greater prominence. As Wake Forest completes its removal program, the past most definitely goes with it. There are features that should be transferred as more than merely a memory, such as our traditional family spirit. Others are best left alone to heal. They will produce scars assuredly, but even scars are better than continually feeling salt rubbed into the open wounds. There is a certain amount of nostalgia present in moving away after 120 years; there is pride in anticipation of the new opportunities to move ahead. At the same time, removal portends new problems, new mistakes. But these, too, can be worked into positive accomplishment just as many have been this year.

Expansion is a touchy subject. It necessarily involves the subordination of the old days to the new, the "Old Grad" to the incoming freshman. But those who have introduced the future Wake Forest have not tried to erase even one tiny error. The rebels who think that anyone has attempted to do so have only succeeded in producing a situation irreconcilable to the traditional unity. From 1834, Wake Forest has continually progressed; the removal is of no different nature, only of greater proportion.

The past is being respected despite the natural tendency to wish to wipe away those things that may limit future expansion. Wake Forest has not succumbed to the urge as has Soviet Russia, which, incidentally indicates that expansion may be what the latter also has in mind.

—D.L.B.

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